00043366

BOMBAY BRANCH
OF THE
Royal Asiatic Society.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 20 February, 2016

A

SELECT COLLECTION.

OF

OLD PLAYS.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOL. IX.

43366

A NEW EDITION:

WITH

ADDITIONAL NOTES AND CORRECTIONS,

BY THE LATE

ISAAC REED, OCTAVIUS GILCHRIST,

AND THE EDITOR.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

LONDON:

SEPTIMUS PROWETT, 23, OLD BOND STREET.

MDCCCXXV.

43366.

00043366

THOMAS WHITE, PRINTER,
JOHNSON'S COURT.

OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME IX.

WILL SUMMER'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

MICROCOSMUS.

THE MUSE'S LOOKING-GLASS.

THE CITY MATCH.

THE QUEEN OF ARRAGON.

M.DCCC.XXV.

SUMMER'S

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

THE only date connected with the life of Thomas Nash that can be fixed with certainty, relates to the period when he became B. A. of St. John's College, Cambridge: the following is a copy of the Register.

"Tho. Nashe Coll. Joh. Cantab. A. B. ib. 1585."

Hence it is conjectured that he was born about 1564, under the supposition that he was in his twenty first year when he took his degree. The place, though not the time, of his birth we have under his own authority, for in his *Lenten Stuff*, printed in 1599, he informs us that he was born at Leostoffe, in Suffolk, and he leads us to conclude that his family was of some note, by adding that his "father sprang from "the Nashes of Herefordshire[1]."

It does not appear that Nash ever proceeded Master of Arts at Cambridge, and most of his biographers agree that he left his college about 1587. It is evident however, that he had got into disgrace, and probably was expelled; for the author of "England to her three "Daughters" in *Polimanteia* 1595, speaking of Harvey and Nash, and the pending quarrel between them, uses these terms: "Cambridge make thy two children "friends: *thou hast been unkind to the one to wean* "*him before his time*, and too fond upon the other to "keep him so long without preferment; the one is an- "cient and of much reading; the other is young but "full of wit[2]." The cause of his disgrace is reported to have been the share he took in a piece called *Terminus et non Terminus*, not now extant; and it is not denied that his partner in this offence was expelled. Most likely, therefore, Nash suffered the same punishment.

[1] Not of Hertfordshire, a mistake originally made by Shiel in his *Lives of the Poets*, and from thence copied into Berkenhout's *Biographia Literaria*, and subsequently into the last edition of the *Biographia Dramatica*.

[2] Sign. Q 4.

If Nash be the author of *An Almond for a Parrot*, of which there is little doubt, although his name is not affixed to it, he travelled in Italy[3]; and we find from another of his pieces that he had been in Ireland. Perhaps he went abroad soon after he abandoned Cambridge, and before he settled in London and became an author. His first appearance in this character seems to have been in 1587; and, we believe the earliest date of any tract attributed to him relating to Martin Mar-prelate is 1589.[4] He was the first, as has been frequently remarked, to attack this enemy of the church with the keen missiles of wit and satire, throwing aside the lumbering and unserviceable weapons of scholastic controversy. Having set the example in this respect he had many followers and imitators, and among them John Lily the dramatic poet, the author of *Pap with a Hatchet*.

In London, Nash became acquainted with Robert Greene, and their friendship drew him into a long literary contest with Gabriel Harvey, to which Nash owes much of his reputation. It arose out of the posthumous attack of Harvey upon Robert Greene, of which sufficient mention has been made in vol. VIII. p. 166. Nash replied on behalf of his dead companion, and re-iterated the charge which had given the

[3] "For coming from Venice the last summer and taking Bergamo in my way homeward to England, it was my hap, sojourning there some four or five days, to light in fellowship with that famous *Francattip* Harlequin, who perceiving me to be an Englishman by my habit and speech, asked me many particulars of the order and manner of our plays, which he termed by the name of representations. Amongst other talk he enquired of me if I knew any such *Parabolano* here in London, as Signior *Chiarlatano* Kempino. Very well, (quoth I,) and have been often in his company. He hearing me say so began to embrace me anew, and offered me all the courtesy he could for his sake, saying although he knew him not, yet for the report he had heard of his pleasance, he could not but be in love with his perfections being absent."

Many of Nash's works furnish evidence that he was well acquainted with Italian poets and writers: some allusions and translations are pointed out in the notes to the present reprint of *Summer's Last Will and Testament*.

[4] It is called "A counter-cuff to Martin junior," &c.

original offence to Harvey, viz. that his brother was the son of a rope-maker[5]. One piece was humorously dedicated to Richard Litchfield, a barber of Cambridge, and Harvey answered it under the assumed character of the same barber, in a tract called *The Trimming of Thomas Nash*[6], which also contained a wood-cut of a man in fetters. This representation referred to the imprisonment of Nash for an offence he gave by writing a play (not now extant) called *The Isle of Dogs*, and to this event Francis Meres alludes in his *Palladis Tamia* 1598, in these terms: "As Actæon "was worried of his own hounds, so is Tom Nash of

[5] It may be doubted whether Greene and Nash did not contribute to bring the occupation of a *rope-maker* into discredit: Marston in his *Parasitaster*, printed in 1606, for some reason or other, speaks of it in terms of great contempt.

"Then must you sit there thrust and contemned, bare-headed to a grogram scribe, ready to start up at the doos creaking, prest to get in, with your leave sir, to some surly groom, *the third son of a rope-maker.*"

[6] There is a MS. poem in the Brit. Mus. (Bibl. Sloan. Pl. XXI. A.) entitled *the Trimming of Tom Nash*, written in metre-ballad verse, but it does not relate to our author, though written probably not very long after 1600, and though the title is evidently borrowed from the tract by Gabriel Harvey. Near the opening it contains some notices of romances and works of the time which may be worth quoting.

And he as many authors read
As ere Don Quixote had,
And some of them could say by heart
To make the hearers glad.

The valiant deeds of Knight o' th' Sun
And Rosicleer so tall;
And Palmerin of England too
And Amadis of Gaul.

Bevis of Hampton he had read
And Guy of Warwick stout;
Huon of Bourdeaux, though so long,
Yet he had read him out.

The Hundred Tales and Scoggin's Jests
And Arthur of the Round Table,
The twelve Wise men of Gotham too
And Ballads innumerable.

" his *Isle of Dogs*. Dogs were the death of Euripides;
" but be not disconsolate, gallant young Juvenal;
" Linus the son of Apollo died the same death. Yet
" God forbid, that so brave a wit should so basely
" perish!—Thine are but paper dogs; neither is thy
" banishment like Ovid's, eternally to converse with
" the barbarous *Getes*. Therefore comfort thyself,
" sweet Tom, with Cicero's glorious return to Rome,
" and with the council Æneas gives to his sea-beaten
" soldiers." lib. I. *Æneid*.

" Pluck up thine heart and drive from thence both fear and care away:
" To think on this may pleasure be, perhaps, another day."
Durato, et temet rebus servato secundis. (fol. 286.)

This was in part verified in the next year for when Nash published his *Lenten Stuff* he referred with apparent satisfaction to his past troubles in consequence of his *Isle of Dogs*[7].

So much has been said, especially by Mr. D'Israeli in his *Quarrels of Authors*, on the subject of this dispute between Nash and Harvey, that it is unnecessary to add any thing, excepting that it was carried to such a length, and the pamphlets contained so much scurri-

[7] It is unnecessary to quote the passage, as the whole tract is reprinted both in the old and new editions of the Harleian Miscellany. In his *Almond for a Parrot*, Nash adverts to the ticklishness of the times, and to the necessity of being extremely guarded in what he might write. " If thou (Kemp) will not accept of it in regard of the envy of some citizens that cannot away with arguments, I'll prefer it (the book) to the soul of Dick Tarlton, who I know will entertain it with thanks, imitating herein that merry man Rabelais who dedicated most of his works to the soul of the old Queen of Navarre, many years after her death, for that she was a maintainer of mirth in her life. Marry, God send us more of her making, and then some of us should not live so discontented as we do, for now-a-days a man cannot have a bout with a ballader, or write *Midas habet aures asininas*, in great Roman letters, but he shall be in danger of a further displeasure."

Nash's *Isle of Dogs*, was doubtless a satire upon the age, which " touched too near" some persons in authority. In the last act of *the Return from Parnassus* the Isle of Dogs is frequently spoken of, and once as if it were a place of refuge: *Ingenioso* says; " To be brief, *Academico*, writs are out for me to apprehend me *for my plays*, and now I am bound for *the Isle of Dogs*."

lity, that it was ordered from authority in 1599, that all the tracts on both sides should be seized and suppressed [8].

As with Greene, so with Nash, an opinion on his moral conduct and general deportment has been too readily formed from the assertions of his opponents; and because Gabriel Harvey to answer a particular purpose states "you may be in one prison to-day and "in another to-morrow," it has been taken for granted, that "after his arrival in London he was often confined "in different jails." No doubt, he and his companions Greene, Marlow, and Peele led very disorderly lives, and it is singular that all four died prematurely, the oldest of them, probably, not being forty years of age. It is certain that Nash was not living at the time when the *Return from Parnassus* was produced, which, though not printed until 1606, was written before the end of the reign of Elizabeth: his ashes are there spoken of as at rest, but the mention of him as dead, nearest to the probable date of that event, is to be found in an anonymous poem under the title of *The Ant and the Nightingale, or Father Hubbard's Tales*, 1604, where the following stanza is met with:

> Or if in bitterness thou rail like *Nash*:
> Forgive me, honest soul, that term thy phrase
> *Railing*; for in thy works thou wert not rash,
> Nor didst affect in youth thy private praise.
> Thou hadst a strife with that Tergemini;[9]
> Thou hurt'dst them not till they had injur'd thee.[10]

[8] Sir J. Harington has an epigram upon the paper war between Harvey and Nash.

TO DOCTOR HARVEY OF CAMBRIDGE.

> The proverb says, who fights with dirty foes
> Must needs be foil'd, admit they win or lose:
> Then think it doth a Doctor's credit dash
> To make himself antagonist to Nash.---B. II. Epigr. 36.

[9] *Tergemini* means the three Harveys, for Gabriel took up the cudgels for himself and his two brothers.

[10] The death of Nash is spoken of in the address to a tract, which is the more curious, as it forms a second part to *Pierce Penniless*. It has been assigned to Dekkar, (vol. III. p. 217.) under the title of "News from Hell;" but a copy in the Brit. Mus. is

The author of a MS. Epitaph, in Bibl. Sloan, Pl. XXI. A. was not so squeamish in the language he employed:

> " Here lies Tom Nash, that *notable railer*,
> " That in his life ne'er paid shoemaker nor tailor."

The following from Thomas Freeman's Epigrams, called *Run and a great Cast*, 1614, is not out of its place.

OF THOMAS NASH.

> Nash, had Lycambes on earth living been
> The time thou wast, his death had been all one;
> Had he but mov'd thy tartest Muse to spleen
> Unto the fork he had as surely gone:
> For why? there lived not that man, I think,
> Us'd better or more bitter gall in ink.

It is impossible in the present day to attempt any thing like a correct list of the productions of Nash, many of which were unquestionably printed without his name: the titles of and quotations from a great number may be found in the various bibliographical miscellanies, easily accessible. When he began to write cannot be ascertained, but it was most likely soon after his return from the continent, and the dispute between John Penry and the Bishops seems then to have engaged his pen.[1] There is one considerable pamphlet by him, called *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, printed in 1593, which, like some of the tracts by Greene, is of a repentant and religious character; and it has been said that though published with his name it was not in fact his production. There is no sufficient ground for this supposition, and Nash never subse-

called " The Return of the Knight of the Poste from Hell with " the Divells answere to the supplication of Pierce Pennilesse, " with some relation of the last treasons." London, 1606.

[1] In 1587 Nash wrote an address prefixed to Robert Greene's *Menaphon*, which contains notices of various preceding and contemporary poets, and which has been admired by all but Mr. Malone, for the general purity of its style and the justness of its criticism. If Nash were born in 1564, he was only in his 23d year when it was published.

quently disowned the performance: the address "to "the Reader" contains an apology to Gabriel Harvey, for the attack upon him, in terms that seem to vouch for their own sincerity: "Nothing (says Nash) is there "now so much in my vows as to be at peace with all "men, and make submissive amends where I most dis- "pleased; not basely fear-blasted, or constraintively "over-ruled, but purely pacificatory: suppliant for re- "conciliation and pardon do I sue to the principallest "of them 'gainst whom I professed utter enmity; "even of Master Doctor Harvey I heartily desire the "like, whose fame and reputation (through some pre- "cedent injurious provocations and fervent excitements "of young heads) I rashly assailed: yet now better "advised, and of his perfections more confirmedly per- "suaded, unfeignedly I entreat of the whole world "from my pen his worth may receive no impeachment. "All acknowledgements of abundant scholarship, "courteous well-governed behaviour, and ripe expe- "rienced judgment do I attribute unto him.

We have already seen with what malignity Harvey trampled upon the corpse of Greene, and he received this apology of Nash in a corresponding spirit; for instead of accepting it, in his *New Letter of Notable Contents*, 1593, he rejects it with scorn: "riotous "vanity (he replies) was wont to root so deeply that it "could hardly be unrooted; and where reckless impu- "dency taketh possession, it useth not very hastily to "be dispossessed. What say you to a spring of rank- "est villainy in February, and a harvest of ripest "divinity in May? But what should we hereafter talk "any more of paradoxes or impossibilities, when he "that penned the most desperate and abominable "pamphlet of *Strange News*, and disgorged his sto- "mach of as poisonous rancour as ever was vomited "in print, within few months is won, or charmed, or "enchanted, (or what metamorphosis should I term "it?) to astonish carnal minds with spiritual medita- "tions," &c. Such a reception of well intended and

eloquently written amends was enough to make Nash repent even his repentance, as far as Gabriel Harvey was concerned.[12]

Of the popularity of Nash as a writer some notion may be formed from a fact he himself mentions in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, that between 1592 when his *Pierce Penniless, his supplication to the Devil* was first printed, and 1596 it "passed through the pikes "of at least six impressions." How long his reputation as a satirist survived him may be judged from the fact, that in 1640, Taylor the Water Poet published a tract which had for its second title, *Tom Nash, his Ghost, (the old Martin queller) newly rouz'd:* and in *Mercurius Anti-pragmaticus*, from Oct. 12 to Oct. 19, 1647, is the following passage: "perhaps you will be angry now, "and when you steal forth disguised in your next in- "telligence thunder forth threatenings against me, "and be as satirical in your language as ever was "your predecessor Nash, who compiled a learned "treatise in the praise of a red herring."

Only two plays in which Nash had any concern have come down to us: his *Isle of Dogs*, before noticed, was probably never printed, or at all events it is not now known to exist. He wrote alone;

[12] Parts of *Pierce Penniless, his Supplication to the Devil*, are written by Nash in a similar strain of bitter grief for past errors, especially a poem inserted near the commencement.

"Why is't damnation to despair and die
When life is my true happiness' disease?
My soul! my soul! thy safety makes me fly
The faulty means that might my pain appease.
Divines and dying men may talk of hell
But in my heart her several torments dwell.

Ah, worthless wit, to train me to this woe!
Deceitful arts that nourish discontent:
Ill thrive the folly that bewitch'd me so.
Vain thoughts adieu, for now I will repent.
And yet my wants persuade me to proceed,
Since none takes pity of a scholar's need."

The last two lines of the first stanza are given to the Father in *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, attributed to Shakespeare.

(1.) A pleasant Comedy called Summer's Last Will and Testament, 1600. 4to.

In conjunction with Marlow he produced,

(2.) The Tragedy of Dido, Queen of Carthage, played by the children of her Majesty's chapel. 1594. 4to.

Phillips in his *Theatrum Poetarum* also assigned to Nash, *See me and see me not*, a comedy, which may be a different play, and not, as has been generally supposed, *Han's Beer Pot;* because the name of the author, Dawbridgecourt Belchier, being subscribed to the dedication such a mistake could not easily be made. The dramatic performance now reprinted, for the first time forms part of this collection.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WILL SUMMER.
VER.
SUMMER.
AUTUMN.
WINTER,
CHRISTMAS, } *Sons to Winter.*
BACKWINTER. }
SOL.
SOLSTITIUM.
VERTUMNUS.
ORION.
BACCHUS.
HARVEST.
SATIRES.
NYMPHS.
Three CLOWNS.
Three MAIDS.
HUNTERS.
REAPERS.
MORRIS DANCERS.
BOY *to speak the Epilogue.*

SUMMER'S

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT[13].

Enter WILL SUMMER[14], *in his fool's coat but half on, coming out.*

Noctem peccatis et fraudibus objice nubem[15]. There is no such fine time to play the knave in, as the night. I am a goose, or a ghost, at least; for what with tur-

[13] This play (if it do not more properly come under the class of *shews*, as Nash himself calls it) was not printed until 1600; but internal evidence proves that it was written, and probably performed, as early as the autumn of 1592. Various decisive marks of time are pointed out in notes in the course of the play, the principal of which are, the great drought, the progress of Queen Elizabeth to Oxford, and the breaking out of the plague. The piece was represented at Croydon, at the residence of some nobleman, who is mentioned in many places. The theatres in London were closed at this date, in consequence of the mortality. (See Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, iii. 299. note.) In the prologue we are told that the representation was not on a *common stage*.

[14] The subsequent account of Will Sommers, or Summer, King Henry the Eighth's celebrated fool, is from the pen of Robert Armin, an author and actor, who himself often played the clown's part in the time of Shakespeare. It is in his *Nest of Ninnies, simply of themselves, without Compound*. 1608. 4to.

" Will Sommers born in Shropshire, as some say,
Was brought to Greenwich on a holiday.
Presented to the King; which Fool disdain'd
To shake him by the hand, or else asham'd:
Howe'er it was, as ancient people say,
With much ado was won to it that day.
Lean he was, Lollow-eyed, as all report,
And toop he did too; yet in all the court,

moil of getting my fools' apparel, and care of being perfect, I am sure I have not yet sopp'd to-night. *Will Summer's* ghost I should be, come to present you with Summer's last will and testament. Be it so; if my cousin Ned will lend me his chain and his fiddle. Other stately-pac'd *Prologues* use to attire themselves within: I that have a toy in my head more than ordinary, and use to go without money, without garters, without girdle, without hat band, without points to my hose, without a knife to my dinner, and make so much use of this word *without* in every thing, will here dress me without. *Dick Huntley*[16] cries, Begin, begin: and

Few men were more belov'd than was this Fool,
Whose merry prate kept with the King much rule.
When he was sad, the King and he would rhime;
Thus Will exiled sadness many a time.
I could describe him as I did the rest,
But in my mind I do not think it best:
My reason this—howe'er I do descry him,
So many knew him, that I may belie him;
Therefore, to please all people, one by one,
I hold it best to let that pains alone.
Only thus much: he was a poor man's friend,
And help'd the widow often in the end.
The King would ever grant what he did crave,
For well he knew Will no exacting knave;
But wish'd the King to do good deeds great store,
Which caus'd the court to love him more and more."

Some few of the personal particulars, here omitted, Nash supplies in the course of this play. A collection was made of Will Summer's jests; but when it was first printed, is not ascertained. A copy in 1676, has for title, "A pleasant History of the Life and "Death of Will Summers; how he came first to be known at "court, and by what means he got to be King Henry the Eighth's "Jester." It was reprinted by Harding, in 1794, with an engraving from an old portrait, supposed to be Will Summer; but if it be authentic, it does not at all support Armin's description of him, that he was "lean and hollow-eyed." Many of the jests are copied from the French and Italian; and some of them have been assigned also to Scoggin and Tarlton. One or two of these are introduced into S. Rowley's *When you see me you know me*, a historical comedy, first printed in 1605, in which Will Summer plays a prominent part.

[15] Hor. Lib. i. Epist. 16. l. 62.

[16] Dick Huntley was, perhaps, the book-holder, or prompter, who

all the whole house, For shame, come away; when I had my things but now brought me out of the laundry. God forgive me, I did not see my Lord before! I'll set a good face on it, as though what I had talk'd idly all this while were my part. So it is, *boni viri*, that one fool presents another; and I, a fool by nature and by art, do speak to you in the person of the idiot of our Play-maker. He, like a fop and an ass, must be making himself a public laughing-stock, and have no thank for his labour; where other *Magisterii*, whose invention is far more exquisite, are content to sit still and do nothing. I'll shew you what a scurvy *Prologue* he had made me, in an old vein of similitudes: if you be good fellows, give it the hearing, that you may judge of him thereafter.

The Prologue.

At a solemn feast of the *Triumviri* in Rome, it was seen and observed, that the birds ceas'd to sing, and sate solitary on the house-tops, by reason of the sight of a painted serpent set openly to view. So fares it with us novices, that here betray our imperfections: we, afraid to look on the imaginary serpent of Envy, painted in men's affections, have ceased to tune any music of mirth to your ears, this twelvemonth, thinking, that as it is the nature of the serpent to hiss, so childhood and ignorance would play the gosling, contemning and condemning what they understood not. Their censures we weigh not, whose senses are not yet unswaddled. The little minutes will be continually striking, though no man regard them: whelps will bark before they can see, and strive to bite before they have teeth. *Politianus* speaketh of a beast, who, while he is cut on the table, drinketh and represents the motions and voices of a living creature. Such like foolish beasts are we; who, whilst we are cut, mocked,

is subsequently mentioned, and whom Will Summer, in the licence of his character, calls by his name. Perhaps his "cousin Ned" was another of the actors. Harry Baker is spoken of in the scene where Vertumnus is dispatched for Christmas and Backwinter.

and flouted at, in every man's common talk, will, notwithstanding, proceed to shame ourselves, to make sport. No man pleaseth all: we seek to please one. *Didymus* wrote four thousand books; or, as some say, six thousand, on the art of *Grammar*. Our author hopes it may be as lawful for him to write a thousand lines of as light a subject. *Socrates* (whom the oracle pronounced the wisest man of Greece) sometimes danced: *Scipio* and *Lælius*, by the sea-side, played at pebble-stone: *Semel insanavimus omnes*. Every man cannot with Archimedes, make a heaven of brass, or dig gold out of the iron mines of the law. Such odd trifles as mathematicians' experiments be, artificial flies to hang in the air by themselves, dancing balls, an egg shell that shall climb up to the top of a spear, fiery-breathing goares, *poeta noster* professeth not to make. *Placeat sibi quisque licebit*. What's a fool, but his bauble? Deep-reaching wits, here is no deep stream for you to angle in. Moralizers, you that wrest a never-meant meaning out of every thing, applying all things to the present time, keep your attention for the common stage; for here are no quips in characters for you to read. Vain glozers, gather what you will; spite, spell backward what thou canst. As the *Parthians* fight, flying away, so will we prate and talk, but stand to nothing that we say.

How say you, my masters; do you not laugh at him for a coxcomb? Why he hath made a *prologue* longer than his play: nay, 'tis no play neither, but a shew. I'll be sworn the jig of Rowland's God-son is a giant in comparison of it. What can be made of Summer's last will and testament? Such another thing as *Gyllian of Braynford's*[17] will, where she bequeathed a

[17] Julian of Brentford, or, as she is here called, Gyllian of Braynford, seems to have been an old woman who had the reputation of possessing supernatural power. In Henslowe's MSS. a play by Thomas Downton and Samuel Redley, called Friar Fox and Gillian of Brentford, is mentioned under date of February, 1598-9, but it was acted, as appears by the same authority, as early as 5th January, 1592. She is noticed in *Westward Hoe*, 1607, where Clare says: "Oh, master Linstock, 'tis no walking will serve my turn:

score of farts amongst her friends. Forsooth, because the plague reigns in most places in this latter end of summer,[18] Summer must come in sick; he must call his officers to account, yield his throne to Autumn, make Winter his executor, with tittle tattle Tom-boy. God give you good night in Watling-street; I care not what you say now, for I play no more than you hear; and some of that you heard too (by your leave) was *extempore*. He were as good have let me had the best part, for I'll be revenged on him to the uttermost, in this person of *Will Summer*, which I have put on to play the *prologue*, and mean not to put it off 'till the play be done. I'll sit as a *chorus*, and flout the actors and him at the end of every scene. I know they will not interrupt me, for fear of marring of all; but look to your cues, my masters, for I intend to play the knave in cue, and put you besides all your parts, if you take not the better heed. Actors, you rogues, come away; clear your throats, blow your noses, and wipe your mouths ere you enter, that you may take no occasion to spit or to cough when you are *non plus*. And this I bar over and besides, that none of you stroke your beards to make action, play with your cod-piece points, or stand fumbling on your buttons, when you know not how, to bestow your fingers. Serve God, and act

have me to bed good sweet Mistress Honeysuckle. I doubt that *old hag Gillian of Braineford* has bewitched me." Sign. G 4.

Joan of Brentford's Will had been spoken of before by Nash in his epistle "to the Gentlemen Students of both Universities," prefixed to Greene's *Menaphon*, in 1587. "But so farre discrepant is the idle usage of our unexperienced and illiterated punies from this prescription, that a tale of Joane of Braineford's Will, and the unlucky frumenty, will be as soone entertained into their libraries as the best poem that ever Tasso eterniz'd."

[18] Camden, in his Annals of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, thus speaks of the ravages of the plague in 1592-3, "For this whole year the sickness raged violently in London, Saturn passing through the extreme parts of Cancer, and the head of Leo, as it did in the year 1563; in so much, that when the year came about there died of the sickness and other diseases in the city and suburbs, 17,890 persons, besides William Roe, Mayor, and three Aldermen; so that Bartholomew Fair was not kept, and Michaelmas Term was held at St. Alban's, twenty miles from London"

cleanly. A fit of mirth, and an old song first, if you will.

Enter SUMMER, *leaning on* AUTUMN'S *and* WINTER'S *shoulders, and attended on with a train of Satires, and Wood-nymphs, singing.* [19]

Fair Summer droops, droop men and beasts therefore,
So fair a summer look for never more:
All good things vanish less than in a day,
Peace, plenty, pleasure, suddenly decay.
Go not yet away, bright soul of the sad year,
The earth is hell when thou leav'st to appear.

What, shall those flowers that deck'd thy garland erst,
Upon thy grave be wastefully disperst?
O trees consume your sap in sorrow's source,
Streams turn to tears your tributary course.
Go not yet hence, bright soul of the sad year,
The earth is hell when thou leav'st to appear.

[*The Satires and Wood-nymphs go out singing, and leave Summer and Winter and Autumn on the stage.*

Will Summer. A couple of pratty boys if they would wash their faces, and were well breech'd [20] in an hour or two. The rest of the green men have reasonable voices, good to sing catches, or the great *Jowben* by the fire's side in a winter's evening. But let us hear what Summer can say for himself, why he should not be hiss'd at.

Summer. What pleasure always lasts? no joy endures:
Summer I am; I am not what I was;
Harvest and age have whiten'd my green head;
On Autumn now, and Winter I must lean.
Needs must he fall, whom none but foes uphold,
Thus must the happiest man have his black day.

[19] Vertumnus enters at the same time, but his name is not mentioned in the old 4to. at the opening of the scene. He acts the part of a messenger, and, as appears afterwards, was provided with a silver arrow.

[20] *Well breeched* is *well flogged.* See note 48 to *Edward II.* vol. II.

Omnibus una manet nox, et calcanda semel via lethi.[21]
This month have I lain languishing a-bed,
Looking each hour to yield my life and throne;
And died I had indeed unto the earth,
But that Eliza, England's beauteous Queen,
On whom all seasons prosperously attend,
Forbad the execution of my fate,
Until her joyful progress was expir'd.[22]
For her doth Summer live, and linger here,
And wisheth long to live to her content:
But wishes are not had when they wish well,
I must depart, my death-day is set down;
To these two must I leave my wheaten crown;
So unto unthrifts rich men leave their lands,
Who in an hour consume long labour's gains.
True is it that divinest Sidney sung,
O, he is marr'd, that is for others made.
Come near, my friends, for I am near my end.
In presence of this honourable train,
Who love me (for I patronize their sports)
Mean I to make my final testament:
But first I'll call my officers to 'count,
And of the wealth I gave them to dispose
Know what is left, I may know what to give.
Vertumnus then, that turn'st the year about,
Summon them one by one to answer me:
First Ver, the Spring, unto whose custody

[21] Hor. Lib. i. Car. 28.

——— *Sed omnes una manet nox*
Et calcanda semel via lethi.

[22] "The Queen in her summer progress passed through Oxford, and stayed there several days, where she was agreeably entertained with elegant speeches, plays, and disputations, and received a splendid treat from the Lord Buckhurst, Chancellor of the University."---*Camden's Annals of Elizabeth.* Her progress is again alluded to in that part of the play where Summer makes his will:

"And finally, O words now cleanse your course,
Unto Eliza, that most sacred dame,
Whom none but saints and angels ought to name,
All my fair days remaining, I bequeath,
To wait upon her *'till she be return'd,*" &c.

I have committed more than to the rest;
The choice of all my fragrant meads and flowers,
And what delights so e'er nature affords.

Vertumnus. I will, my Lord. Ver, lusty Ver, by the name of lusty Ver, come into the court! lose a mark in issues.

Enter VER, *with his train, overlaid with suits of green moss, representing short grass, singing.*

THE SONG.

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king,
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckow, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And hear we aye, birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckow, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a sunning sit;
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckow, jug, jug, pu we, to witta woo.
Spring, the sweet spring.

Will Summer. By my troth, they have voices as clear as crystal: this is a pratty thing, if it be for nothing but to go a-begging with.

Summer. Believe me, Ver, but thou art pleasant bent;
This humour should import a harmless mind.
Know'st thou the reason why I sent for thee?

Ver. No faith, nor care not whether I do or no.
If you will dance a galliard, so it is: if not
Falangtado, Falangtado,
To wear the black and yellow,
Falangtado, Falangtado,
My mates are gone, I'll follow.[23]

Summer. Nay, stay awhile, we must confer and talk.

[23] This seems to be part of some ballad, of which *Falangtado* was the burden.

Ver, call to mind I am thy sovereign lord,
And what thou hast, of me thou hast and hold'st.
Unto no other end I sent for thee,
But to demand a reckoning at thy hands,
How well or ill thou hast employ'd my wealth.

Ver. If that be all, we will not disagree:
A clean trencher and a napkin you shall have presently.

Will Summer. The truth is, this fellow hath been a tapster in his days.

VER *goes in, and fetcheth out the hobby horse*[24] *and the morris dance, who dance about.*

Summer. How now? is this the reckoning we shall have?

Winter. My lord, he doth abuse you; brook it not.

Autumn. Summa totalis, I fear, will prove him but a fool.

Ver. About, about! lively, put your horse to it, rein him harder; jerk him with your wand: sit fast, sit fast, man! fool, hold up your ladle there.

Will Summer. O brave hall! O well said, butcher. Now for the credit of Worcestershire. The finest set of morris-dancers that is between this and Streatham. Marry, methinks there is one of them danceth like a clothier's horse, with a wool-pack on his back. You friend with the hobby-horse, go not too fast, for fear of wearing out my lord's tile-stones with your hob-nails.

Ver. So, so, so; trot the ring twice over and away. May it please my lord, this is the grand capital sum; but there are certain parcels behind, as you shall see.

Summer. Nay, nay, no more; for this is all too much.

Ver. Content yourself; we'll have variety.

Here enter three CLOWNS *and three* MAIDS, *singing this song, dancing.*

Trip and go, heave and hoe,
Up and down, to and fro;
From the town to the grove,
Two and two let us rove

[24] The hobby-horse was a basket horse used in morris dances and May games. See note 37 to Greene's *Tu Quoque,* vol. VII.

A maying, a playing:
Love hath no gainsaying;
So merrily trip and go.

Will Summer. Beshrew my heart, of a number of ill legs I never saw worse dancers. How blest are you that the wenches of the parish do not see you!

Summer. Presumptuous Ver, uncivil-nurtur'd boy,
Think'st I will be derided thus of thee?
Is this th' account and reckoning that thou mak'st?

Ver. Troth, my lord, to tell you plain, I can give you no other account; *nam quæ habui perdidi:* what I had I have spent on good fellows, in these sports you have seen, which are proper to the spring, and others of like sort (as giving wenches green gowns, making garlands for fencers, and tricking up children gay) have I bestowed all my flowery treasure, and flower of my youth.

Will Summer. A small matter. I know one spent in less than a year eight and fifty pounds in mustard; and another that ran in debt, in the space of four or five year, above fourteen thousand pound in lute-strings and grey paper.[25]

[25] He ran in debt to this amount to usurers, who advanced him money by giving him *lute-strings and grey paper*, which he was obliged to sell at an enormous loss. There is a very apposite passage in Nash's *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, 1593, where he is referring to the resort of spendthrifts and prodigals to usurers for supplies: In the first instance, they obtain what they desire, "but at the second time of their coming, it is doubtful to say whether they shall have money or no: the world grows hard, and we are all mortal: let them make him any assurance before a judge, and they shall have some hundred pounds (*per consequence*) in silks and velvets. The third time if they come, they have baser commodities: the fourth time *lute-strings and grey paper;* and then, I pray pardon me, I am not for you: pay me that you owe me, and you shall have any thing."

So also in Greene's and Lodge's *Looking Glass for London and England*, 1594, a gentleman thus addresses a usurer in hopes of inducing him to relent: "I pray you, sir, consider that my loss was great by the commodity I took up: you know, sir, I borrowed of you forty pounds, whereof I had ten pounds in money, and thirty pounds in *lute-strings*, which, when I came to sell again, I could get but five pounds for them."

Summer. O monstrous unthrift! who ere heard the like?
The sea's vast throat, in so short tract of time,
Devoureth nor consumeth half so much.
How well might'st thou have liv'd within thy bounds.

Ver. What talk you to me of living within my bounds? I tell you none but asses live within their bounds: the silly beasts, if they be put in a pasture that is eaten bare to the very earth, and where there is nothing to be had but thistles, will rather fall soberly to those thistles and be hunger-starv'd, than they will offer to break their bounds; whereas the lusty couser, if he be in a barren plot, and spy better grass in some pasture near adjoining, breaks over hedge and ditch, and to go, ere he will be pent in, and not have his belly-full. Peradventure, the horses lately sworn to be stolen carried that youthful mind, who, if they had been asses, would have been yet extant.

Will Summer. Thus, we may see, the longer we live the more we shall learn: I ne'er thought honesty an ass till this day.

Ver. This world is transitory; it was made of nothing, and it must to nothing: wherefore, if we will do the will of our high Creator (whose will it is that it pass to nothing) we must help to consume it to nothing. Gold is more vile than men: men die in thousands and ten thousands, yea many times in hundred thousands, in one battle. If then the best husband has been so liberal of his best handy-work, to what end should we make much of a glittering excrement, or doubt to spend at a banquet as many pounds as he spends men at a battle? Methinks I honour *Geta*, the Roman emperor, for a brave minded fellow; for he commanded a banquet to be made him of all meats under the sun, which were served in after the order of the alphabet, and the clerk of the kitchen, following the last dish (which was two miles off from the foremost) brought him an index of their several names. Neither did he pingle when it was set on the board, but for the space

of three days and and three nights never rose from the table.

Will Summer. O intolerable lying villain, that was never begotten without the consent of a whetstone!

Summer. Ungracious man; how fondly he argueth.

Ver. Tell me, I pray, wherefore was gold laid under our feet in the veins of the earth, but that we should contemn it, and tread upon it, and so consequently tread thrift under our feet? It was not known till the iron age, *donec facinus invasit mortales,* as the poet says; and the Scythians always detested it. I will prove it that an unthrift, of any, comes nearest a happy man, in so much as he comes nearest to beggary. Cicero saith, *summum bonum* consists in *omnium rerum vacatione,* that is, the chiefest felicity that may be to rest from all labours. Now who doth so much *vacare à rebus,* who rests so much, who hath so little to do as the beggar? who can sing so merry a note, as he that cannot change a groat? *Cui nil est, nil deest:* he that hath nothing wants nothing. On the other side, it is said of the carl, *omnia habeo, nec quicquam habeo:* I have all things, yet want every thing. *Multi mihi vitio vertunt quia egeo,* saith Marcus Cato in Aulus Gellius; *at egeo illis quia nequeunt egere:* many upbraid me, saith he, because I am poor; but I upbraid them because they cannot live if they be poor.[26] It is a common proverb, *Divesque miserque,* a rich man and a miserable: *nam natura paucis contenta,* none so contented as the poor man. Admit that the chiefest happiness were not rest or ease, but knowledge, as Herillus, Alcidamus, and many of Socrates' followers affirm; why *paupertas omnes perdocet artes,* poverty instructs a man in all arts;

[26] The words of Aulus Gellius are these: "Neque mihi, 'inquit,' ædificatio, neque vasum, neque vestimentum ullum est manupreciosum, neque preciosus servus, neque cancilla est: si quid est, 'inquit,' quod utar, utor: si non est, egeo: suum cuique per me uti atque frui licet." Tum deinde addit: "*Vitio vertunt, quia multa egeo; at egeo illis quia nequeunt egere.*"
Noct. Attic. Lib. xiii. c. 23.

it makes a man hardy and venturous, and therefore is it called of the poets, *paupertas audax*, valiant poverty. It is not so much subject to inordinate desires as wealth or prosperity. *Non habet, unde suum paupertas pascat amorem:* [27] poverty hath not wherewithal to feed lust. All the poets were beggars; all alchemists, and all philosophers are beggars. *Omnia mea mecum porto*, quoth Bias, when he had nothing but bread and cheese in a leathern bag, and two or three books in his bosom. Saint Francis, a holy saint, and never had any money. It is madness to doat upon muck. That young man of Athens (Ælianus makes mention of) may be an example to us, who doated so extremely on the image of Fortune, that when he might not enjoy it he died for sorrow. The earth yields all her fruits together, and why should not we spend them together? I thank heavens on my knees, that have made me an unthrift. [28]

Summer. O vanity itself; O wit ill spent!
So study thousands not to mend their lives,
But to maintain the sin they most affect,
To be hell's advocates 'gainst their own souls.
Ver, since thou giv'st such praise to beggary,
And hast defended it so valiantly,
This be thy penance; thou shalt ne'er appear
Or come abroad, but Lent shall wait on thee:
His scarcity may countervail thy waste.
Riot may flourish, but finds want at last.
Take him away that knoweth no good way,
And lead him the next way to woe and want.

[*Exit Ver.*

[27] Ovid Rem. Am. l. 749.

[28] Nash seems, from various parts of his works, to have been well read in what are called, though not very properly in English, the burlesque poets of Italy. This praise of poverty in the reply of *Ver* to the accusation of *Summer* is one proof of his acquaintance with them. See *Capitolo sopra l'epiteto della poverta, à Messer Carlo Capponi* by Matteo Francesi, in the *Rime Piacevoli del Berni, Copetta, Francesi*, &c. vol. 2. p. 48. Edit. Vicenza. 1609.

In somma ella non ha sì del bestiale,
Com' altri stima, perche la natura
Del poco si contenta, e si prevale, &c.

Thus in the paths of knowledge many stray,
And from the means of life fetch their decay.

Will Summer. Heigh ho. Here is a coil indeed to bring beggars to stocks. I promise you truly I was almost asleep; I thought I had been at a sermon. Well, for this one night's exhortation, I vow (by God's grace) never to be good husband while I live. But what is this to the purpose? *Hur come to Powl* (as the Welshman says) *and hur pay an halfpenny for hur seat, and hur hear the preacher talg, and hur talg very well, by gis;*[29] *but yet a cannot make hur laugh: go to a theatre and hear a Queen's Vice, and he make hur laugh, and laugh hur belly full.* So we come hither to laugh and be merry, and we hear a filthy beggarly oration in the praise of beggary. It is a beggarly poet that writ it; and that makes him so much commend it, because he knows not how to mend himself. Well, rather than he shall have no employment but lick dishes, I will set him a work myself, to write in praise of the art of stooping, and how there never was any famous thresher, porter, brewer, pioneer, or carpenter, that had straight back. Repair to my chamber, poor fellow, when the play is done, and thou shalt see what I will say to thee.

Summer. Vertumnus, call Solstitium.

Vertumnus. Solstitium, come into the court: without, peace there below! make room for master Solstitium.

Enter SOLSTITIUM, *like an aged hermit, carrying a pair of balances, with an hour-glass in either of them; one hour-glass white, the other black: he is brought in by a number of Shepherds, playing upon recorders.*[30]

Solstitium. All hail to Summer, my dread sovereign lord.

Summer. Welcome, Solstitium: thou art one of them
To whose good husbandry we have referr'd
Part of those small revenues that we have.
What hast thou gain'd us? what hast thou brought in?

[29] See note 75 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II. for a sufficient explanation of this frequent oath.

[30] Sir J. Hawkins, in his Hist. Music iv. 479.) contends that the *recorder* was the same instrument as that which we now term a *fidgeolet*. Some have maintained that it is the *flute*.

Solstitium. Alas, my lord, what gave you me to keep
But a few day's-eyes[31] in my prime of youth?
And those I have converted to white hairs:
I never lov'd ambitiously to climb
Or thrust my hand too far into the fire.
To be in heaven, sure, is a blessed thing;
But Atlas-like to prop heaven on one's back,
Cannot but be more labour than delight.
Such is the state of men in honour plac'd;
They are gold vessels made for servile uses;
High trees that keep the weather from low houses,
But cannot shield the tempest from themselves.
I love to dwell betwixt the hills and dales;
Neither to be so great to be envied,
Nor yet so poor the world should pity me.
Inter utrumque tene, medio tutissimus ibis.[32]

Summer. What dost thou with those balances thou bear'st?

Solstitium. In them I weigh the day and night alike:
This white glass is the hour-glass of the day,
This black one the just measure of the night.
One more than other holdeth not a grain;
Both serve times just proportion to maintain.

Summer. I like thy moderation wondrous well;
And this thy balance weighing, the white glass
And black, with equal poise and stedfast hand,
A pattern is to princes and great men,
How to weigh all estates indifferently;
The spiritualty and temporalty alike:

[31] Chaucer translates *day's-eye*, or *daisy*, into *margarete* in French, in the following stanza from his *Flower and the Leaf.*

"Whereto they enclined everichon
With great reverence and that full humbly,
And at the last there began anon
A lady for to sing right womanly
A bargaret in praising the *day's-eye*;
For as, methought, among her notes swete,
She said, *Si douce est la margarete.*"

[32] Nash seems often to have quoted from memory, and here he has either coupled parts of two lines so as to make one, or he has invented a beginning to the ending of Ovid. Metam. ii. 137.

Neither to be too prodigal of smiles,
Nor too severe in frowning without cause.
If you be wise you monarchs of the earth,
Have two such glasses still before your eyes;
Think as you have a white glass running on,
Good days, friends, favour, and all things at beck,
So this white glass run out (as out it will)
The black comes next; your downfall is at hand.
Take this of me, for somewhat I have tried;
A mighty ebb follows a mighty tide.
But say, Solstitium, hadst thou nought besides?
Nought but day's-eyes and fair looks gave I thee?

Solstitium. Nothing, my lord, nor aught more did I ask.

Summer. But hadst thou always kept thee in my sight,
Thy good deserts, though silent, would have ask'd.

Solstitium. Deserts, my lord, of ancient servitors
Are like old sores, which may not be ript up.
Such use these times have got, that none must beg,
But those that have young limbs to lavish fast.

Summer. I grieve no more regard was had of thee:
A little sooner hadst thou spoke to me,
Thou hadst been heard, but now the time is past:
Death waiteth at the door for thee and me.
Let us go measure out our beds in clay;
Nought but good deeds hence shall we bear away.
Be, as thou wert, best steward of my hours,
And so return into thy country bowers.

[*Here Solstitium goes out with his music, as he comes in.*

Will Summer. Fie, fie of honesty, fie! Solstitium is an ass perdy, this play is a gallimaufry. Fetch me some drink, somebody. What cheer, what cheer, my hearts? Are not you thirsty with listening to this dry sport? What have we to do with scales and hour-glasses, except we were bakers or clock-keepers? I cannot tell how other men are addicted, but it is against my profession to use any scales, but such as we play at with a bowl, or keep any hours, but dinner or supper.

It is a pedantical thing to respect times and seasons: if a man be drinking with good fellows late, he must come home for fear the gates be shut: when I am in my warm bed, I must rise to prayers because the bell rings. I like no such foolish customs. Actors, bring now a black jack and a rundlet of Rhenish wine, disputing of the antiquity of red noses: let the prodigal child come in in his doublet and hose all greasy, his shirt hanging forth, and ne'er a penny in his purse, and talk what a fine thing it is to walk summerly, or sit whistling under a hedge and keep hogs. Go forward, in grace and virtue to proceed, but let us have no more of these grave matters.

Summer. Vertumnus, will Sol come before us?

Vertumnus. Sol, Sol; *ut, re, me, fa, sol!*
Come to church while the bell toll.

Enter SOL, *very richly attir'd, with a noise of musicians before him.*

Summer. I marry, here comes majesty in pomp,
Resplendent Sol, chief planet of the heavens!
He is our servant, looks he ne'er so big.

Sol. My liege, what crav'st thou at thy vassal's hands?

Summer. Hypocrisy, how it can change his shape!
How base is pride from his own dung-hill put!
How I have rais'd thee, Sol, I list not tell,
Out of the ocean of adversity,
To sit in height of honour's glorious heaven,
To be the eye-sore of aspiring eyes:
To give the day her life from thy bright looks,
And let nought thrive upon the face of earth,
From which thou shalt withdraw thy powerful smiles.
What hast thou done deserving such high grace?
What industry, or meritorious toil,
Canst thou produce to prove my gift well plac'd?
Some service or some profit I expect:
None is promoted but for some respect.

Sol. My lord, what need these terms betwixt us two?
Upbraiding ill beseems your bounteous mind:

I do you honour for advancing me.
Why, 'tis a credit for your excellence
To have so great a subject as I am:
This is your glory and magnificence,
That without stooping of your mightiness,
Or taking any whit from your high state,
You can make one as mighty as yourself.

Autumn. O arrogance exceeding all belief!
Summer, my lord, this saucy upstart Jack,
That now doth rule the chariot of the sun,
And makes all stars derive their light from him,
Is a most base insinuating slave,
The son of parsimony and disdain;
One that will shine on friends and foes alike,
That under brightest smiles hideth black showers:
Whose envious breath doth dry up springs and lakes,
And burns the grass, that beasts can get no food.

Winter. No dung-hill hath so vile an excrement,
But with his beams he will thenceforth exhale.
The fens and quagmires tithe to him their filth:
Forth purest mines he sucks a gainful dross.
Green ivy-bushes at the vintner's doors
He withers and devoureth all their sap.

Autumn. Lascivious and intemperate he is:
The wrong of Daphne is a well known tale.
Each evening he descends to Thetis' lap
The while men think he bathes him in the sea.
O, but when he returneth whence he came,
Down to the west, then dawns his deity,
Then doubled is the swelling of his looks.
He overloads his car with orient gems,
And reins his fiery horses with rich pearl.
He terms himself the god of poetry,
And setteth wanton songs unto the lute.

Winter. Let him not talk, for he hath words at will,
And wit to make the baddest matter good.

Summer. Bad words, bad wit! oh where dwells faith or truth?
Ill usury my favours reap from thee,
Usurping Sol, the hate of heaven and earth.

Sol. If envy unconfuted may accuse,
Then innocence must uncondemned die.
The name of martyrdom offence hath gain'd
When fury stopp'd a froward judge's ears.
Much I'll not say (much speech much folly shows)
What I have done you gave me leave to do.
The excrements you bred whereon I feed;
To rid the earth of their contagious fumes,
With such gross carriage did I load my beam
I burnt no grass, I dried no springs and lakes;
I suck'd no mines, I wither'd no green boughs,
But when to ripen harvest I was forc'd
To make my rays more fervent than I wont.
For Daphne's wrongs, and 'scapes in Thetis' lap,
All gods are subject to the like mishap.
Stars daily fall ('tis use is all in all),
And men account the fall but nature's course.
Vaunting my jewels hasting to the west,
Or rising early from the grey-ey'd morn,
What do I vaunt but your large bountyhood,
And shew how liberal a lord I serve?
Music and poetry, my two last crimes,
Are those two exercises of delight,
Wherewith long labours I do weary out.
The dying swan is not forbid to sing:
The waves of Heber play'd on Orpheus strings,
When he (sweet music's trophy) was destroy'd.
And as for poetry, word's[33] eloquence,
(Dead Phaeton's three sisters' funeral tears,
That by the gods were to Electrum turn'd,)
Not flint, or rock, of icy cinders fram'd,
Deny the source[34] of silver-falling streams.
Envy envieth not outcries unrest:
In vain I plead; well is to me a fault,
And these my words seem the slight web of art,

[33] The quarto reads,
"And as for poetry, *woods* eloquence."
It is no doubt a misprint for *word's eloquence*, or the eloquence of words.

[34] Qy. if we ought not to read *force* for *source*.

And not to have the taste of sounder truth.
Let none but fools be car'd for of the wise;
Knowledge' own children knowledgemost despise.
Summer. Thou know'st too much to know to keep the mean:
He that sees all things oft sees not himself.
The Thames is witness of thy tyranny,
Whose waves thou dost exhaust for winter showers.
The naked channel 'plains her of thy spite,
That laid'st her entrails unto open sight.[35]
Unprofitably borne to man and beast,
Which like to Nilus yet doth hide his head,
Some few years since thou let'st o'erflow these walks,
And in the horse-race headlong ran at race,
While in a cloud thou hid'st thy burning face.
Where was thy care to rid contagious filth,
When some men wet-shod (with his waters) droop'd?
Others that ate the eels his heat cast up
Sicken'd and died by them impoisoned.
Slept'st or kept'st thou then Admetus' sheep,
Thou drov'st not back these flowings of the deep?
Sol. The winds, not I, have floods and tides in chase.
Diana, whom our fables call the moon,
Only commandeth o'er the raging main:
She leads his wallowing offspring up and down,
She waning, all streams ebb: in the year,
She was eclips'd, when that the Thames was bare.
Summer. A bare conjecture, builded on perhaps.
In laying thus the blame upon the moon,
Thou imitat'st subtle Pythagoras,

[35] On this subject Camden tells us: "There was both this summer (1592) and the last so great a drought all England over, that the fields were burnt, and the fountains dried up, and a great many beasts perish'd every where for want of water. The Thames *likewise*, the noblest river of all Britain, and which has as *full* and large a tide as any in Europe (for it flows twice a day above sixty miles from the mouth of it, and receives an increase from the mixture of many other streams and rivers with it) was however sunk to that degree (to the wonder of all men) on the 5th September, that a man might ride over it near London bridge, so shallow was the channel."

Who, what he would the people should believe,
The same he wrote with blood upon a glass,
And turn'd it opposite 'gainst the new moon;
Whose beams reflecting on it with full force,
Shew'd all those lines to them that stood behind,
Most plainly writ in circle of the moon:
And then he said, Not I, but the new moon,
Fair Cynthia, persuades you this and that.
With like collusion shalt thou not blind me;
But for abusing both the moon and me
Long shalt thou be eclipsed by the moon,
And long in darkness live and see no light.
Away with him, his doom hath no reverse!

Sol. What is eclips'd will one day shine again:
Though winter frowns the spring will ease my pain.
Time from the brow doth wipe out every stain.
[*Exit Sol.*

Will Summer. I think the sun is not so long in passing through the twelve signs, as the son of a fool hath been disputing here about *had I wist*.[36] Out of doubt the poet is brib'd of some that have a mess of cream to eat before my lord go to bed yet, to hold him half the night with riff raff of the rumming of Elinor.[37] If I can tell what it means, pray God I may never get breakfast more when I am hungry. Troth, I am of opinion he is one of those hieroglyphical writers, that by the figures of beasts, plants, and of stones, express the mind, as we do in A B C; or one that writes under hair, as I have heard of a certain notary, Histiæus,[38] who following Darius in the Persian wars, and

[36] *Had I wist* is *had I thought;* and the words are often met with as the reproof of imprudence. So afterwards again in this play,

"—— young heads count to build on *had I wist*."

[37] Skelton wrote a humourous doggrel piece called the Tunning of Elinor Rumming, which is here alluded to.

[38] This anecdote is from Aulus Gellius. *Noct. Attic.* Lib. xvii. c. 9.

Asiam tunc tenebat imperio rex Darius: is Histiæus cum in Persis apud Darium esset, Aristagoræ cuipiam res quasdam occultas nuntiare furtivo scripto volebat: comminiscitur opertum hoc literarum admirandum. Servo suo diu oculos ægros habenti capil-

desirous to disclose some secrets of import to his friend Aristagoras, that dwelt afar off, found out this means. He had a servant that had been long sick of a pain in his eyes, whom, under pretence of curing his malady, he shav'd from one side of his head to the other, and with a soft pencil wrote upon his scalp (as on parchment) the discourse of his business, the fellow all the while imagining his master had done nothing but noint his head with a feather. After this he kept him secretly in his tent, till his hair was somewhat grown, and then will'd him to go to Aristagoras into the country, and bid him shave him, as he had done, and he should have perfect remedy. He did so, Aristagoras shav'd him with his own hands, read his friend's letter, and when he had done, wash'd it out, that no man should perceive it else, and sent him home to buy him a night-cap. If I wist there were any such

lum ex capite omni, tanquam medendi gratia, deradit, caputque ejus leve in literarum formas compungit: his literis, quæ voluerat, perscripsit: hominem postea, quoad capillas adolesceret, domo continuit: ubi id factum est, ire ad Aristagoram jubet; et cum ad eum, inquit, veneris, mandasse me dicito, ut caput tuum, *sicut* nuper egomet feci, deradat. Servus ut imperatum erat, ad *Aristagoram* venit, mandatumque domini affert: atque ille id non *esse* frustra ratus, quod erat mandatum, fecit: ita literæ perlatæ sunt.

Herodotus Terps. c. 35. tells the story somewhat differently: the following is Mr. Beloe's translation of it.

"Whilst he was in this perplexity a messenger arrived from Histiæus at Susa, who brought with him an express command to revolt; the particulars of which were impressed in legible characters upon his scull. Histiæus was desirous to communicate his intentions to Aristagoras; but as the ways were strictly guarded he could devise no other method; he therefore took one of the most faithful of his slaves, and inscribed what we have mentioned upon his scull, being first shaved; he detained the man till his hair was again grown, when he sent him to Miletus, desiring him to be as expeditious as possible: Aristagoras being requested to examine his scull, he discovered the characters which commanded him to commence a revolt. To this measure Histiæus was induced by the vexation he experienced from his captivity at Susa."

It is pretty evident that Nash took Aulus Gellius as his authority, from the insertion of the circumstance of the defective sight of the servant, which certainly is important, as giving Histiæus an excuse for shaving his head.

knavery, or Peter Bales' brachigraphy,[39] under Sol's bushy hair, I would have a barber, my host of the Murrion's head, to be his interpreter, who would whet his razor on his Richmond cap, and give him the terrible cut like himself, but he would come as near as a quart pot to the construction of it. To be sententious, not superfluous, Sol should have been beholding to the barber, and not to the beard-master.[40] Is it pride that

[39] Peter Bales, who is here immortalized has also received honourable mention in Holinshed's Chronicle. He was supposed by Evelyn to be the inventor of short-hand, but that art was discovered some years earlier by Dr. Timothy Bright, who is better known as the author of *A Treatise of Melancholy*, which went through several editions, and was first published in 1586. Bales was born in 1547, and many of the incidents of his life have come down to us; for while the lives of poets and philosophers are left in obscurity, the important achievements of a writing master are detailed by contemporaries with laborious accuracy. Mr. D'Israeli, in his Curiosities of Literature, has not scrupled to devote many pages to Bales' contests for superiority with a rival penman of the name of Johnson. Bales was the improver of Dr. Bright's system, and according to his own account in his *Writing Schoolmaster*, he was able to keep pace with a moderate speaker. He seems to have been engaged in public life, by acting as secretary where caligraphy was required; and he was at length accused of being concerned in the plot of Lord Essex, but he was afterwards vindicated, and punished his accuser. The greatest performance, that in which his exalted fame may most securely rest, was the writing of the Lord's Prayer, Creed, Decalogue, with two Latin prayers, in the compass of a penny. Brachigraphy had arrived at considerable perfection soon after 1600, and in Webster's *Devil's Law Case*, there is a trial scene, in which the following is part of the dialogue:

"*Sanitonella.* Do you hear officers?
You must take special care, that you let in
No *brachigraphy* men to take notes.
1st *Officer.* No, sir.
Sanitonella. By no means:
We cannot have a cause of any fame,
But you must have some scurvy pamphlets and lewd ballads
Engendered of it presently."

In Heywood's *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637, (in a passage quoted in vol. VII. p. 220, note *) he complains that some persons by stenography had drawn the plot of his play and put it into print; but he adds (which certainly does not tell much in favour of the perfection of the art as then practised) that it was "scarce one word true."

[40] In the margin opposite "Sol should have been beholding to

'is shadowed under this two-legg'd sun, that never came nearer heaven than Dubber's hill? That pride is not my sin; Sloven's Hall, where I was born, be my record. As for covetousness, intemperance, and exaction, I meet with nothing in a whole year but a cup of wine for such vices to be conversant in. *Pergite porro*, my good children[41], and multiply the sins of your absurdities till you come to the full measure of the grand hiss, and you shall hear how we will purge rheum with censuring your imperfections.

Summer. Vertumnus, call Orion.

Vertumnus. Orion, Urion, Arion;
My lord thou must look upon.
Orion, gentleman dog-keeper, huntsman, come into the court: look you bring all hounds, and no bandogs. Peace there, that we may hear their horns blow.

Enter ORION *like a hunter, with a horn about his neck, all his men after the same sort halloing, and blowing their horns.*

Orion. Sirrah, was't thou that call'd us from our game?
How durst thou (being but a petty god)
Disturb me in the entrance of my sports?

Summer. 'Twas I, Orion, caus'd thee to be call'd.

Orion. 'Tis I, dread lord, that humbly will obey.

Summer. How haps't thou left'st the heavens to hunt below?
As I remember thou wert Hyreus' son,
Whom of a huntsman Jove chose for a star,
And thou art call'd the Dog-star, art thou not?

Autumn. Please it your honour, heaven's circumference

the barber, and not to the beard-master," the words "*Imberbis Apollo*, a beardless poet," are inserted in the margin.

[41] From what is said here, and in other parts of the play, we may conclude that it was performed either by the children of St. Paul's of the Queen's Chapel, or of the Revels. Afterwards Will Summer, addressing the performers, says to them: "Learn of him you *diminutive urchins*, how to behave yourselves in your vocations," &c. The epilogue is spoken by a little boy who sits on Will Summer's knee, and who, after it is delivered, is carried out.

Is not enough for him to hunt and range,
But with those venom-breathed curs he leads,
He comes to chase health from our earthly bounds.
Each one of those foul-mouthed mangy dogs
Governs a day (no dog but hath his day);
And all the days by them so governed,
The dog-days hight; infectious fosterers
Of meteors from carrion that arise,
And putrified bodies of dead men,
Are they engender'd to that ugly shape,
Being nought else but preserv'd corruption.
'Tis these that in the entrance of their reign
The plague and dangerous agues have brought in.
They arre[42] and bark at night against the moon,
For fetching in fresh tides to cleanse the streets.
They vomit flames and blast the ripen'd fruits:
They are death's messengers unto all those
That sicken while their malice beareth sway.

Orion. A tedious discourse built on no ground.
A silly fancy, Autumn, hast thou told,
Which no philosophy doth warrantize,
No old received poetry confirms.
I will not grace thee by refuting thee;
Yet in a jest (since thou rail'st so 'gainst dogs)
I'll speak a word or two in their defence.
That creature's best that comes most near to men;
That dogs of all come nearest, thus I prove.
First they excel us in all outward sense,
Which no one of experience will deny:
They hear, they smell, they see better than we.
To come to speech, they have it questionless,
Although we understand them not so well.
They bark as good old Saxon as may be,
And that in more variety than we:
For they have one voice when they are in chase,
Another when they wrangle for their meat,
Another when we beat them out of doors.
That they have reason, this I will allege;
They choose those things that are most fit for them,

[42] *Arre* is meant to indicate the snarling of a dog.

And shun the contrary all that they may[43].
They know what is for their own diet best,
And seek about for't very carefully.
At sight of any whip they run away,
As runs a thief from noise of hue and cry.
Nor live they on the sweat of others' brows,
But have their trades to get their living with,
Hunting and coney-catching, two fine arts.
Yea there be of them, as there be of men,
Of every occupation more or less:
Some carriers, and they fetch; some watermen,
And they will dive and swim when you bid them;
Some butchers, and they worry sheep by night;
Some cooks, and they do nothing but turn spits.
Chrysippus holds dogs are logicians,
In that by study and by canvassing,
They can distinguish 'twixt three several things:
As when he cometh where three broad ways meet,
And of those three hath staid at two of them,
By which he guesseth that the game went not,
Without more pause he runneth on the third;
Which, as Chrysippus saith, insinuates,
As if he reason'd thus within himself:
Either he went this, that, or yonder way,
But neither that, nor yonder, therefore this.
But whether they logicians be or no,
Cynics they are, for they will snarl and bite;
Right courtiers to flatter and to fawn;
Valiant to set upon the enemies;
Most faithful and most constant to their friends.
Nay, they are wise, as Homer witnesseth,
Who, talking of Ulysses' coming home,
Saith all his household but Argus his dog
Had quite forgot him: I, and his deep insight,
Nor Pallas art in altering his shape,

[43] So Machiavelli in his incomplete poem *Dell' Asino d'Oro* makes the Hog, who is maintaining the superiority of the brute creation to man, say of beasts in general.

Questa san meglior usar color che sanno
Senz' altra disciplina per se stesso
Seguir lor bene et evitar lor danno.—Cap. viii

Nor his base weeds, nor absence twenty years,
Could go beyond, or any way delude.
That dogs physicians are, thus I infer;
They are ne'er sick, but they know their disease,
And find out means to ease them of their grief;
Special good surgeons to cure dangerous wounds:
For stricken with a stake into the flesh
This policy they use to get it out:
They trail one of their feet upon the ground,
And gnaw the flesh about where the wound is,
Till it be clean drawn out: and then, because
Ulcers and sores kept foul are hardly cur'd,
They lick and purify it with their tongue,
And well observe Hippocrates' old rule,
The only medicine for the foot is rest:
For if they have the least hurt in their feet,
They bear them up and look they be not stirr'd.
When humours rise they eat a sovereign herb,
Whereby what cloys their stomachs they cast up;
And as some writers of experience tell,
They were the first invented vomiting.
Sham'st thou not, Autumn, unadvisedly
To slander such rare creatures as they be?

Summer. We call'd thee not, Orion, to this end,
To tell a story of dog's qualities.
With all thy hunting how are we enrich'd?
What tribute pay'st thou us for thy high place?

Orion. What tribute should I pay you out of nought?
Hunters do hunt for pleasure, not for gain.
While dog-days last the harvest safely thrives;
The sun burns hot to finish up fruit's growth;
There is no blood letting to make men weak.
Physicians in their Cataposia
r. little Elinctoria
Masticatorum and Cataplasmata:
Their gargarisms, clysters, and pitch'd cloths,
Their perfumes, syrups and their triacles,
Refrain to poison the sick patients,
And dare not minister 'till I be out.
Then none will bathe, and so are fewer drown'd.

All lust is perilsome therefore less us'd:
In brief the year without me cannot stand.
Summer, I am thy staff and thy right hand.

Summer. A broken staff, a lame right hand I had,
If thou wert all the stay that held me up.
Nihil violentum perpetuum.
No violence that liveth to old age.
Ill govern'd star, that never bod'st good luck,
I banish thee a twelvemonth and a day,
Forth of my presence; come not in my sight,
Nor shew thy head so much as in the night.

Orion. I am content: though hunting be not out,
We will go hunt in hell for better hap.
One parting blow, my hearts, unto our friends,
To bid the fields and huntsmen all farewell.
Toss up your bugle horns unto the stars:
Toil findeth ease, peace follows after wars. [*Exit.*

[*Here they go out, blowing their horns, and halloing, as they came in.*

Will Summer. Faith, this scene of Orion is right *prandium caninum*, a dog's dinner! which, as it is without wine, so here's a coil about dogs without wit. If I had thought the ship of fools[44] would have staid to take in fresh water at the Isle of Dogs, I would have furnish'd it with a whole kennel of collections to the purpose. I have had a dog myself that would dream and talk in his sleep, turn round like Ned fool, and sleep all night in a porridge-pot. Mark but the skirmish between Six-pence and the fox, and it is miraculous how they overcome one another in honourable courtesy. The fox, though he wears a chain, runs as though he were free; mocking us (as it is a crafty beast) because we, having a lord and master to attend on, run about at our pleasures like masterless men. Young Sixpence, the best page his master hath, plays a little, and retires. I warrant he will not be far out of the way, when his master goes to dinner. Learn of him, you diminutive urchins, how to behave yourselves

[44] An allusion to Sebastian Brandt's *Ship of Fools*, translated by Alexander Barclay. See note to Greene's *Friar Bacon*, vol. VIII.

in your vocation: take not up your standings in a nut-tree, when you should be waiting on my lord's trencher. Shoot but a bit at butts; play but a span at points. Whatever you do, *memento mori;* remember to rise betimes in the morning.

Summer. Vertumnus, call Harvest.

Vertumnus. Harvest, by west and by north, by south and by east,
Shew thyself like a beast.
Goodman Harvest, yeoman, come in and say what you can. Room for the scythe and the sickle there.

Enter HARVEST, *with a scythe on his neck, and all his reapers with sickles, and a great black bowl with a posset in it, borne before him: they come in singing.*

THE SONG.

Merry, merry, merry, cheary, cheary, cheary,
Trowl the black bowl[45] *to me;*
Hey derry, derry, with a poup and a lerry,
I'll trowl it again to thee:
Hooky, hooky, we have shorn,
And we have bound,
And we have brought Harvest
Home to town.

[45] So in "the second three-man's song," prefixed to Dekkar's *Shoemaker's Holiday*, 1600, though in one case the bowl was *black*, in the other *brown*.

"*Trowl the bowl*, the jolly *nut-brown* bowl;
And here, kind mate, to thee!
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And down it merrily."

It seems probable that this was a harvest-home song, usually sung by reapers in the country: the chorus or burden, "Hooky, hooky," &c. is still heard in some parts of the kingdom, with this variation:

"Hooky, hooky, we have shorn
And bound what we did reap,
And we have brought the harvest home,
To make bread good and cheap."

Which is an improvement, in as much as harvests are not brought home *to town*.

Summer. Harvest, the bailiff of my husbandry,
What plenty hast thou heapt into our barns?
I hope thou hast sped well, thou art so blithe.

Harvest. Sped well or ill, sir, I drink to you on the same.
Is your throat clear to help us sing, *hooky, hooky?*

[*Here they all sing after him.*

Hooky, hooky, we have shorn,
And we have bound;
And we have brought Harvest
Home to town.

Autumn. Thou Corydon, why answer'st not direct?

Harvest. Answer? why friend, I am no tapster, to say Anon, anon, sir[46]: but leave you to molest me, goodman tawny-leaves, for fear (as the proverb says, leave is light) so I mow off all your leaves, with my scythe.

Winter. Mock not and mow not too long[47]; you were best not,
For fear we whet your scythe upon your pate.

Summer. Since thou art so perverse in answering,
Harvest, hear what complaints are brought to me.
Thou art accused by the public voice,
For an ingrosser of the common store;
A carl that hast no conscience, nor remorse,
But dost impoverish the fruitful earth
To make thy garners rise up to the heavens.
To whom giv'st thou? who feedeth at thy board?
No almes, but unreasonable gain
Digests what thy huge iron teeth devour:
Small beer, coarse bread, the hinds and beggars cry,
Whilst thou withholdest both the malt and flour,
And giv'st us bran and water (fit for dogs).

Harvest. Hooky, hooky! if you were not my lord, I

[46] Shakespeare has sufficiently shewn this in the character of Francis, the drawer, in Henry IV. Pt. 1.

[47] In the original copy this negative is by some accident thrust into the next line, so as to destroy at once the metre and the meaning. It is still too much in the first line.

would say you lie. First and foremost, you say I am a grocer. A grocer is a citizen: I am no citizen, therefore no grocer.' A hoarder up of grain: that's false; for not so much but my elbows eat wheat every time I lean upon them[48]. A carl: that is as much as to say, a coney-catcher of good fellowship. For that one word you shall pledge me a carouse: eat a spoonful of the curd to allay your choler. My mates and fellows, sing no more, *Merry, merry*, but weep out a lamentable *Hooky, hooky*, and let your sickles cry—

Sick, sick, and very sick.
And sick and for the time;
For Harvest your master is
Abus'd without reason or rime.

I have no conscience, I; I'll come nearer to you, and yet I am no scab, nor no louse. Can you make proof wherever I sold away my conscience, or pawn'd it? Do you know who would buy it, or lend any money upon it? I think I have given you the pose: Blow your nose, master Constable. But to say that I impoverish the earth, that I rob the man in the moon, that I take a purse on the top of St. Paul's steeple; by this straw and thread I swear you are no gentleman, no proper man, no honest man, to make me sing, *O man in desperation*[49].

Summer. I must give credit unto what I hear:
For other than I hear, attract I nought.

Harvest. I, I; nought seek, nought have:
An ill husband is the first step to a knave.
You object, I feed none at my board: I am sure, if you were a hog, you would never say so; for, surreverence of their worships, they feed at my stable-table every day. I keep good hospitality for hens and geese: gleaners are oppress'd with heavy burthens of my bounty:

[48] This expression must allude to the dress of Harvest, which has many ears of wheat about it in various parts. Will Summer, after Harvest goes out, calls him, on this account, "a bundle of straw," and speaks of his "thatched suit."

[49] A line from a well known ballad of the time.

They take me and eat me to the very bones,
Till there be nothing left but gravel and stones;
And yet I give no alms, but devour all. They say when a man cannot hear well, you hear with your harvest ears; but if you heard with your harvest ears, that is, with the ears of corn, which my alms-cart scatters, they would tell you that I am the very poor man's box of pity; that there are more holes of liberality open in Harvest's heart, than in a sieve or a dust-box. Suppose you were a craftsman, or an artificer, and should come to buy corn of me, you should have bushels of me; not like the baker's loaf, that should weigh but six ounces, but usury for your money, thousands for one. What would you have more? Eat me out of my apparel, if you will, if you suspect me for a miser.

Summer. I credit thee, and think thou wert belied. But tell me hast thou a good crop this year?

Harvest. Hay, God's plenty, which was so sweet, and so good, that when I jerted my whip, and said to my horses but hay, they would go as they were mad.

Summer. But hay alone thou say'st not, but hay-ree.

Harvest. I sing hay-ree, that is, hay and rye; meaning, that they shall have hay and rye, their belly-fulls, if they will draw hard. So we say, Wa, hay, when they go out of the way; meaning, that they shall want hay, if they will not do as they should do.

Summer. How thrive thy oats, thy barley, and thy wheat?

Harvest. My oats grow like a cup of beer, that makes the brewer rich; my rye like a cavalier, that wears a huge feather in his cap, but hath no courage in his heart; had a long stalk, a goodly husk, but nothing so great a kernel as it was wont. My barley, even as many a novice, is cross-bitten [50] as soon as ever he peeps out of the shell, so was it frost-bitten in the

[50] *Cross-bitten,*] i. e. *cheated.* See note 41 to *the Jew of Malta,* vol. VIII.

blade, yet pick'd up his crumbs again afterward, and bade "Fill pot, hostess," in spite of a dear year. As for my peas and my vetches, they are famous, and not to be spoken of.

Autumn. I, I, such country button'd caps as you, Do want no fetches[51] to undo great towns.

Harvest. Will you make good your words that we want no fetches?

Winter. I, that he shall.

Harvest. Then fetch us a cloak-bag, to carry awa yourself in.'

Summer. Plough-swains are blunt, and will taunt bitterly.

Harvest, when all is done, thou art the man:
Thou dost me the best service of them all.
Rest from thy labours till the year renews,
And let the husbandmen sing thy praise.

Harvest. Rest from my labours, and let the husbandmen sing my praise? Nay, we do not mean to rest so; by your leave, we'll have a largess amongst you ere we part.

All. A largess, a largess, a largess!

Will Summer. Is there no man will give them a hiss for a largess?

Harvest. No, that there is not, goodman Lungis[52]. I see charity waxeth cold, and I think this house be her habitation, for it is not very hot: we were as good even put up our pipes and sing *Merry, merry,* for we shall get no money.

[*Here they all go out singing.*

Merry, merry, merry, cheary, cheary, cheary:
Trowl the black bowl to me.
Hey derry, derry, with a poup and a lerry;
I'll trowl it again to thee.

[51] A play upon the similarity of sound between *vetches* and *fetches*. In the old copy, to render it the more obvious, they are spelt alike.

[52] Mr. Todd found this word in Barret's Alveary, 1580, as well as in Cotgrave; but he quotes no authority for the signification he attaches to it, viz. a *lubber*. Nash could have furnished him with a quotation: it means an idle lazy fellow.

Hooky, hooky, we have shorn
And we have bound,
And we have brought harvest
Home to town.

Will Summer. Well, go thy ways, thou bundle of straw: I'll give thee this gift; thou shalt be a clown while thou liv'st. As lusty as they are, they run on the score with George's wife for their posset; and God knows who shall pay goodman Yeoman for his wheat sheaf. They may sing well enough,

" Trowl the black bowl to me,
Trowl the black bowl to me;"

for a hundred to one but they will all be drunk ere they go to bed. Yet of a slavering fool, that hath no conceit in any thing but in carrying a wand in his hand with commendation when he runneth by the high-way-side, this stripling, Harvest, hath done reasonable well. O that somebody had the sense to set his thatch'd suit on fire, and so lighted him out: if I had had but a jet[53] ring on my finger, I might have done with him what I list. I had spoiled him, I had took his apparel prisoner; for it being made of straw, and the nature of jet to draw straw unto it, I would have nail'd him to the pommel of my chair till the play were done, and then have carried him to my chamber-door, and laid him at the threshold as a whisp or a piece of mat, to wipe my shoes on every time I come up dirty.

Summer. Vertumnus, call Bacchus.

Vertumnus. Bacchus, Baccha, Bacchum: God Bacchus, God fat-back,
Baron of double beer and bottle ale,
Come in and shew thy nose that is nothing pale:
Back, back there, god barrel-belly may enter.

[53] Alluding to the attraction of straw by jet. See this point discussed in Sir Thos. Brown's *Vulgar Errors*, B. ii. ch. 4.

Enter BACCHUS *riding upon an ass trapp'd in ivy, himself dress'd in vine leaves, and a garland of grapes on his head; his companions having all jacks in their hands, and ivy garlands on their heads: they come singing.*

THE SONG.

Monsieur Mingo for quaffing doth surpass,
In cup in corn or glass.
God Bacchus, do me right,
And dub me knight
Domingo. [54]

Bacchus. Wherefore didst thou call me, Vertumnus? hast any drink to give me? One of you hold my ass while I light: walk him up and down the hall, till I talk a word or two.

Summer. What, Bacchus; still *animus in patinis:* no mind but on the pot?

Bacchus. Why, Summer, Summer, how would'st do but for rain? What's a fair house without water coming to it! Let me see how a smith can work if he have not his trough standing by him. What sets an edge on a knife? the grindstone alone? No, the moist element pour'd upon it, which grinds out all gaps, sets a point upon it, and scours it as bright as the firmament. So I tell thee, give a soldier wine before he goes to battle, it grinds out all gaps, it makes him forget all scars and wounds, and fight in the thickest of his enemies, as though he were but at foils among his fellows. Give a scholar wine going to his book, or being about to invent, it sets a new point on his wit, it glazeth it, it scours it, it gives him *acumen.* Plato saith *vinum esse*

[54] This song is quoted, and a long dissertation inserted upon it, in the notes to Henry IV. Pt. 2. A. 5. S. 2. where Silence gives the two last lines in drinking with Falstaff. *To do a man right* was a technical expression in the art of drinking. (See note 23 to *The Widow's Tears*, vol. VI.) It was the challenge to pledge. None of the commentators on Shakespeare are able to explain at all satisfactorily what connection there is between *Domingo* and a drinking song.

fomitem quendam, et incitabilem ingenii virtutisque Aristotle saith, *Nulla est magna scientia absque mixtura dementiæ!* there is no excellent knowledge without mixture of madness, and what makes a man more mad in the head than wine? *Qui bene vult ποιειν, debet ante πινειν*: He that will do well must drink well. *Prome, prome, potum prome!* ho, butler, a fresh pot! *Nunc est libendum, nunc pede libero terra pulsanda*[55]: a pox on him that leaves his drink behind him. *Rendezvous!*

Summer. It is wine's custom to be full of words. I pray thee, Bacchus, give us *vicissitudinem loquendi.*

Bacchus. A fiddlestick! ne'er tell me I am full of words. *Fœcundi calices, quem non fecere disertum: aut epi aut abi;* either take your drink, or you are an infidel.

Summer. I would about thy vintage question thee. How thrive thy vines? hadst thou good store of grapes?

Bacchus. *Vinum quasi venenum;* wine is poison to a sick body. A sick body is no sound body; *ergo,* wine is a pure thing, and is poison to all corruption. Try-lill! the hunters whoop to you. I'll stand to it: Alexander was a brave man, and yet an arrant drunkard.

Winter: Fie, drunken sot! forget'st thou where thou art?
My lord asks thee what vintage thou hast made?

Bacchus. Our vintage was a vintage, for it did not work upon the advantage: it came in the vaunt-guard of Summer,
And winds and storms met it by the way,
And made it cry, Alas, and well-a-day!

Summer. That was not well; but all miscarried not?

Bacchus. Faith, shall I tell no lie? Because you are my countryman, and so forth; and a good fellow is a good fellow, though he have never a penny in his purse. We had but even pot-luck; a little to moisten our lips and no more. That same Sol is a pagan and a proselyte: he shined so bright all summer, that he

[55] Horace, Lib. i. Carm 37.
Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus.

burnt more grapes than his beams were worth, were every beam as big as a weaver's beam. *A fabis abstinendum;* faith, he should have abstain'd, for what is flesh and blood without his liquor?

Autumn. Thou want'st no liquor, nor no flesh and blood.

I pray thee, may I ask, without offence,
How many tuns of wine hast in thy paunch?
Methinks that built like a round church,
Should yet have some of Julius Cæsar's wine:
I warrant 'twas not broach'd this hundred year.

Bacchus. Hear'st thou dough-belly! because thou talk'st and talk'st, and dar'st not drink to me a black jack, wilt thou give me leave to broach this little kilderkin of my corps against thy back? I know thou art but a micher,[56] and dar'st not stand me. *A vous, monsieur Winter,* a frolick upsy freese: cross, ho! *super nagulum.*

[*Knocks the jack upon his thumb.*

Winter. Gramercy, Bacchus, as much as though I did. For this time, thou must pardon me perforce.

Bacchus. What, give me the disgrace? go to, I say, I am no Pope to pardon any man. *Ran, ran, tarra:* cold beer makes good blood. St. George for England![57] Somewhat is better than nothing. Let me see, hast thou done me justice? why so: thou art a king, though

[56] *Micher,* in this place, signifies what we now call a *flincher:* in general, it means a *truant*—one who lurks and hides himself out of the way. See Mr. Gifford's short note on Massinger's *Guardian,* A. 3. S. 5. and Mr. Steevens's long note on Shakespeare's Henry IV. Pt. 1. A. 2. S. 4.

[57] This was the common cry of the English soldiers in attacking an enemy: we meet with it in Marlow's Edward II. where Warwick exclaims:

"Alarum, to the fight!
St George for England, and the Baron's right!"

So also in Rowley's "*When you see me, you know me,*" 1605: "King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table that were buried in armour are alive again, crying *St. George for England!* and mean shortly to conquer Rome."

Note 9 to the Pinner of Wakefield, vol. III. affords some further information upon the point.

there were no more kings in the cards but the knave. Summer wilt thou have a demi-culverin, that shall cry husty tusty, and make thy cup fly fine meal in the element?

Summer. No keep thy drink I pray thee to thyself.

Bacchus. This Pupillonian in the fool's coat, shall have a cast of martins, and a whiff. To the health of Captain Rinocerotry! Look to it; let him have weight and measure.

Will Summer. What an ass is this. I cannot drink so much, though I should burst.

Bacchus. Fool, do not refuse your moist sustenance: come, come, dog's head in the pot; do what you are born to.

Will Summer. If you will needs make me a drunkard against my will, so it is; I'll try what burden my belly is of.

Bacchus. Crouch, crouch on your knees, fool, when you pledge god Bacchus.

[*Here Will Summer drinks, and they sing about him, Bacchus begins.*

All. Monsieur Mingo for quaffing did surpass
In cup, in can, or glass.

Bacchus. Ho, well shot, a toucher, a toucher!
For quaffing Toy doth pass,
In cup, in can, or glass.[58]

All. God Bacchus do him right
And dub him knight.

[58] "For quaffing *Toy* doth pass
In cup, in can, or glass."
From the insertion of *Toy* in this song instead of *Mingo*, as it stands on the entrance of Bacchus and his companions, we are led to infer that the name of the actor who played the part of *Will* Summer was *Toy*: if not, there is no meaning in the change. Again at the end of the piece, the Epilogue says in express terms: "The great fool Toy hath marr'd the play," to which Will Summer replies, "Is't true, Jackanapes? Do you serve me so?" &c. Excepting by supposing that there was an actor of this name, it is not very easy to explain the following expressions by Gabriel Harvey, as applied to Greene, in his *Four Letters and certain Sonnets*, 1592, the year when Nash's *Summer's Last Will and Testament* was

Bacchus. Rise up Sir Robert Toss-pot.

[*Here he dubs Will Summer with the black jack.*

Summer. No more of this, I hate it to the death.
No such deformer of the soul and sense,
As is this swinish damn'd-born drunkenness.
Bacchus, for thou abusest so earth's fruits,
Imprison'd live in cellars and in vaults.
Let none commit their councils unto thee;
Thy wrath be fatal to thy dearest friends;
Unarmed run upon thy foemen's swords;
Never fear any plague before it fall;
Dropsies and watery tympanies haunt thee
Thy lungs with surfeiting be putrified,
To cause thee have an odious stinking breath;
Slaver and drivel like a child at mouth;
Be poor and beggarly in thy old age;
Let thine own kinsmen laugh when thou complain'st,
And many tears gain nothing but blind scoffs.
This is the guerdon due to drunkenness,
Shame, sickness, misery, follow excess.

Bacchus. Now on my honour, Sim Summer, thou art a bad member, a dunce, a mongrel, to discredit so worshipful an art after this order. Thou hast curst me and I will bless thee. Never cap of Nipitaty in London come near thy niggardly habitation! I beseech the gods of good fellowship thou mayst fall into a consumption with drinking small beer! Every day mayst thou eat fish, and let it stick in the midst of thy maw, for want of a cup of wine to swim away in. Venison be *venenum* to thee: and may that vintner have the plague in his house that sells a drop of claret to kill the poison of it! As many wounds mayst thou have as Cæsar had in the senate house, and get no white wine to wash them with; and to conclude, pine away in melancholy and sorrow before thou hast the fourth part of a dram of my juice to cheer up thy spirits.

performed; "They wrong him much with their epitaphs and solemn devices, that entitle him not at the least *the second Toy* of London, the stale of Paul's," &c.

Summer. Hale him away, he barketh like a wolf: It is his drink, not he, that rails on us.

Bacchus. Nay soft, brother Summer, back with that fool. Here is a snuff in the bottom of the jack, enough * to light a man to bed withal: we'll leave no flocks behind us whatsoever we do.

Summer. Go drag him hence, I say, when I command.

Bacchus. Since we must needs go, let's go merrily. Farewell Sir Robert Toss-pot: sing amain, Monsieur Mingo, whilst I mount up my ass.

[*Here they go out, singing "Monsieur Mingo," as they came in.*

Will Summer. Of all the gods this Bacchus is the ill-favour'dst mis-shapen god that ever I saw. A pox on him! he hath christened me with a new nickname of Sir Robert Toss-pot, that will not part from me this twelvemonth. Ned fool's clothes are so perfum'd with the beer he pour'd on me that there shall not be a Dutchman within twenty miles, but he'll smell out and claim kindred of him. What a beastly thing it is to bottle up all in a man's belly, when a man must set his guts on a gallon pot last, only to purchase the ale-house title of *boon companion.* "Carouse; pledge me and you dare! 'Swounds I'll drink with thee for all that ever thou art worth!" It is even as two men should strive who should run farthest into the sea for a wager. Methinks these are good household terms: "Will it please you to be here sir? I commend me to you; shall I be so bold as trouble you? Saving your tale I drink to you." And if these were put in practice but a year or two in taverns, wine would soon fall from six and twenty pound a tun, and be beggar's money a penny a quart, and take up his inn with waste beer in the alms tub. I am a sinner as others: I must not say much of this argument. Every one

* A passage quoted in note 6 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II from Nash's *Pierce Penniless* is precisely in point, both in explaining the word, and knocking the cup, can or jack, on the thumb-nail previously performed by Bacchus in this scene.

when he is whole can give advice to them that are sick. My masters, you that be good fellows, get you into corners and sup off your provender closely:[59] report hath a blister on her tongue: open taverns are tell-tales. *Non peccat quicunque potest peccasse negare.*

Summer. I'll call my servants to account, said I? A bad account; worse servants no man hath. *Quos credis fidos effuge, tutus eris:* The proverb I have prov'd to be too true, *Totidem domi hostes habemus quot servos.* And that wise caution of Democritus, *Servus necessaria possessio, non autem dulcis:* No where fidelity and labour dwells. Hope, young heads count to build on had I wist: Conscience but few respect, all hunt for gain: Except the camel have his provender Hung at his mouth he will not travel on. Tyresias to Narcissus promised Much prosperous hap and many golden days, If of his beauty he no knowledge took. Knowledge breeds pride, pride breedeth discontent Black discontent, thou urgest to revenge: Revenge opes not her ears to poor men's prayers. That dolt destruction is she, without doubt, That hales her forth and feedeth her with nought. Simplicity and plainness, you I love! Hence, double diligence, thou mean'st deceit Those that now serpent-like creep on the ground, And seem to eat the dust, they crouch so low, If they be disappointed of their prey, Most traitorously will trace their nails and sting. Yea, such as, like the lapwing, build their nests In a man's dung, come up by drudgery, Will be the first that, like that foolish bird, Will follow him with yelling and false cries.

[59] *Closely* is *secretly*: a very common application of the word in our old writers. It is found in *Albumazar*, vol. VIII. p. 156.

"I'll entertain him here: meanwhile steal you
Closely into the room;"

and in many other places.

Will sung a shepherd [60] (that now sleeps in skies)
" Dumb swans do love, and not vain chattering pies."
In mountains, poets say, Echo is hid,
For her deformity and monstrous shape;
Those mountains are the houses of great lords,
Where Stentor, with his hundred voices, sounds
A hundred trumps at once with rumour fill'd.
A woman they imagine her to be,
Because that sex keep nothing close they hear;
And that's the reason magic writers frame [61]
There are more witches women, than of men;
For women generally, for the most part,
Of secrets more desirous are than men,*

[60] The " shepherd that now sleeps in skies," is Sir Philip Sidney, and the line with a slight inversion for the sake of the rhime, is taken from a sonnet in *Astrophel and Stella*, appended to the *Arcadia*.

" Because I breathe not love to every one,
Nor do I use set colours for to wear,
Nor nourish special locks of vowed hair,
Nor give each speech a full point of a groan,
The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
Of them who in their lips love's standard bear,
' What he? (say they of me) now I dare swear
He cannot love: no, no; let him alone.'
And think so still, so Stella know my mind:
Profess, indeed, I do not Cupid's art;
But you, fair maids, at length this true shall find,
That his right badge is but worn in the heart.
Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove:
They love indeed who quake to say they love."
p. 537, Edit. 1598.

It may be worth a remark that the two last lines are quoted with a difference in *England's Parnassus*, 1600, p. 191.

" Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove;
They love indeed who *dare not say* they love."

In the quarto copy of Nash's play the word *swains* is misprinted for *swans*. The introduction to the passage would have afforded Mr. Malone another instance, had he wanted one, that shepherd and poet were used almost as synonymes by Shakespeare's contemporaries.

[61] Perhaps we ought to read *feign* instead of *frame*; but *frame* is very intelligible, and it has therefore not been altered.

* The quarto gives this line thus:

" Of secrets more desirous *or* than men,"

which is decidedly an error of the press.

Which having got they have no power to hold.
In these times had Echo's first fathers liv'd,
No woman but a man she had been feign'd;
(Though women yet will want no news to prate)
For men, (mean men,) the scum and dross of all,
Will talk and babble of they know not what,
Upbraid, deprave, and taunt they care not whom.
Surmises pass for sound approved truths;
Familiarity and conference,
That were the sinews of societies,
Are now for underminings only us'd;
And novel wits that love none but themselves,
Think wisdom's height as falsehood slily couch'd,
Seeking each other to o'erthrow his mate.
O friendship! thy old temple is defac'd:
Embracing every guileful courtesy,
Hath overgrown fraud-wanting honesty.
Examples live but in the idle schools:
Sinon bears all the sway in princes' courts.
Sickness, be thou my soul's physician;
Bring the apothecary Death with thee.
In earth is hell, true hell felicity,
Compared with this world, the den of wolves!

Autumn. My lord, you are too passionate without cause.

Winter. Grieve not for that which cannot be recall'd.
Is it your servant's carelessness you 'plain?
Tully by one of his own slaves was slain.
The husbandman close in his bosom nurs'd
A subtle snake, that after wrought his bane.

Autumn. Servos fideles liberalitas facit.
Where, on the contrary, *servitutem*,
Those that attend upon illiberal lords,
Whose covetize yields nought else but fair looks,
Even of those fair looks make their gainful use.
For, as in Ireland, and in Denmark both,
Witches for gold will sell a man a wind [62],

[62] See A. 1. S. 3. of *Macbeth*.
"2d *Witch*, I'll give thee a wind.

Which, in the corner of a napkin wrapp'd,
Shall blow him safe unto what coast he will;
So make ill servants sale of their lord's wind,
Which wrapp'd up in a piece of parchment,
Blows many a knave forth danger of the law.

Summer. Enough of this: let me go make my will.
Ah! it is made, although I hold my peace:
These two will share betwixt them what I have.
The surest way to get my will perform'd,
Is to make my executor my heir;
And he, if all be given him, and none else,
Unfallibly will see it well perform'd.
Lions will feed, though none bid them go to.
Ill grows the tree affordeth ne'er a graft:
Had I some issue to sit on my throne,
My grief would die, death should not hear me groan,
But when, perforce, these must enjoy my wealth,
Which thank me not, but enter 't as a prey,
Bequeath'd it is not, but clean cast away.
Autumn, be thou successor to my seat:
Hold, take my crown:—look, how he grasps for it!
Thou shalt not have it yet—but hold it, too;
Why should I keep what needs I must forego?

Winter. Then, duty laid aside, you do me wrong.
I am more worthy of it far than he:
He hath no skill nor courage for to rule.
A weather-beaten bankrupt ass it is,
That scatters and consumeth all he hath:
Each one do pluck from him without control.
He is nor hot nor cold; a silly soul,
That fain would please both party, if so he might.
He and the Spring are scholars' favourites:
What scholars are, what thriftless kind of men,
Yourself be judge, and judge of him by them.
When Cerberus was headlong drawn from hell,
He voided a black poison from his mouth

1st *Witch.* Thou art kind.
3d *Witch.* And I another."

From the passage in Nash's play, it seems that Irish and Danish witches could sell winds: Macbeth's witches were Scotch.

Call'd *Aconitum*, whereof ink was made:
That ink, with reeds first laid on dried barks,
Serv'd me awhile to make rude works withal,
Till Hermes, secretary to the gods,
Or Hermes Trismegistus, as some will,
Weary with graving in blind characters,
And figures of familiar beasts and plants,
Invented letters to write lies withal.
In them he penn'd the fables of the gods,
The giants' war, and thousand tales besides.
After each nation got these toys in use
There grew up certain drunken parasites,
Term'd poets, which, for a meal's meat or two,
Would promise monarchs immortality.
They vomited in verse all that they knew;
Form'd causes and beginnings of the world;
Fetch'd pedigrees of mountains and of floods,
From men and women whom the gods transform'd.
If any town or city they pass'd by,
Had in compassion (thinking them mad men)
Forborne to whip them, or imprison them,
That city was not built by human hands;
'Twas rais'd by music, like Megara walls:
Apollo, poets' patron, founded it,
Because they found one fitting favour there.
Musæus, Lynus, Homer, Orpheus,
Were of this trade, and thereby won their fame.

Will Summer. Fama malum, quo non velocius ullum [63].

[63] As usual, Nash has here misquoted, or the printer has omitted a word. Virgil's line is,

"Fama malum, quo non aliud velocius ullum."

Æneid. iv. 174.

Gabriel Harvey, replying, in 1597, in his *Trimming of Thomas Nash, Gentleman*, (written in the name of Richard Litchfield, the Barber Surgeon of Trinity College, Cambridge) also alludes to this common-place. "The virtuous riches wherewith (as broad spread fame reporteth) you are indued, though *fama malum* (as saith the poet) which I confirm," &c. Perhaps this was because Nash had previously employed it, or it might be supposed that the Barber would have been unacquainted with it.

Winter. Next them a company of ragged knaves,
Sun-bathing beggars, lazy hedge-creepers,
Sleeping face upwards in the fields all night,
Dream'd strange devices of the Sun and Moon;
And they, like gypsies, wandering up and down,
Told fortunes, juggled, nick-nam'd all the stars,
And were of idiots term'd philosophers.
Such was Pythagoras, the silencer;
Prometheus, Thales, Milesius,
Who would all things of water should be made:
Anaximander, Anaxamines,
That positively said the air was God:
Zenocrates, that said there were eight gods;
And Cratoniates and Alcmeon too,
Who thought the sun, and moon, and stars were gods.
The poorer sort of them, that could get nought,
Profess'd, like beggarly Franciscan friars,
And the strict order of the Capuchins,
A voluntary, wretched poverty,
Contempt of gold, thin fare, and lying hard.
Yet he that was most vehement in these,
Diogenes, the cynic and the dog,
Was taken coining money in his cell.

Will Summer. What an old ass was that. Methinks he should have coined carrot-roots rather; for, as for money he had no use for, except it were to melt, and solder up holes in his tub withal.

Winter. It were a whole Olympiad's work to tell
How many devilish, *ergo*, armed arts,
Sprung all as vices of this idleness:
For even as soldiers not employ'd in wars,
But living loosely in a quiet state,
Not having wherewithal to maintain pride,
Nay, scarce to find their bellies any food,
Nought but walk melancholy, and devise
How they may cozen merchants, fleece young heirs,
Creep into favour, by betraying men,
Rob churches, beg waste toys, court city dames,
Who shall undo their husbands for their sakes;

The baser rabble how to cheat and steal,
And yet be free from penalty of death[64]:
So these word-warriors, lazy star-gazers,
Us'd to no labour but to louse themselves,
Had their heads fill'd with cozening fantasies.
They plotted how to make their poverty
Better esteem'd of than high sovereignty.
They thought how they might plant a heaven on earth,
Whereof they would be principal, low gods;
That heaven they called Contemplation:
As much to say as a most pleasant sloth,
Which better I cannot compare than this,
That if a fellow, licenced to beg,
Should all his lifetime go from fair to fair,
And buy gape-seed, having no business else.
That contemplation, like an aged weed,
Engender'd thousand sects, and all those sects
Were but as these times, cunning shrouded rogues.
Grammarians some, and wherein differ they
From beggars that profess the pedlar's French?[65]
The poets next, slovenly tatter'd slaves,
That wander and sell ballads in the streets.
Historiographers others there be,
And they, like lazars, by by the high-way side,
That for a penny or a halfpenny,
Will call each knave a good fac'd gentleman,
Give honour unto tinkers for good ale,

[64] A soldier of this sort, or one pretending to be a soldier, is a character often met with in our old comedies: several may be found in the present collection, such as Lieutenant Maweworm and Ancient Hautboy, in *A Mad World, my Masters*, Captain Face, in *Ram-Alley*, &c.

[65] Pedlar's French was another name for the cant language used by vagabonds. What pedlars were may be judged from the following description of them in *The Pedlar's Prophesy*, a comedy printed in 1595, but obviously written either very early in the reign of Elizabeth, or perhaps even in that of her sister.

"I never knew honest man of this occupation,
But either he was a dycer, a drunkard, a maker of shift,
A picker, or cut-purse, a raiser of simulation,
Or such a one as run away with another man's wife."

Prefer a cobbler 'fore the black prince far,
If he bestow but blacking on their shoes:
And as it is the spittle-house's guise
Over their gate to write their founder's names
Or on the outside of their walls at least,
In hope by their example others mov'd
Will be more bountiful and liberal;
So in the fore-front of their chronicles,
Or *peroratione operis*,
They learning's benefactors reckon up;
Who built this college, who gave that free school,
What king or queen advanced scholars most,
And in their times what writers flourished.
Rich men and magistrates, whilst yet they live,
They flatter palpably, in hope of gain.
Smooth-tongued orators, the fourth in place,
Lawyers our commonwealth entitles them,
Mere swash-bucklers and ruffianly mates,
That will for twelve pence make a doughty fray,
Set men for straws together by the ears.
Sky-measuring mathematicians.
Gold-breathing alchemists also we have,
Both which are subtle-witted humourists,
That get their meals by *telling* miracles,
Which they have seen in travelling the skies.
Vain boasters, liars, make-shifts, they are all;
Men that, removed from their ink-horn terms, [66]
Bring forth no action worthy of their bread.
What should I speak of pale physicians,

[66] *Ink-horn* is a very common epithet of contempt for pedantic and affected expressions. The following from *Churchyard's Choice*, Sign. E e 1. sets it in its true light.

"As *Ynkehorne* termes smell of the schoole sometyme."

It went out of use with the disuse of ink-horns. It would be very easy to multiply instances where the word is employed in our old writers. It most frequently occurs in Wilson's Rhetoric, where is inserted an epistle composed of *ink-horn terms*; "suche a letter as Wylliam Sommer himself could not make a better for that purpose. Some will thinke and swere it too, that there never was any suche thing written: well, I will not force any man to beleve it, but I will

Who as *Fismenus non nasatus* was
(Upon a wager, that his friends had laid)
Hir'd to live in a privy a whole year,
So are they hir'd for lucre and for gain,
All their whole life to smell on excrements.

Will Summer. Very true, for I have heard it for a proverb many a time and oft, *hunc os fœtidum;* fah! he stinks like a physician.

Winter. Innumerable monstrous practices
Hath loitering contemplation brought forth more,
Which were too long particular to recite:
Suffice they all conduce unto this end,
To banish labour, nourish slothfulness,
Pamper up lust, devise new-fangled sins.
Nay, I will justify, there is no vice
Which learning and vile knowledge brought not in,
Or in whose praise some learned have not wrote.
The art of murder Machiavel hath penn'd;
Whoredom hath Ovid to uphold her throne,
And Aretine of late in Italy,
Whose *Cortigiana* toucheth bawds their trade.
Gluttony Epicurus doth defend,
And books of the art of cookery confirm,
Of which Platina hath not writ the least.
Drunkenness of his good behaviour
Hath testimonial from where he was born;
That pleasant work *de arte bibendi,*
A drunken Dutchman spew'd out few years since.
Nor wanteth sloth (although sloth's plague be want)
His paper pillars for to lean upon.
The praise of nothing pleads his worthiness. [67]

saie thus much, and abyde by it too, the like have been made heretofore, and praised above the moone." It opens thus:

"Ponderying, expendying, and revolutying with myself, your urgent affabilitee, and ingenious capacitee, for mundaine affaires, I cannot but celebrate and extolle your magnificall dexteritee above all other; for how could you have adopted such illustrate, prerogative, and dominicall superioritee, if the fecunditee of your inginie had not been so fertile and wonderfull pregnant?" (fo. 86. Edit. 1553.) Wilson elsewhere calls them "*ink-pot* terms."

[67] Nash alludes to a celebrated burlesque poem by Francisco

Folly Erasmus sets a flourish on :
For baldness a bald ass, I have forgot,
Patch'd up a pamphletary periwig.
Slovenry Grobianus magnifieth :
Sodomitry a cardinal commends,
And Aristotle necessary deems.
In brief, all books, divinity except,
Are nought but tales of the devil's laws,
Poison wrapt up in sugar'd words,
Man's pride, damnation's props, the world's abuse.
Then censure, good my lord, what bookmen are:
If they be pestilent members in a state,
He is unfit to sit at stern of state,
That favours such as will o'erthrow his state.
Blest is that government where no art thrives;
Vox populi, vox Dei,
The vulgar's voice it is the voice of God.
Yet Tully saith, *Non est concilium in vulgo, non ratio, non discrimen, non differentia :*
The vulgar have no learning, wit, nor sense.

Copetta, entitled, (in the old collection of productions of the kind, made in 1548, and many times afterwards reprinted,) *Capitolo nel quale si lodano le Noncovelle.* Some of the thoughts in Rochester's well known piece seem taken from it. A notion of the whole may be formed from the following translation of four of the *terze rime.*

" *Nothing* is brother to primæval matter,
'Bout which philosophers their brains may batter
To find it out, but still their hopes they flatter.

Its virtue is most wondrously display'd,
For in the Bible, we all know, 'tis said,
God out of *nothing* the creation made.

Yet *nothing* has nor head, tale, back, nor shoulder,
And tho' than the great *Dixit* it is older,
Its strength is such, that all things first shall moulder.

The rank of *nothing* we from this may see:
The mighty Roman once declar'd that he
Cæsar or *nothing* was resolv'd to be."

Themistocles having spent all his time
In study of philosophy and arts,
And noting well the vanity of them,
Wish'd, with repentance for his folly pass'd,
Some would teach him th' art of oblivion,
How to forget the arts that he had learnt.
And Cicero, whom we alleged before,
(As saith Valerius) stepping into old age,
Despised learning, loathed eloquence.
Naso, that could speak nothing but pure verse,
And had more wit than words to utter it,
And words as choice as ever poet had,
Cried and exclaim'd in bitter agony,
When knowledge had corrupted his chaste mind;
Discite, qui sapitis, non hæc quæ scimus inertes,
Sed trepidas acies, et fera bella sequi. [68]
You that be wise, and ever mean to thrive,
O study not these toys we sluggards use,
But follow arms, and wait on barbarous wars.
Young men, young boys, beware of schoolmasters;
They will infect you, mar you, blear your eyes:
They seek to lay the curse of God on you,
Namely, confusion of languages,
Wherewith those that the tower of Babel built
Accursed were in the world's infancy.
Latin, it was the speech of infidels;
Logic hath nought to say in a true cause;
Philosophy is curiosity;
And Socrates was therefore put to death,
Only for he was a philosopher.
Abhor, contemn, despise these damned snares.

Will Summer. Out upon it! who would be a scholar? not I, I promise you: my mind always gave me this learning was such a filthy thing, which made me hate it

[68] Ovid's lines are these:

Discite, qui sapitis, non quæ nos scimus inertes,
Sed trepidas acies, et fera castra sequi.

Amorum, Lib. iii. El. 8.

so as I did. When I should have been at school construing, *Batte, mi fili, mi fili, mi Batte*, I was close under a hedge, or under a barn wall, playing at span-counter or jack in a box. My master beat me, my father beat me, my mother gave me bread and butter, yet all this would not make me a squitter-book.[59] It was my destiny; I thank her as a most courteous goddess, that she hath not cast me away upon gibridge. O, in what a mighty vein am I now against horn-books! Here, before all this company, I profess myself an open enemy to ink and paper. I'll make it good upon the accidence body that in speech is the devil's paternoster. Nouns and pronouns, I pronounce you as traitors to boys' buttocks; syntaxis and prosodia, you are tormentors of wit, and good for nothing, but to get a school-master two-pence a-week. Hang copies! Fly out, phrase-books! let pens be turn'd to pick-tooths! Bowls, cards, and dice, you are the true liberal sciences! I'll ne'er be a goose-quill, gentlemen, while I live.

Summer. Winter, with patience, unto my grief,
I have attended thy invective tale.
So much untruth wit never shadowed:
'Gainst her own bowels thou art's weapons turn'st.
Let none believe thee that will ever thrive.
Words have their course, the wind blows where it lists,
He errs alone in error that persists.
For thou 'gainst Autumn such exceptions tak'st,
I grant his over-seer thou shalt be,
His treasurer, protector and his staff;
He shall do nothing without thy consent:

[59] The author of "The World's Folly," 1615, uses *squitter-wit* in the same sense that Nash employs *squitter-book*: "The *primum mobile*, which gives motion to these overturning wheels of wickedness, are those mercenary *squitter-wits*, miscalled poets."

In *The Two Italian Gentlemen*, an old comedy, translated from the Italian, and only recently discovered, without a title-page, the word *squitterbe-book*, or *squitter-book*, is found, and with precisely the same signification which Nash gives it:

'I would mete with the scalde *squitterbe-booke* for this geare."

Provide thou for his weal and his content.
Winter. Thanks, gracious lord; so I'll dispose of him
As it shall not repent you of your gift.
Autumn. Oh such conditions no crown will I take.
I challenge Winter for my enemy;
A most insatiate miserable carl,
That to fill up his garners to the brim
Cares not how he endamageth the earth,
What poverty he makes it to endure!
He over-bars the crystal streams with ice,
That none but he and his may drink of them:
All for a foul Back-winter he lays up.
Hard craggy ways, and uncouth slippery paths
He frames that passengers may slide and fall.
Who quaketh not that heareth but his name?
O, but two sons he hath worse than himself:
Christmas the one, a pinch-back, cut-throat churl,
That keeps no open house, as he should do,
Delighteth in no game or fellowship,
Loves no good deeds and hateth talk;
But sitteth in a corner turning crabs,
Or coughing o'er a warmed pot of ale.
Back-winter th' other, that's his nown[70] sweet boy,
Who like his father taketh in all points.
An elf it is compact of envious pride,
A miscreant, born for a plague to men;
A monster that devoureth all he meets.
Were but his father dead, so he would reign,
Yea, he would go good-near to deal by him
As Nebuchadnezzar's ungracious son,
Fuilmerodach, by his father dealt:
Who when his sire was turned to an ox
Full greedily snatch'd up his sovereignty,
And thought himself a king without controul.
So it fell out, seven years expir'd and gone,

[70] "His *nown*" instead of "his *own*" was not an uncommon corruption: we have already seen it used in a line by Udall, in his *Ralph Royster Doister*, quoted in note 42 to Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, vol. VIII.

"Holie by his yea and nay, be his *nowne* white sonne."

Nebuchadnezzar came to his shape again,
And dispossess'd him of the regiment[71];
Which my young prince no little grieving at,
When that his father shortly after died,
Fearing lest he should come from death again,
As he came from an ox to be a man,
Will'd that his body, 'spoil'd of coverture,
Should be cast forth into the open fields,
For birds and ravens to devour at will;
Thinking if they bare, every one of them,
A bill full of his flesh into their nests,
He could not rise to trouble him in haste.

Will Summer. A virtuous son; and I'll lay my life on't he was a cavalier and a good fellow.[71 *]

Winter. Pleaseth your honour, all he says is false.
For my own part I love good husbandry,
But hate dishonourable covetize.
Youth ne'er aspires to virtue's perfect growth,
Till the wild oats be sown; and so the earth
Until his weeds be rotted by my frosts
Is not for any seed or tillage fit.
He must be purged that hath surfeited:
The fields have surfeited with summer fruits;
They must be purg'd, made poor, oppress'd with snow,
Ere they recover their decayed pride.
For overbarring of the streams with ice,
Who locks not poison from his children's taste?
When Winter reigns the water is so cold,
That it is poison, present death, to those

[71] *Regiment* has been so frequently used in the course of these volumes, in the sense of government or rule, that it is hardly worth a note. Those, however, who wish to see one upon it are referred to vol. II. p. 320.

[71 *] This is, of course, spoken ironically, and of old, the expression *good fellow*, bore a double signification, which answered the purpose of Will Summer. Thus in Lord Brooke's *Cælica*, sonnet xxx.

"*Good fellows*, whom men commonly doe call,
Those that do live at warre with truth and shame."

Again, in Heywood's *Edward IV.* part 1. sign. E 4.

"*King Edward.* Why, dost thou not love a *good fellow*?
Hobs. No: *good fellows* be *thieves*."

That wash or bathe their limbs in his cold streams.
The slipprier thao ways are under us,
The better it makes us to heed our steps,
And look ere we presume too rashly on.
If that my sons have misbehav'd themselves,
A God's name let them answer't 'fore my lord.

Autumn. Now, I beseech your honour it may be so.

Summer. With all my heart. Vertumnus, go for them.

Will Summer. This same Harry Baker[72] is such a necessary fellow to go on errands as you shall not find in a country. It is pity but he should have another silver arrow, if it be but for crossing the stage with his cap on.

Summer. To weary out the time until they come,
Sing me some doleful ditty to the lute,
That may complain my near approaching death.

THE SONG.

Adieu; farewell earth's bliss
This world uncertain is:
Fond are life's lustful joys,
Death proves them all but toys.
None from his darts can fly:
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

Rich men trust not in wealth;
Gold cannot buy you health.
Physic himself must fade:
All things to end are made.
The plague full swift goes by.
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

Beauty is but a flower,
Which wrinkles will devour:
Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair.
Dust hath clos'd Helen's eye.
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

[72] Henry Baker was therefore the name of the actor who performed the part of Vertumnus.

Strength stoops unto the grave:
Worms feed on Hector brave.
Swords may not fight with fate:
Earth still holds ope her gate.
Come, come the bells do cry.
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

Wit with his wantonness,
Tasteth death's bitterness.
Hell's executioner
Hath no ears for to hear
What vain art can reply.
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

Haste therefore each degree
To welcome destiny:
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a player's stage.
Mount we unto the sky.
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

Summer. Beshrew me, but thy song hath moved me.

Will Summer. "Lord have mercy on us," how lamentable 'tis!

Enter VERTUMNUS, *with* CHRISTMAS *and* BACKWINTER.

Vertumnus. I have dispatched, my lord; I have brought you them you sent me for.

Will Summer. What say'st thou? hast thou made a good batch? I pray thee give me a new loaf![73]

Summer. Christmas, how chance thou com'st not as the rest,
Accompanied with some music or some song?
A merry carrol would have grac'd thee well:
Thy ancestors have us'd it heretofore.

Christmas. I, antiquity was the mother of ignorance:

[73] The joke here consists in the similarity of sound between *dispatch* and *batch*, Will Summers mistaking, or pretending to mistake, in consequence.

this latter world, that sees but with her spectacles, hath spied a pad in those sports more than they could.

Summer. What, is't against thy conscience for to sing?

Christmas. No, nor to say, by my troth, if I may get a good bargain.

Summer. Why, thou should'st spend, thou should'st not care to get:
Christmas is god of hospitality.

Christmas. So will he never be of good husbandry. I may say to you, there is many an old god that is now grown out of fashion; so is the god of hospitality.

Summer. What reason can'st thou give he should be left?

Christmas. No other reason but that gluttony is a sin, and too many dunghills are infectious. A man's belly was not made for a powdering beef tub; to feed the poor twelve days, and let them starve all the year after, would but stretch out the guts wider than they should be, and so make famine a bigger den in their bellies than he had before. I should kill an ox, and have some such fellow as Milo to come and eat it up at a mouthful; or, like the Sybalites, do nothing all one year but bid guests against the next year. The scraping of trenchers you think would put a man to no charges: it is not a hundred pound a-year would serve the scullions in dishclouts. My house stands upon vaults; it will fall if it be overladen with a multitude. Besides, have you never read of a city that was undermined and destroyed by moles? So say I, keep hospitality and a whole fair of beggars bid me to dinner every day, what with making legs[74] when they thank me at their going away, and settling their wallets handsomely on their backs, they would shake as many lice on the ground as were able to undermine my house, and undo me utterly. Is it their prayers would build it again if it were overthrown by this vermine, would it? I pray who began

[74] This is still, as it was formerly, the mode of describing the awkward bowing of the lower class. In Chettle's *Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601, when Will Brand, a vulgar assassin, is introduced to the king, the stage direction to the actor in the margin is, *Make Legs.*

feasting and gormandize first, but Sardanapalus, Nero, Heliogabalus, Commodus? tyrants, whoremasters, unthrifts. Some call them emperors, but I respect no crowns but crowns in the purse. Any man may wear a silver crown that hath made a fray in Smithfield, and lost but a piece of his brain-pan; and to tell you plain, your golden crowns are little better in substance, and many times got after the same sort.

Summer. Gross-headed sot! how light he makes of state.

Autumn. Who treadeth not on stars when they are fall'n?
Who talketh not of states when they are dead?
A fool conceits no farther than he sees,
He hath no sense of aught but what he feels.

Christmas. I, I; such wise men as you come to beg at such fool's doors as we be.

Autumn. Thou shut'st thy door; how should we beg of thee?
No alms but thy sink carries from thy house.

Will Summer. And I can tell you that's as plentiful alms for the plague as the Sheriff's tub to them of Newgate.

Autumn. For feasts thou keepest none; cankers thou feed'st.
The worms will curse thy flesh another day,
Because it yieldeth them no fatter prey.

Christmas. What worms do another day I care not, but I'll be sworn upon a whole kilderkin of single beer, I will not have a worm-eaten nose, like a pursuivant, while I live. Feasts are but puffing up of the flesh, the purveyors for diseases; travel, cost, time ill-spent. O, it were a trim thing to send, as the Romans did, round about the world for provision for one banquet. I must rig ships to Samos for peacocks; to Paphos for pigeons; to Austria for oysters; to Phasis for pheasants; to Arabia for phœnixes; to Meander for swans; to the Orcades for geese; to Phrygia for woodcocks; to Malta for cranes; to the Isle of Man for puffins; to Ambracia for goats; to Tartole for lampreys; to

Egypt for dates; to Spain for chesnuts, and all for one feast.

Will Summer. O, sir, you need not: you may buy them at London better cheap.

Christmas. Liberalitas liberalitate perit; love me a little and love me long:[75] our feet must have wherewithal to feed the stones; our backs, walls of wool to keep out the cold that besiegeth our warm blood; our doors must have bars, our doublets must have buttons. Item, for an old sword to scrape the stones before the door with; three half-pence for stitching a wooden tankard that was burst. These water-bearers will empty the conduit and a man's coffers at once. Not a porter that brings a man a letter but will have his penny. I am afraid to keep past one or two servants, lest, hungry knaves, they should rob me; and those I keep I warrant I do not pamper up too lusty. I keep them under with red herring and poor John all the year long. I have dammed up all my chimnies for fear (though I burn nothing but small coal) my house should be set on fire with the smoke. I will not deny but once in a dozen year, when there is a great rot of sheep, and I know not what to do with them, I keep open house for all the beggars in some of my out-yards: marry they must bring bread with them; I am no baker.

Will Summer. As good men as you, and have thought it no scorn to serve their 'prenticeships on the pillory.

Summer. Winter is this thy son? Hear'st how he talks?

Winter. I am his father, therefore may not speak,
But otherwise I could excuse his fault.

Summer. Christmas, I tell thee plain, thou art a snudge,[76]

[75] A proverb in Camden's Remains, edit. by Philipot, 1636, p. 301.

[76] The meaning of the word *snudge* is easily guessed in this place, but it is completely explained by T. Wilson, in his Rhetoric, 1553, when he is speaking of a figure he calls *diminution*, or moderating the censure applied to vices by assimilating them to the nearest virtues: thus he would call "a *snudge* or *pynche-penny* a good hus-

And were't not that we love thy father well,
Thou should'st have felt what 'longs to avarice.
It is the honour of nobility
To keep high days and solemn festivals;
Then to set their magnificence to view,
To frolic open with their favourites,
And use their neighbours with all courtesy;
When thou in hugger-mugger[77] spend'st thy wealth.
Amend thy manners, breathe thy rusty gold;
Bounty will win thee love when thou art old.

Will Summer. I, that bounty I would fain meet, to borrow money of; he is fairly blest now-a-days that 'scapes blows when he begs. *Verba dandi et reddendi*, go together in the grammar rule: there is no giving but with condition of restoring.

Ah! *benedicite:*
Well is he hath no necessity
Of gold, nor of sustenance:
Slow good hap comes by chance;
Flattery best fares;
Arts are but idle wares:
Fair words want giving hands,
The *Lento*[78] begs that hath no lands.

band, a thrifty man." (fo. 67.) Elsewhere he remarks, "some riche *snudges*, having great wealth, go with their hose out at heels, their shoes out at toes, and their cotes out at both elbowes; for who can tell if such men are worth a grote when their apparel is so homely, and all their behavior so base?" (fo. 86.) The word is found in Todd's Johnson, where Coles is cited to shew that *snudge* means "one who hides himself in a house to do mischief." No examples of the employment of the word by any of our writers are subjoined.

[77] Mr. Steevens, in a note to Hamlet, A. 4. S. 5, says that he thinks Shakespeare took the expression of *hugger-mugger* there used, from North's Plutarch, but it was in such common use at the time that twenty authors could be easily quoted who employ it: it is found in Ascham, Sir J. Harington, Greene, Nash, Dekkar, Tourneur, Ford, &c. In *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* also is the following line:

"But you will to this gear in *hugger-mugger*."

[78] It is not easy to guess why Nash employed this Italian word instead of an English one. *Lento* means *lazy*, and though an adjective, it is used here substantively; the meaning of course is, that the idle fellow who has no lands begs.

Fie on thee, thou scurvy knave,
That hast nought, and yet goes brave:
A prison be thy death-bed,
Or be hang'd all save the head.

Summer. Back-winter, stand forth.

Vertumnus. Stand forth, stand forth: hold up your head; speak out.

Back-winter. What, should I stand, or whither should I go?

Summer. Autumn accuses thee of sundry crimes,
Which here thou art to clear or to confess.

Back-winter. With thee, or Autumn, have I nought to do,
I would you both were hanged, face to face.

Summer. Is this the reverence that thou ow'st to us?

Back-winter. Why not? What art thou? shalt thou always live?

Autumn. It is the veriest dog in Christendom.

Winter. That's, for he barks at such a knave as thou.

Back-winter. Would I could bark the sun out of the sky;
Turn moon and stars to frozen meteors,
And make the ocean a dry land of ice!
With tempest of my breath turn up high trees,
On mountains heap up second mounts of snow,
Which, melted into water, might fall down
As fell the deluge on the former world!
I hate the air, the fire, the spring, the year,
And whatsoe'er brings mankind any good.
O, that my looks were lightning to blast fruits!
Would I with thunder presently might die,
So I might speak in thunder to slay men.
Earth, if I cannot injure thee enough,
I'll bite thee with my teeth, I'll scratch thee thus:
I'll beat down the partition with my heels,
That, as a mud-vault, severs hell and thee.
Spirits come up! 'tis I that knock for you;
One that, envies[79] the world far more than you.

[79] i. e. *hates.* See note 17 to *Edward II.* vol. II. where many examples of the word *envy* in this sense are collected. See also note to *Merchant of Venice*, A. 5. S. 1.

Come up in millions! millions are too few,
To execute the malice I intend.

Summer. *O, scelus inauditum, O vox damnatorum!*
Not raging Hecuba, whose hollow eyes
Gave suck to fifty sorrows at one time,
That midwife to so many murders was,
Us'd half the execrations that thou dost.

Back-winter. More I will use, if more I may prevail.
Back-winter comes but seldom forth abroad,
But when he comes he pincheth to the proof.
Winter is mild, his son is rough and stern:
Ovid could well write of my tyranny,
When he was banish'd to the frozen zone.

Summer. And banish'd be thou from my fertile bounds.
Winter, imprison him in thy dark cell,
Or with the winds in bellowing caves of brass
Let stern Hipponatos[79*] lock him up safe,
Ne'er to peep forth, but when thou faint and weak
Want'st him to aid thee in thy regiment.

Back-winter. I will peep forth, thy kingdom to supplant.
My father I will quickly freeze to death,
And then, sole monarch will I sit, and think
How I may banish thee as thou dost me.

Winter. I see my downfal written in his brows.
Convey him hence to his assigned hell!
Fathers are given to love their sons too well.

[*Exit Back-winter.*

Will Summer. No, by my troth, nor mothers neither: I am sure I could never find it. This Back-winter plays a railing part to no purpose: my small learning finds no reason for it, except as a Back-winter, or an after-winter is more raging, tempestuous, and violent than the beginning of winter; so he brings him in stamping and raging as if he were mad, when his father is a jolly, mild, quiet old man, and stands still and does nothing. The court accepts of your meaning.

[79*] This name is so spelt in the old 4to. but perhaps we ought to read *Hippotades*, one of the names of Æolus.

You might have written in the margin of your play-book; "Let there be a few rushes laid in the place "where Back-winter shall tumble, for fear of 'wray-"ing his clothes[80]:" or set down, "Enter Back-"winter with his boy bringing a brush after him, to "take off the dust, if need require." But you will ne'er have any wardrobe wit while you live: I pray you hold the book well[81]; we be not *non-plus* in the latter end of the play.

Summer. This is the last stroke my tongue's clock must strike,
My last will, which I will that you perform.
My crown I have dispos'd already of.
Item, I give my wither'd flowers and herbs
Unto dead corses, for to deck them with.
My shady walks to great men's servitors,
Who in their master's shadows walk secure.
My pleasant open air, and fragrant smells,
To Croydon and the grounds abutting round.
My heat and warmth to toiling labourers,
My long days to bondmen and prisoners,
My short night to young married souls.
My drought and thirst to drunkards quenchless throats:
My fruits to Autumn, my adopted heir:
My murmuring springs, musicians of sweet sleep,

[80] That is "for fear of *bewraying*," or *making dirty* his clothes. *Bewray* formerly, most usually meant to *betray*. See note to *King Lear*, A. 3. S. 6. It is not necessary to multiply the proofs. For the same reason the reader is only referred to a note to *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 1. S. 4. respecting the strewing of *rushes* on floors instead of carpets. Though nothing be said upon the subject, it is evident that Backwinter makes a resistance before he is forced out, and falls down in the struggle.

[81] "I pray you hold the book well," was doubtless addressed to the prompter, or as he is called in the following passage, from the Induction to Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, 1601, the *book-holder*: one of the children of Queen Elizabeth's chapel is speaking of the Poet. "We are not so officiously befriended by him as to have his presence in the 'tiring house to *prompt* us aloud, stampe at the *booke-holder*, sweare for our properties, curse the poor tire-man, raile the musicke out of tune, and sweat for every veniall trespasse we commit, as some author would."

To murmuring mal-contents, with their well-tun'd cares
Channell'd in a sweet falling quatorzain,
Do lull their ears asleep, listening themselves [82].
And finally, O words, now cleanse your course,
Unto Eliza, that most sacred dame,
Whom none but saints and angels ought to name,
All my fair days remaining I bequeath
To wait upon her till she be return'd.
Autumn, I charge thee, when that I am dead,
Be prest [83] and serviceable at her beck,
Present her with thy goodliest ripen'd fruits;
Unclothe no arbours where she ever sate,
Touch not a tree thou think'st she may pass by.
And, Winter, with thy writhen frosty face,
Smooth up thy visage when thou looks't on her;
Thou never look'st on such bright majesty.
A charmed circle draw about her court,
Wherein warm days may dance, and no cold come:
On seas let winds make war, not vex her rest;
Quiet enlose her bed, thought fly her breast.
Ah, gracious queen, though summer pine away,
Yet let thy flourishing stand at a stay!
First droop this universal's aged frame,
Ere any malady thy strength should tame.
Heaven raise up pillars to uphold thy hand,
Peace may have still his temple in thy land.
Lo! I have said; this is the total sum.
Autumn and Winter, on your faithfulness
For the performance I do firmly build.
Farewell, my friends: Summer bids you farewell!
Archers and bowlers, all my followers,
Adieu, and dwell with desolation:
Silence must be your master's mansion.

[82] Perhaps we ought to read the three last lines thus, allowing that in the first *cares* have been misprinted for *ears*, and in the last *ears* for *cares*:

"To murmuring mal-contents with their well-tun'd *ears*,
Channell'd in a sweet-falling quatorzain
To lull their *cares* asleep, listening themselves?"

The sense is not very clear either way.

[83] *Prest*, Fr. *ready*.

Slow marching, thus descend I to the fiends.
Weep heavens, mourn earth, here Summer ends.

[*Here the Satires and wood-nymphs carry him out, singing as he came in.*

THE SONG.

Autumn hath all the summer's fruitful treasure;
Gone is our sport, fled is poor Croydon's pleasure!
Short days, sharp days, long nights come on apace:
Ah, who shall hide us from the winter's face?
Cold doth increase, the sickness will not cease,
And here we lie, God knows, with little ease.
From winter, plague and pestilence, good lord, deliver us!

London doth mourn, Lambeth is quite forlorn;
Trades cry, woe worth that ever they were born!
The want of term is town and city's harm.[83*]
Close chambers we do want to keep us warm.
Long banished must we live from our friends:
This low-built house will bring us to our ends.
From winter, plague and pestilence, good lord, deliver us!

Will Summer. How is't, how is't? you that be of the graver sort, do you think these youths worthy of a *plaudite* for praying for the queen, and singing the litany? They are poor fellows I must needs say, and have bestowed great labour in sewing leaves and grass, and straw, and moss upon cast suits. You may do well to warm your hands with clapping before you go to bed, and send them to the tavern with merry hearts.

Enter a little BOY *with an Epilogue.*

Here is a pretty boy comes with an Epilogue to get him audacity. I pray you sit still a little and hear him say his lesson without book. It is a good boy, be not afraid: turn thy face to my lord. Thou and I will play at pouch to-morrow morning for breakfast. Come and sit on my knee and I'll dance thee, if thou canst not endure to stand.

[83*] This line fixes the date when *Summer's Last Will and Testament* was performed very exactly, viz. during Michaelmas Term, 1593; for Camden informs us in his *Annals*, that in consequence of the plague, Michaelmas Term instead of being held in London, as usual, was held at St. Albans.

THE EPILOGUE

Ulysses, a dwarf, and the prolocutor for the Grecians, gave me leave, that am a pigmy. to do an embassage to you from the cranes. Gentlemen (for kings are no better,) certain humble animals, called our actors, commend them unto you; who, what offence they have committed I know not (except it be in purloining some hours out of time's treasury, that might have been better employed) but by me (the agent of their imperfections) they humbly crave pardon, if haply some of their terms have trod awry, or their tongues stumbled unwittingly on any man's content. In much corn is some cockle; in a heap of coin here and there a piece of copper: wit hath his dregs as well as wine; words their waste, ink his blots, every speech his parenthesis; poetical fury, as well crabs as sweetings for his summer fruits. *Nemo sapit omnibus horis.* Their folly is deceased; their fear is yet living. Nothing can kill an ass but cold: cold entertainment, discouraging scoffs, authorised disgraces, may kill a whole litter of young asses of them here at once, that hath travelled thus far in impudence, only in hope to sit a sunning in your smiles. The Romans dedicated a temple to the fever quartane, thinking it some great god, because it shook them so; and another to ill-fortune in Esquiliis, a mountain in Rome, that it should not plague them at cards and dice. Your grace's frowns are to them shaking fevers; your least disfavours, the greatest ill-fortune that may betide them. They can build no temples but themselves, and their best endeavours with all prostrate reverence they here dedicate and offer up wholly to your service. *Sis bonus, O fœlixque tuis.*[84] To make the gods merry, the celestial clown, Vulcan, tuned his polt foot to the measures of Apollo's lute, and danc'd a limping galliard in Jove's starry hall: to make you merry, that are gods of art, and guides unto heaven, a number of rude Vulcans, un-

[84] ——— Deus, Deus, ille, Menalca!
Sis bonus o felixque tuis. ———
Virgil. Bucol. Ecl. v. 64.

wieldy speakers, hammer-headed clowns (for so it pleaseth them in modesty to name themselves) have set their deformities to view, as it were in a dance here before you. 'Bear with their wants; lull melancholy asleep with their absurdities, and expect hereafter better fruits of their industry. Little creatures often terrify great beasts: the elephant flyeth from a ram; the lion from a cock and from fire; the crocodile from all sea-fish; the whale from the noise of parched bones. Light toys chase great cares: the great fool *Toy* hath marr'd the play. Good night, gentlemen; I go.

[*Let him be carried away.*[85]

Will Summer. Is't true jackanapes? do you serve me so? As sure as this coat is too short for me, all the points of your hose for this are condemned to my pocket, if you and I e'er play at span-counter more. *Valete, Spectatores:* pay for this sport with a *plaudite*, and the next time the wind blows from this corner, we will make you ten-times as merry.

Barbarus hic ego sum, quia non
intelligor ulli.

[85] These words, which are clearly a stage direction and which shew how mere a child delivered the Epilogue, in the old copy are made part of the text.

·EDITION.

A pleasant Comedie, called Summers last will and Testament. Written by Thomas Nash. Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford, for Water Burre. 1600. 4to.

MICROCOSMUS.

THOMAS NABBES is an author, concerning whom scarcely any thing is recorded. Langbaine ranks him as a third-rate poet, and observes, that he is intitled to one degree of merit, at least, that of not availing himself of any preceding writer, in the plots of his plays. This claim to originality is also made by the author himself, in his Prologue to the comedy of *Covent Garden*, in these words:

> "He justifies, that 'tis no borrow'd strain
> From the invention of another's brain;
> Nor did he steal the fancy," &c.*

He appears to have been patronized by Sir John Suckling;† and, it may be presumed, was either born or resided in the county of Worcester, from some poems published by him, concerning circumstances arising in that part of the kingdom.‡

Wood informs us, that Mr. Nabbes made a continuation of Knolles's *History of the Turks*, from the year

* When *Hannibal and Scipio* was represented at the "Private House in Drury Lane," he also laid some stress upon the novelty of his subject, as well as upon the novel manner in which he had treated it.

> ——— 'Tis free
> As ever play was from scurrility.
> Nor need you ladies fear the horrid sight,
> And the more horrid noise of target fight
> By the blue-coated stage-keepers: our spheres
> Have better music to delight your ears,
> And not a strain that's old. C.

† He might be in the service of the Bishop of London, whom he celebrates in his poem on the leaden steeple at Worcester, or he may allude to some nobleman by whom he was retained, and the connection with whom Nabbes mentions in a poem, entitled, "Upon the losing of his way in a Forest parting from his company to go home towards the evening." He tells us that "the inflating liquor (Perry) had made him blind." C.

‡ The titles of these are the following "An Encomium on the leaden steeple at Worcester, repaired after a long time of neglect in the yeare 1628 by the then Deane," &c. "Upon excellent strong Beere which he drank at the town of Wich in Worcestershire, where salt is made." C.

1628 to 1637; collected from the dispatches of Sir Peter Wyche, Knight, Ambassador at Constantinople, and others: and Coxeter seems to be of opinion, that he was buried in the Temple church, under the organ, on the inner side.

The following is a list of his dramatic works:

1. "Microcosmus; a Morall Maske. Presented "with generall liking, at the Private House in Salis- "bury-Court; and heere set down according to the "intention of the authour." 4to. 1637.

2. "Hannibal and Scipio: an Historicall Tragedy. "Acted in the yeare 1635, by the Queenes Majesties "servants, at their Private House in Drury Lane." 4to. 1637.

3. "Covent Garden: a pleasant Comedie. Acted "in the yeare 1632, by the Queenes Majesties ser- "vants." 4to. 1638.

4. "The Springs Glorie: vindicating Love by Tem- "perance, against the Tenent, *Sine Cerere et Baccho* "*friget Venus*. Moralized in a Maske. With other "Poems, Epigrams, Elegies, and Epithalamiums of "the Author's." 4to. 1638.

Amongst these poems, is

5. "A Presentation, intended for the Prince his "Highnesse on his birth-day, the 29 of May, 1638. "annually celebrated."

6. "Totenham Court: a pleasant Comedy. Acted "at the Private House in Salisbury Court." 4to. 1639.

7. "The Unfortunate Mother: a Tragedie. Never "acted, but set downe according to the intention of "the author." 4to. 1640.

8. "The Bride: a Comedie. Acted in the yeer "1638, at the Private House in Drury Lane, by the "Majesties servants." 4to. 1640.*

* Thomas Nabbes has commendatory verses prefixed to Humphrey Mills' *Night Search*, 8vo. 1640, to Thatham's *Fancy's Theatre* 1640, and to Jordan's *Poetical Varieties*, 4to. 1637. O. G.

TO
THE SERVICE AND DELIGHT
OF
ALL TRULY NOBLE, GENEROUS,
AND HONEST SPIRITS,
THE AUTHOR,
THOMAS NABBES,
DEDICATETH BOTH HIS LITTLE WORLDS.

TO

HIS DEAR FRIEND THE AUTHOR,

UPON HIS MICROCOSMUS.

THE knowledge of the little world of old
Liv'd in philosophers, who rarely told
Man 'twas himself. Thy learning and thy wit,
By breathing life and action into it,
Have made that knowledge full. Here men may see
Resented what they ought, what not, to be;
Inform and please themselves, and cry it good.
(The world's not wise oft in such gratitude)
Were the restraint ta'en of our ears and sight
Should fetch new shares of profit and delight
From this thy work or world; and the supplies
That shall from thy divine Minerva rise.
And, friend, I hope the stage again will shine,
In part for mine own sake as well as thine.

RICH. BROOME.

TO

HIS BELOVED FRIEND,

MASTER THOMAS NABBES.

SEEING thy *Microcosmus*, I began
To contemplate the parts that make up man
A little world. I found each moral right;
All was instruction mingled with delight.
Nor are thine like those poets' looser rhimes
That wait upon the humours of the times;
But thou dost make, by thy poetic rage,
A school of virtue of a common stage.
Methinks the ghosts of Stoics vex to see
Their doctrine in a masque, unmasqu'd by thee.
Thou mak'st to be express'd by action more
Than was contain'd in all their books before.

WILL. CUFAUDE.*

* These commendatory Poems and the Author's Dedication have been hitherto omitted. C.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

NATURE, *a fair woman in a white robe, wrought with birds, beasts, fruits, flowers, clouds, stars, &c.; on her head a wreath of flowers interwoven with stars.*

JANUS, *a man with two faces, signifying Providence, in a yellow robe, wrought with snakes, as he is* deus anni: *on his head a crown. He is Nature's husband.*

FIRE, *a fierce-countenanc'd young man, in a flame-colour'd robe, wrought with gleams of fire: his hair red, and on his head a crown of flames. His creature a Vulcan.*

AIR, *a young man of a variable countenance, in a blue robe, wrought with divers-colour'd clouds; his hair blue, and on his head a wreath of clouds. His creature a giant or sylvan.*

WATER, *a woman in a sea-green robe, wrought with waves: her hair a sea-green, and on her head a wreath of sedge bound about with waves. Her creature a syren.*

EARTH, *a young woman of a sad countenance, in a grass-green robe, wrought with sundry fruits and flowers: her hair black, and on her head a chaplet of flowers. Her creature a pigmy.*

LOVE, *a Cupid in a flame-colour'd habit; bow and quiver, a crown of flaming hearts, &c.*

PHYSANDER, *a perfect grown man, in a long white robe, and on his head a garland of white lillies and roses mix'd. His name ἀπο τῆς φύσεας και τοῦ ἀνδρος.*

CHOLER, *a fencer: his clothes red.*

BLOOD, *a dancer, in a watchet-colour'd suit.**

* *A watchet-colour'd suit.*] *i. e.* Pale blue. S.

Barret, in his *Alvearie*, explains it *Scutulatus color. Pallad.* It is mentioned in *Green's Quip for an upstart Courtier*, 1592.

"His camerard, that bare him company, with a jollie light timber'd Jacke a Napes, in a sute of *watchet* taffata."

Again, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592.

"*A watchet* sattin doublet all so torne."

PHLEGM, *a physician, an old man; his doublet white and black; trunk-hose.*

MELANCHOLY, *a musician; his complexion, hair, and clothes black; a lute in his hand. He is likewise an amorist.*

BELLANIMA, *a lovely woman, in a long white robe; on her head a wreath of white flowers. She signifies the soul.*

BONUS GENIUS, *an angel, in a like white robe; wings and wreath white.*

MALUS GENIUS, *a devil, in a black robe; hair, wreath, and wings black.*

The five Senses. SEEING, *a chambermaid;* HEARING, *the usher of the hall;* SMELLING, *a huntsman or gardener;* TASTING, *a cook;* TOUCHING, *a gentleman-usher.*

SENSUALITY, *a wanton woman, richly habited, but lasciviously dressed, &c.*

TEMPERANCE, *a lovely woman, of a modest countenance: her garments plain, but decent, &c.*

A PHILOSOPHER,
An EREMITE,
A PLOUGHMAN,
A SHEPHERD,
} *all properly habited.*

THREE FURIES, *as they are commonly fancied.*

FEAR, *the crier of the court, with a tipstaff.*

CONSCIENCE, *the judge of the court.*

HOPE *and* DESPAIR, *an advocate and a lawyer.*

The other THREE VIRTUES, *as they are frequently expressed by painters.*

The HEROES, *in bright antique habits, &c.*

The Front of a workmanship, proper to the fancy of the rest, adorn'd with brass figures of angels and devils, with several inscriptions: the title in an escutcheon, supported by an angel and a devil. Within the arch a continuing perspective of ruins, which is drawn still before the other scenes, whilst they are varied.

THE INSCRIPTIONS.

Hinc gloria.	*Hinc pœna.*
Appetitus boni.	*Appetitus mali.*

MICROCOSMUS.*

ACT I.

After a confused noise, and music out of tune, NATURE *enters as amaz'd at it.*

Nature. WHAT horror wakes me, and disturbs the peace
I sate inthron'd in? shall dissention ruin
Eternal acts? Hath the great Deity
Made me his instrument, and shall my power
Be slighted so by their rebellious difference?
Cease mutiny, or be your own destructions.
Accurs'd confusion, that neglects the form
Nature prescribes. I rather would preserve ye:
That in distinguish'd order ye might shew
The glory of my work; each in his sphere
Subscribing to my better government.
But my commands are useless. Their deaf wills
Persist to act their own and my sad ills.

Enter JANUS.

Janus. Where's my delight! whence is this sad dejection?
How amaz'd Nature stands! Have our embraces
Brought forth a race of elemental forms
That live in simple bodies, to be made
Pregnant for other births, and will she now
Neglect their teeming? I would be a grandfather,
And see my issue multiply.

* Dr. Burney (Hist. Music iii. 485.) supposes that *Microcosmus* was the first masque exhibited on a public stage, but Mr. Malone in his Historical Account of the English Stage, has quoted an entry from Sir H. Herbert's office-book, allowing "a masque for dancers of the ropes" at the Fortune Theatre in 1624. However, the masque for dancers of the ropes was probably mere dumb shew and dancing. C.

Nature. O husband!
Our union hath been vain; our offspring proves
A rebel to our peace, and Nature's laws.
Light Fire descends to Earth, beneath whose weight
He groans to be deliver'd, till with struggling
He lifts Earth up; in whose repression, Air
Contracts his forces to extinguish Fire.
Again, Fire from this mutinous assault
Doubles his strength; when straight ambitious Water,
Climbing his seat, consumes herself in flames.
Thus Fire, Air, Water, Earth, each would be all,
And are made neither, but a confus'd mass,
And indigested chaos.
Janus. Am I Janus,
(The figure of Eternal Providence)
And shall this disobedience 'scape the stroke
Of my sever'st correction? Fire, I shall lash you,
And make your nimble pyramids skip upward.
I'll chain Earth to her centre. Air had best
Confine himself to his three regions,
Or else I'll disinherit him. If Water
Exceed her bounds——

To them the four elements, with their several ἀνθρωποι φαναλικοι, (*which Paracelsus calleth* homines spirituales) *playing on antique instruments, out of tune.*

Nature. See: the dissentious come,
Maz'd in the errors of their own confusion:
As if their dissolution should precede
Their yet not perfect being. How my griefs
Press down the organs of my utterance,
And choke words in their passage! Speak, good Janus.
Janus. Ye disobedient children of that love
That join'd us to produce ye——
Fire. Stop, good father;
Our wills are deaf to counsel.
Air. Or to threats.
Set both your brows with wrinkles, and put on
Th' austerest anger, we'll be aw'd by none
But our own wills.

Water. I'll quench my brother's flames,
Or burn myself into him. My cold moisture
Shall not be ty'd t'embrace as cold a sister,
And not ascend above them.
Earth. I'll be active
As Air or Fire; else with my ponderous weight
I'll press their climbing heads beneath my centre;
And by inversion bury them within me,
Till earthquakes shatter all, and final ruin
Dilate their passage.
Fire. Are we not one birth?
Why then should there be a precedency,
And not an equal power of all first qualities?
Be not you partial parents, we'll obey
The government of Nature.
Air. Otherwise
With our own strength we'll prosecute this war
Till ruin stops it.
Janus. Stubborn boys, I'll yoke ye
In such a bondage.——
Nature. Gentle husband, try
Persuasion's strength: perhaps 'twill better work
Upon the temper of their fiercer nature.
I am your mother; let me reconcile ye,
That in your peace I may preserve the order
Of my intended work. Should Fire forsake
His lofty mansion, and infect his flames
With grosser weight, it would benumb his activeness,
And make his motion dull. Were my pure Air
Pent in his sister's entrails, her foul veins
Would soon infect him. What creation meant
In your diversities, your rash ambitions
Must not pervert. Since Providence hath made ye
The means for many ends, dispute not them,
Nor your own thought-defects: each is supply'd
With a perfection, and an equal worth
Distinguish'd in proportion; but the excellence
Of your own attributes cannot appear,
Whilst you disturb the distribution
Of them to other forms, which, from your mixtures

Must enter different bodies of the first,
Second, third, fourth, fifth composition.
Vapours and exhalations, meteors, vegetables,
And minerals, animals, and lastly, man;
Call'd so from concord, for he doth contain
A harmony of parts, and in them figure
His end of being. Let not then your wills
Persist in this rebellious mutiny,
And hinder high intendments. Pray agree,
And leave the reason of such acts to me.

Fire. Vain oratory. Think you us so easy
To be o'ercome by words? swell high, my rage,
And with licentious fury break the ties
Of these too weak commands.

Air. Let's on to fight,
Whilst the yet discord of the untun'd spheres
Adds courage, and delights our warlike ears.

The four elements and their creatures dance a confused dance to their own antique music: in which they seem to fight with one another; and so go forth confusedly.

Nature. What shall we do? The universal fabric
Will be everted, if this war continue.
Let's sue to Love; his power may be prevailing.

Enter LOVE.

Love. See, Love appears at thy request,
Thou cause of motion and of rest:
Thou greater Power's great substitute,
Whose will and acts none must dispute.
Thou that form'st the best of things
From thought-impossibles, and brings
Contrary matters to produce
Another difference, than the use
Of a mere quality in one
Can work unto perfection.
Thou that thy secrets dost unlock
To propagate a lasting stock;
And multiply, that th' issue might
Be little less than infinite.
Thou mother of all that is found

Within this universal round,
What is thy will with Love?
Nature. Oh, gentle Power,
Thou that art Nature's soul, and the beginning
Of every human thing; that giv'st them laws,
And to thyself art law: figure of peace;
That to thy godhead's attribute annex'd
The quiet order of the world's vast frame,
To have its form and being from thy rule;
Which must be now imperious, or its ruin
Will prevent time. The mutinous elements
Have rais'd rebellion, and disjointed quite
The order of their fabric. The pure heavens,
Whose motion should be harmony, roll cross,
And bend their axletree, till both the poles
Do kiss each other's ends. Then rectify,
Great Love, this dire confusion.
Love. Straight I'll do it:
Can Love deny if Nature woo it?
The heavens first in tune I'll set;
And from their music soon beget
A charm, of power to make light Fire
Skip to his sphere, and Earth retire
To her parch'd den. The subtle Air
I'll calm from mists, and make it fair;
And Water, with her curl'd waves, sweep
The bounded channels of the deep,
That order may succeed, and things
Grow perfect from their lasting springs.
Move right, ye spheres, in concord sound,
And with your music fill this round.

Whilst the following song is singing, the first scene appears, being a sphere in which the four elements are figured, and about it they sit embracing one another.

THE SONG.

Hence confusion and dissention,
Be no more new forms prevention,
Crossing still
A mother's will,
And Nature's great intention.

Concord is the soul of being;
Nothing's better than agreeing.

CHORUS.

Then let embraces crown this time's beginning.
Love's power is winning:
And when he throws the darts that arm his hands,
Who can resist his great commands?

Nature. Nature must pay Love thanks for this great work
Of reconciliation. May the peace
Be lasting as yourselves, and no ambition
Move a new war; but from your loving mixtures
New generation follow.
Love. Spheres, again
Your brazen treble higher strain;
And lusty moving sounds advance,
To make us active whilst we dance.

THE DANCE.

Now to the other work: our art
Shall make all perfect ere we part.
[*They return into the scene, and it closeth.*

ACT II.

PHYSANDER *led in by* JANUS.

Janus. Come forth, thou son of Earth, and view the day,
That glories in the presence of thy beauty.
Physander. What am I? my imperfect sense is yet
Unapprehensive, and the intellect
My mother hath inspir'd, doth not instruct me
To know myself.
Janus. Look up, thou master-piece
Of nature's workmanship, thou little world;
Thou that excell'st in form, that comprehends
All the perfections which her curious hand

Design'd and finish'd: that, when other creatures
Behold the earth, and with dejected eyes
Look downwards on't, hast an erected figure
To see the stars, and contemplate their beings,
Celestial causes, and their influence,
Whence great effects ensue: thou that hast speech
To be thy thought's interpreter, expect
A farther act of love to crown thy life,
By joining thee to an immortal wife. [*Exit.*

Physander. Receive my thanks, great Power. I yet am maz'd,
And wander in a labyrinth of thoughts,
That throng confusedly together, striving
Who should first issue, till their multitude
Chokes up the passage. Oh, ye Powers, that made me
To be a king, and to have sovereignty
Annex'd unto my difference, send me quickly
The glorious guide that may remove this darkness!

Enter the FOUR COMPLEXIONS.

Physander. Ha! what are these?

Choler. You may go look. Yet, if you ask me mildly, perhaps I'll answer you.

Blood. We are sent to be your servants.

Physander. By whom?

Blood. Our parents, the four elements.

Physander. Your names?

Choler. My name is Choler. I was begot by Fire on Nature's cook-maid, in the time of a festival: I was dry-nurs'd by a lean butter-wife, and bred up in Mars' fencing-school; where I learn'd a mystery that consists in lying, distance and direction: pace, space and place; time, motion and action; progression, reversion and traversion; blows, thrusts, falses, doubles, slips and wards; closings, gripes and wrestlings; sights guardant, open, variable and close. Then have we our stoccata's, imbrocata's, mandrita's, punta's *, and punta's reversa's; our stramisons, passata's, carricada's, amazza's and incartata's.

* In the old copy this word is printed *puintas*, an obvious error, which was preserved by Mr. Reed: the fencing term is *punta* from the Italian. C.

Physander. And what's all this?

Choler. Terms in our dialect to puzzle desperate norance.

Physander. What's yours?

Blood. My name is Blood. An was my father, and my mother a light-heel'd madam that kept a vaulting-school[1] at the sign of Virgo. As she was one day practising a high trick, she lost her hold, and fell down into my father's regions; where, had not he, kind man, stopt her about the middle, she had brake her neck against a rock of ice, that hung beneath her; and Blood had not been as he is, a dancer, sir.

Physander. What art skill'd in?

Blood. Garbs and postures of the body. Here's an honour for a lord; a back-fall for a lady, and a high rising is best in an active gallant. But *pardonnez moi, monsieur,* it do strain *a de back too mush.* Here's a traverse for a nimble lawyer. A hop and skip shall raise the son of a cobler, well underlay'd with pieces, to the government of a province, till over-much ambitious cutting wears him to his last. A turn above ground for a mercurial pick-pocket, and an easy passage to destruction for him that danceth after infected wantonness. *Cum multis aliis.*

Physander. And what's your name?

Phlegm. Phlegm mine, sir. Water was my mother, and she made me a physician. I was nurs'd by Apollo's herb-wife, that dwells at the sign of the Crab, and she taught me to go backwards.

Physander. And what can you do?

Phlegm. Live by the inspection of excrements, and draw *aurum palpabile* out of them: kill any one *cum privilegio artis.* I am Venus' midwife, and trusted with many secrets, which I never reveal but to my apothecary when we meet at Libra, to share and settle our correspondence. Your physician will serve you at your death, sir.

Physander. Now your name?

Melancholy. I am called Melancholy. I was begot-

[1] *A vaulting-school.*] A cant term for a bawdy-house.

ten on the Earth after a great drought in the time of barrenness; who, breeding me up hardly, enabled me the better for this hungry profession. I would fain be in love; but having no other mistress, I am enforc'd to love mine own humour.

Physander. All these are humours, and must be my servants.
What a vast bounty have the Heavens given me!
But I must labour to preserve them regular,
And not exceeding their proportions
[*Blood skipping about, justles Choler.*
Of substance or of quality; for then
They will be masters. Disagreeing!

Choler. He hath stirr'd me, sir, and I will be angry.

Blood. Then Phlegm must cool you.

Choler. Phlegm's a fool.

Melancholy. Or a physician.[2]

Phlegm. Choler, you must be taken down.

Choler. I'll soon be up again. Provoke me no more: I am adust with rage, and will make you an odd number.

Physander. Come, this agrees not with a servant's duty,
You must subscribe to order. Phlegm shall be
My substitute, to moderate these jarrings.
And if hereafter any one transgress
But in the least dissention, that disturbs
The quiet of my state, he shall correct it;
Nor spare himself. For in a government
Th' offence is greatest in the instrument
That hath the power to punish; and in laws,
The author's trespass makes the foulest cause.
What admiration works upon my sense!
I hear and see such objects, as would make
Creation doubtful whether she were perfect
Without these parts. Into what strange delights
I'm hurried on the sudden! ha!

[2] Choler. *Phlegm's a fool.*
Melan. *Or a physician.*] Alluding to the proverb, that a man of forty is either *a fool or a physician.* See Dr. Farmer and Mr. Steevens's notes on *Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 3. S. 4.

[*The second scene is here discover'd, being a perspective of clouds, the inmost glorious, where* BELLANIMA *sits betwixt* LOVE *and* NATURE; *behind her the* BONUS *and* MALUS GENII.

Nature. Look hither,
Thou comfort of my love, that gave thee being
To figure greater power. See, Love hath brought
Thy wish; a spouse of's own immortal race,
Clad in the glory of her innocence.
Do not defile her: yet she's virgin white.
And join'd unto thee, that thou may'st enjoy
Knowledge and virtue, not thy sensual pleasures:
For being link'd unto thee, she is made
As sensible of thy corrupted passions,
As thou of mortal griefs. Let her direct
Thy powers of appetite: she'll shew thee heaven,
And the reward of good; and, if thou miss
The path she guides thee in, thou wilt enforce her
To share thy ruin, and pervert the ends
Of her eternity; which, if thou tread
By her directions, she communicates,
And makes thee like herself. She must be chang'd
According to thy disposition:
Then let my counsel be so deep impress'd,
The prosecution of 't may make thee bless'd.

Love. Fairest of all earthly things,
Mount thy thoughts upon the wings[3]

[3] *Mount thy thoughts upon the wings,* &c.] In *Milton's Il Penseroso,* l. 51, are the following lines:

"But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon *soars* on golden *wing,*
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub *Contemplation.*"

Upon which Bishop Newton observes, "I cannot find out from whence Milton copied this description. It seems to be the imagery of some fanciful Italian, either allegorical poet or painter. Spenser has likewise given a description of *Contemplation*; but he describes him under the figure of a venerable old man; and I cannot but agree with Mr. Thyer, that there is more propriety in this, than in the gayer personage of *Milton*; which is more like a Cupid than any thing else."—The exact time when Milton produced his admirable poem, is not known. It was not published until the year 1645; but it is generally considered as one of those, which his retirement

Of contemplation, and aspire
To reach at my supernal Fire;
Whose heat shall purge thy spouse and thee
From all dregs of impurity.
Let no falser love delight
Thy sense-deluded appetite,
To seek out other wantons led;
So Heaven at length shall crown thy head.

[*Whilst the following song is singing, they descend from the scene, and present Bellamina to Physander.**

THE SONG.

Descend, thou fairest of all creatures,
Grac'd with all thy heavenly features,
In whom all perfections shine:
For thou art,
In every part,
Little less than divine.

Take thy bride, and enjoy her;
But not with foul desires annoy her:
For she is white,
And hath no true delight
But what is given
From the desire of heaven.

CHORUS.

Now join, and each to other happy prove,
That neither may
Be led astray
To seek a stranger love.

[*Love and Nature return to the scene, and it closeth.*

to Horton in Buckinghamshire, between the years 1632 and 1637, gave birth to. Nabbes's Masque was published in the last-mentioned year; and, as Milton's Poem did not appear until eight years afterwards, it may reasonably be conjectured, that he was indebted to his own countryman for the description, rather than, as Dr. Newton imagines, to some Italian poet or painter.

* This direction formerly stood anterior to the speech of Love; but as it was misplaced its situation has been changed. C.

43366

Physander. After my sacrifice of vows and thanks,
Let me embrace with reverence. Oh, my life,
And better soul! joy hath possession taken
Of all my faculties, and gives a welcome
To these delights.

Bellanima. Do not abuse them then;
For my pure substance will admit no mixture
With any thing that's earthy, lest it should
Be so defil'd. Together with myself
I must bestow on thee two different servants:
The one is like myself, all innocence;
The other's clad in an infernal robe
Of malice to us, and will tempt thy frailty
To loose desires, from her black invention
Forging aspersions on me, to divert
Thy love; which I so prize, my bliss or ruin
Hath sole dependance on it. If she urge
Those accusations, deaf thy understanding
To her suggestions, and inform thy reason
Only from t'other, who best knows my passions,
Powers, and habits. Thou wast made for me,
To be my instrument, and I for thee.

Physander. And when I do forsake thee, or infect
My looser thoughts with any other object
Than thy wish'd good, may I be made th' example
Of imbecility, the spoil of time,
Mockery of fortune, image of inconstancy,
The scale of envy and calamity;
And this fair structure (now by these upheld)
Be buried in its own and their sad ruins.

Choler. I am angry at it: we shall have moral now instead of martial discipline. Challenges will be proclaim'd cowardice; and every white-liver'd, silk-skinn'd lady courtier, will answer a man's anger with, "if it were not for the law and conscience." If no body will provoke me, I'll quarrel with myself.

Phlegm. Take heed, Choler, of a halter[4].

[4] *Take heed, Choler, of a halter.*] This is a play on the word *Collar*. See note on *First Part of Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 4.

Choler. Phlegm, thou art a mountebank, and I will make thee quake.

Melancholy. Not so hot, good Choler. I am partaking, and as discontented at this match as envy can make me. I could hatch a conspiracy to sever them, should cause posterity attribute all Machiavellianism to Melancholy.

Blood. Blood's prevented; and the expectation of so many children, begot on several mothers, that should doat on the quivering of my calves, and the strength of my back, is utterly frustrate. No lady of liberty must admire this passage, or that skipping, till her veins swell with my addition. I must no more run here and there to tickle her sense, and fright the green-sickness from her complexion.

Melancholy. Shall it be a plot?

Choler. Let's kill them presently.

Phlegm. But the means?

Blood. Why, is not Phlegm a physician?

Physander. Come, my kind servants, let your active limbs
Move to delight us, whilst the spheres agree
To guide your measures with their harmony.

[*A dance, wherein the Complexions express themselves in their differences; the two Genii always opposite in the figure, and the Malus Genius stealing many times to Physander, whispers in his ear.*

I am disturb'd within; a new desire
Whets appetite of pleasure in some change,
Such as may touch the sense without a scruple
Of wedlock's breach. Hence with these laws of conscience,
That would set limits to what's infinite.
Two kisses more will cloy me; nought can relish
But variation.

Malus Genius. Hearken then to me:
Leave this strict bride, that curbs licentious will,
And reins it with her temperance. Liberty
Makes delight full and swelling: it must feed

On several objects, else 'twill glut itself,
Into a loathing.

Physander. I applaud thy counsel,
And am prepar'd to act it.

Bellanima. Ha! Physander!
So suddenly forgetful of thy vows,
Before full consummation of those rites
Crown bridegrooms happy?

Bonus Genius. Be not thus misled
By her malicious envy. She but shews thee
The easy path to ruin; whose broad entrance,
Painted with falsest pleasures, ends in a point
Of all the ills attend our misery
Contracted into one. Though virtue's way
Be hard, and strait to enter, yet the end
Reacheth to heaven, where her fair hand bestows
Wreaths of bright stars to crown deserving brows.

Physander. Whisper that still; each accent's musical:
The mere conceit of it makes me immortal.
Hence! thy converse is hateful. I'll not tie
Desire to such embraces. I'll enjoy
A mistress free and sportive, that can vary
All shapes of dalliance, and present delight
Each minute in a several fashion.
Guide me, I'll follow.

Complexions. And we will attend. [*Exeunt.*

Bellanima. Wretched Bellanima, that in the instant
Of thy expected comfort, should'st be thrown
Below all misery! O that lustful sense
Should cause divorce betwixt us! I am lost
Almost beyond recovery, since my substance
Must be partaking of his hated ills.
Such is the fate of wedlock: his content
In false delights, must be my punishment.

[*Exit with Bonus Genius.*

ACT III.

PHYSANDER *richly habited,* MALUS GENIUS, *the* FOUR COMPLEXIONS.

Physander. I'm bravely fitted: these are fitting ornaments.
Come, my best prompter, with endeavour's wings
Let's cut the air, and strain our motion,
'Till we attain this bower of Sensuality.
And let the repetition of her praise
Sweeten my painful longings. My desire
Feels many throes of travail, 'till deliver'd
Of its sweet issue.

Malus Genius. You must suffer for't.
Pleasures, whose means are easy, in the end
Do lose themselves: things only are esteem'd
And valu'd by their acquisition.
Should you win her delights without some pains,
They would not relish. Whilst your expectation
Labours with the event, prepare yourself
To court it bravely. She's high-spirited,
And will not stoop to every common bait
That catcheth easy wantonness.

Physander. What's the best?

Choler. A rough soldier's phrase; a strong back, and a brawny limb: bait her with these, she'll bite home. If she be coy, kick her in the breech, and cry farewel. After a few dissembling tears, she'll yield with the greater appetite. If she refus'd me, I'd kill her.

Blood. Could you but dance, sir, and shew yourself active before her, it were impossible for her to hold out till the discovery of one knave 'mongst many officers. Dancing is the most taking. If a man rise well, his mistress cannot chuse but fall.

Phlegm. Court her with solid language, and such discourse as may relish of aged experience. Express your thoughts such, and your actions such, as she may conceive judgment to be entail'd upon you. If she be virtuous, that wins upon her soul; and let your physi-

cian alone with her body: if she be wanton, Phlegm can administer provocatives.

Melancholy. Might I advise you, sir, a passionate courtship were more powerful. Let a sigh be the period of every amorous sentence: sing her some pathetic madrigal, full of chromatic flats: 'twill sharpen her. I would have all lovers begin and end their prick-song[5] with *lachrymæ*,[6] till they have wept themselves as dry as I am.

Physander. The air, methinks, begins upon a sudden
To be perfum'd, as if Arabian winds
Scatter'd their spices loosely on the face
Of some rich earth, fruitful with aromates.
Music breathes forth the soul of harmony. [*Music.*
How eagerly my senses catch these objects!

Enter the FIVE SENSES.

But what are these?

Malus Genius. Servants to Sensuality,
That wait her will, and with a diligence
Becoming duty do prepare her pleasures.
They're sent to entertain you.

Physander. What their names
And offices?

Seeing. Seeing, mine, sir. I am my lady's chamber-maid, and the daughter of a glass-maker: a piece of brittle ware, and apt to be crack'd. I have been often

[5] *Prick-song.*] The difference betwen prick-song and plain-song, terms frequently used by contemporary writers, was, that the former was so called, in regard that the harmony was written or pricked down; whereas in the other it rested in the will of the singer, and was really no more than a species of extempore music. See Sir John Hawkins's *History of Musick*, vol. ii. p. 243.

[6] *Lachrymæ.*] So in *Massinger's Picture*, A. 5. S. last.

" ——— Is your Theorbo
Turn'd to a distaff, signior? and your voice,
With which you chanted room for a lusty gallant,
Turn'd to the note of *lacrymæ*?"

The Maid of Honour, A. 1. S. 1.

" Or with the hilts, thunder about your ears
Such musick, as will make your worships dance
To the doleful tune of *lacrymæ*."

cemented together, but could never hold above a month. Through me, sir, you may see my lady's secrets; and mine own are at your service, when you shall command their revelation.

Hearing. My name's Hearing. I am usher of the hall, and the trumpet that proclaims dinner ready, with gentlemen and yeomen. When my lady removes to her city-privacy (for she keeps open house in the country) I am the foreman at her gate, with an instrument of correction for the offensive beggars. If you love noise, sir, my wife and myself are at your service.

Physander. Pray, sir, your name?

Smelling. Mine is Smelling. I am my lady's hunts-man, and keep some lesser beagles for her chamber use, to excuse the freeness of her necessity's eruptions.[7] I play the gardener likewise, and attend her always when she goes to pluck a rose. My mistress Cloaca had a very stinking breath before Misackmos perfum'd her,[8] and she is now grown less common than when

[7] *Some lesser beagles for her chamber use, to excuse,* &c.] So in the old black letter *Booke of Huntynge,* &c. "Smal ladi popies that bare awai the fleas and *divers smal fautes.*" S.

[8] *My mistress Cloaca had a very stinking breath, before Misackmos perfum'd her.*] In the year 1596, Sir John Harrington published a tract, intitled, "A new Discourse of a stale Subject, called the Metamorphosis of AJAX. Written by MISACMOS, to his Friend and Cosin, Philostilpnos. London: printed by Richard Field. 8vo." This work, which the title-page points out the subject of, is executed with a considerable degree of humour, and is frequently alluded to by contemporary writers; as in *Shakespeare's Love's Labour Lost,* A. 5. S. 2. and the several writers quoted by Mr. Steevens, in his note on that passage. It is remarkable, that for writing this pamphlet Sir John fell into disgrace with Queen Elizabeth. Mr. Robert Markham, writing to him two years after, in 1598, says, "Since your departure from hence, you have been spoke of, and withe no ill will, both by the nobles and the Queene herself. Your booke is almoste forgiven, and I may say forgotten: but not for its lacke of wit or satyr. Those whome you feared moste, are now bosoming themselves in the Queene's grace; and, tho' her Highnesse signified displeasure in outwarde sorte, yet she did like the marrow of your booke.—Your great enemye, Sir James, did once mention the Star Chamber; but your good esteem in better mindes, outdid his endeavors, and all is silente againe. The Queene is minded to take you to her favour; but she swearth that she believes

her imperfections lay open. When you will use me, sir, you shall always have me under your nose.

Physander. And what's yours?

Tasting. Tasting, mine, sir. I am my lady's cook, and king of the kitchen; where I rule the roast, command imperiously, and am a very tyrant in my office. My subjects being all soldiers, are daily encounter'd by

you will make epigrams, and write *Misacmos* again, on her and all the courte. She hath been heard to say, That merry poet, her godson, must not come to Greenwich, till he hath grown sober, and leaveth the ladies sportes and frolicks. She did conceive much disquiet, on being tolde you had armed a shafte at Leicester. I wishe you knew the author of that ill-deed, I wou'd not be in his best jerkin for a thousand markes."---*Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol ii. p. 242.

With what part of Sir J. Harington's work Queen Elizabeth was so highly offended, it is difficult to determine. Delicacy was by no means her characteristic. She who could visit Essex, and condescend to "order his broths and things," would not, we may suppose, have been shocked at the sportive mention of a convenience she was almost sure to have met with in the apartment of the diseased earl. As her majesty also would now and then enforce her resolutions with an oath, she could not with the best grace have pointed her censure at our author's more distant approaches to profaneness. Perhaps his disgrace is to be ascribed solely to his remark on the noxious effluvia within her royal palace at Greenwich. S.

It appears from Sir J. Harington's Epigrams (Book I. Epigr. 45.) that Sir Edward Coke, when Attorney-General, "was incited to call *Misacmos* into the Star-Chamber," as well as Sir John's "great enemy, Sir James." The following is entitled,

"To the Queen, when she was pacified, and had sent *Misacmos* thanks for his invention.

"A Poet once of Trajan begg'd a lease,
(Trajan, terror of war, mirror of peace,)
And doubting how his writings were accepted,
'Gainst which he heard some courtiers had excepted,
He came to him, and with all due submission,
Deliver'd this short verse with his petition.
Dear sovereign, if you like not of my writings,
Grant this sweet cordial to a spirit daunted:
But if you read, and like my poor enditings,
Then for reward let this small suit be granted.
Of which short verse, I find, ensued such fruit,
The Poet of the Prince obtained his suit."

Sir J. Harington has several other epigrams on the same topic. C.

most fierce stomachs, and never return but maim'd and dismember'd. Brawn, beef, and pork, are always muster'd in the van, and bring up veal, mutton, minc'd-pye, goose, turkey, duck, and so forth. I have a sort of cowardly custards, born in the city, but bred up at court, that quake for fear; yet are as valiant in suffering as the rest, and are all overcome, even by the women, with much noise. I then send forth a fresh supply of rabbits, pheasant, kid, partridge, quail, lark, plover, teal, tarts, &c. with a French troop of pulpatoons,[9] mackaroons, kickshaws, grand and excellent. The battle ended, I survey the field; and those whom I find untouch'd, I place in garrison in my larder: the rest endure a new and fierce assault by the valiant servingmen. I then repair my broken army, see their overthrow at supper, drink myself drunk, go to bed, and my that day's fury's over. I'll be your servant, sir, in spite of your teeth.

Physander. Now yours?

Touching. Touching, mine. I am my lady's gentleman usher, and kill spiders for her monkey. I am always her foreman in public, and sometimes in private; which makes way for me to her favour in reversion, if she survive two or three defective husbands, and her yet uncloy'd appetite can pretend an expectation of issue. Meantime a handful of eringoes, and a little tickling, weds me and the waiting-women in her closet with more vows and protestations than a wanting gallant makes when he borrows money. We will conduct my lady to her bower, where she prepares to entertain you.

[*Exit.*

Physander. Methinks I am transform'd into a happiness
Cannot be figur'd. If, before enjoying,
The expectation can beget such bliss,
What will possession?

Phlegm. Shall I question you, sir cook?

[9] *Pulpatoons.*] i. e. *Pulpamenta,* delicates. S.

Tasting. Questionless, a cook can answer a physician.

Phlegm. What physical observations have you in your sauces, and condiments? Shall I instruct you?

Tasting. I thank you, sir. My method is to dress pheasant, partridge, and coney for lords, but their ladies many times make the sauce. The waiting-women are fed with wag-tails. I prepare tongues for lawyers; most commonly woodcocks for aldermen's heirs; and puddings for costive citizens; whose wives must have flesh of a court-dressing, or their bellies will never be full. Your projectors feed upon calves' brains, and your students upon innocent mutton.

Choler. I hope, sir, our after-familiarity will be the often taking down of Choler's stomach. We should agree well: we both love fire.

Tasting. And Choler shall not want his brawn, whilst cookery and winter feasts last. I must in and look to my roast, of which at dinner you shall most plentifully taste. [*Exit.*

Physander. I am enflam'd. My appetite begins
To burn with hot desires, and if protraction
Delay their satisfying, they'll consume
Themselves and me.

Malus Genius. She comes; these sounds forerun her.

[*During the following song, the third scene is discover'd, being a pleasant arbour, with perspectives behind it, of a magnifique building: in the midst thereof* SENSUALITY *sits.*

THE SONG.

Flow, flow delight,
And pleasures swell to height;
Drown every eye with joyful tears,
And fill the ears
With sounds harmonious as the spheres,
Let every sense be ravish'd quite
With a large fulness of delight.

CHORUS.

Join, all ye instruments of pleasure,
And, from th' abundance of your treasure,
Chuse out one t' enrich this bower,
And make thee mistress of this paramour.

Physander. Elysium sure is here, and that eternity
I lately dream'd of!

Sensuality. Let mine eyes first gaze
Upon his figure. 'Tis a heavenly creature,
And worthy my embraces: I have yet
Convers'd with earthy shapes, the baser issue
Of that gross element; but here's a form
Mingled with fire, that moves the soul of sense,
And kindles passion in me. What was she
Durst aim to prepossess herself of him
My mouth can only challenge? Welcome, sir.
If my expressions suit not entertainment
Of such a guest, creation must be blam'd,
That gave none other; for whate'er in nature
Is found that can affect you, here 'tis stor'd;
And shall be all exhausted to declare
How much I love you.

Physander. You enthrone me, lady,
In happiness, above the difference
Of that my birth can boast. You make me perfect,
And every touch of this delicious hand,
Cheek, lip, immortalize me.

Sensuality. Ope' my treasury,
And let it waste to emptiness. Will't please
Thine eyes, we'll mount a chariot made of diamonds,
Whose light's reflexion shall create a day
In the Cimmerian valleys. From some height
We will survey the earth, and, where weak beams
Cannot extend themselves, we'll have an optic
Shall show us in an instant all the hemisphere
We'll see the fair Arcadian virgins hunt
In their Parthenian groves; we'll count the beasts
Lurk in Hyrcania's dens; number the pines
That crown Lycæus.[10]

[10] *Lycæus.*] A mountain in Arcadia.

Physander. You are the only object
Mine eyes would gaze at.
Sensuality. Would thine ears be blest
With pleasing sounds, the airy choristers
Shall strain their throats by art, and harmony
Call down the spheres to make her consort up.
Physander. Your words are only music.
Sensuality. For thy smell,
Saba shall be translated where thou goest,
And strew thy path with spices. Panthers' skins
Shall be thy couch, and amber pave the floor
Where thy foot treads.
Physander. This breath's perfume enough
To create a phœnix.
Sensuality. Would'st delight thy taste,
Then Samian peacocks, and Ambracian kids;
Hens of Numidio, pheasants, phenicopters,
Tartesian lampreys, eels of Benacus,
Cockles of Lucrine, Eleusinian plaise,
Shall fill thy dish, and thousand changes more
To whet new appetite. Shalt drink no wine,
But what Falernus or Calabrian Aulon
Yield from their grapes.
Physander. This kiss is more than nectar.
Sensuality. Shalt sleep upon a bed of purest down,
Driven from white necks of Cayster's swans,
And Peneus' sparrows. With Assyrian silks
I'll clothe thy body.
Physander. But this touch is softer.
You ravish me with joys beyond expression.
Choler. Why, this is rare! I am not angry.
Blood. I am very joyful: this tickles me.
Phlegm. And makes me young.
Melancholy. And me merry.
Tasting. Now, my licentiate murderer, what say you to a dish of gluttony, will breed the gout in a lord before a beggar can break his fast with it? Are not we cooks good instruments, who, together with an hospital of sin, cause diseases faster than you can cure them?

Sensuality. A lively music! come, sweet-heart, we'll dance
[*A familiar country dance.*
How doth my sweet-heart like it?
I do not with an economic strictness
Observe my servants, and direct their actions:
Pleasure is free.
Enter BELLANIMA *in mourning*; BONUS GENIUS.
But what sad object's this?
Bellanima. I come to snatch a husband from thine arms,
Lascivious strumpet! thou whose looser eyes
Bewitch'd his ill affection, and entic'd
His thoughts with wanton appetite of sense,
From my chaste love. Doth not Physander see
Ruin hid under every bait of pleasure
She lays to catch him?
Sensuality. Laugh at her, sweet-heart:
Thou art secure in these embraces.
Bellanima. Do not
Afflict me thus. Those false dissembling kisses
Wound me to death. Return unto my bosom,
That never shall be warm with others' touch.
She's common, and will mix her lustful blood
Even with beasts.
Sensuality. 'Tis but her envy to me.
Bellanima. Let not her syren charms bewitch thee thus
Unto a shipwreck. Every smile of her's
Shadows a rock to split thee: in my arms
Shalt sleep as safe as if the clouds did guard thee.
Am I not fair? shoot not mine eyes a fire
As lively? grow not colours on my cheeks,
Brighter than those that paint her rottenness?
And will Physander leave me? Did I not
Forsake th' ethereal palace of my father,
To be thine only? and a whore to rival me!
Oh misery!
Physander. Th' art barren of those pleasures here enjoy.

Bellanima. What pleasures? gilded ones,
To mock thy sense; their inside's bitterness.
Return; with me shalt find delights,
As far exceeding these, as the great day-star
His pale cheek'd sister, or night's lesser beauties.
A thousand wing'd intelligences daily
Shall be thy ministers, and from all parts
Inform thee of the world's new accidents;
Shalt from their scanning, frame by my advice,
Rules of prevention; shalt command all arts,
As hand-maids; shalt converse with Heaven and angels;
And after all, I'll bring thee to Elysium.
Cold there compels no use of rugged furs,
Nor makes the mountains barren. There's no dog
To rage and scorch the harvest labourer,
Whilst the lascivious landlord wastes th' increase
In prodigal contrivements, how t' allay
The furious heat with artificial snows,
And drinks his wine in ice. Spring's always there,
And paints the valleys; whilst a temperate air
Sweeps their embroider'd face with his curl'd gales,
And breathes perfumes, no Persian aromates,
Pontic amomus, or Indian balsam
Can imitate. There night doth never spread
Her ebon wings, but day-light's always there,
And one blest season crowns th' eternal year.

Physander. I'll hear no more: nor can I be so credulous,
Having possession, to expect such fables.
Here I am fix'd.

Bellanima. And I made miserable.

Sensuality. Let's in to feast, and revel; and at night
Shalt be possest of a more full delight. [*Exeunt.*

Bellanima. Thus doth chaste wedlock suffer. Heavenly servant,
Whisper some powerful counsel in his ear,
That may reclaim him. If it works, return,
And bring me comfort, who till then must mourn.
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT IV.

TASTING; *the* FOUR COMPLEXIONS *drunk, each having a bottle of wine in his hand.*

Tasting. The other health, my boys.

Phlegm. No more health, if you love me.

Tasting. Indeed health agrees not with your profession.

Choler. But we will have more health, and less health; or I will make a close stool-pan of your physician's noddle.

Tasting. Good brother Choler, be pacified.

Choler. I will not be pacified. He that denies health, let him think himself dead ere he pronounce it. Choler's dry.

Melancholy. So is Melancholy.

Blood. Blood would be heated better.

Phlegm. And Phlegm moistened.

Choler. Blood's a skip-jack, and I will make him caper.

Tasting. Nay, brother Choler, thou art so cross.

Melancholy. And will she not return? then may the sun
Stable his horses ever, and no day
Gild the black air with light! If in mine eye
She be not plac'd, what object can delight it?

Tasting. Excellent amorist. Here's to thee, Melancholy.

Melancholy. What do I see? blush, grey-ey'd morn[11], and spread
Thy purple shame upon the mountain tops;
Or pale thyself with envy, since here comes
A brighter Venus than the dull-ey'd star
That lights thee up.

Tasting. Very fine! Melancholy hath been some neglected courtier; he's perfect in she-flattery. If he mistake me for the idol of his passion, I'll abuse him.

[11] — *blush, grey-ey'd morn.*]
" The *grey-ey'd morn* smiles on the frowning night,
" Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light."
Romeo and Juliet, A. 2. S. 3.

Melancholy. Oh let me kiss those pair of red-twinn'd cherries,
That do distil nepenthe[12].
Tasting. Kiss, and spare not.
Bite not the cherry-stones and eat, I care not.
Melancholy. Oh turn not from me! let me smell the gums,
Which thy rich breath creates.
Tasting. As for my gums, you'll find
Sweeter here. I have no rotten teeth behind.
Blood. This leg's not right.
Tasting. I know it: 'tis my left.
Blood. Carry your toes wider.
Tasting. Take heed that I foot not you.
Blood. Now do your sinque pace[13] cleanly.
Tasting. My sinque pace cleanly! A cook defies it.
Choler. You lie too open. Guard yourself better, or I shall bang your coat.
Phlegm. 'Tis a dangerous water. Here's an hypostasis[14] argues a very bad stomach,
Tasting. Some soldier, perhaps, that wants his pay.
Phlegm. This sediment betokens a great swelling in the belly.
Tasting. 'Tis some chamber-maid sick of a midwife's timpany.

[12] *Nepenthe.*] Spenser's description of this cordial is as follows: *Fairy Queen*, B. 4. C. 3. St. 43.

"*Nepenthe* is a drink of soverayne grace,
"Devized by the Gods for to asswage
"Hart's grief, and bitter gall away to chace,
"Which stirs up anguish and contentious rage:
"Instead thereof, sweet peace and quiet age
"It doth establish in the troubled mynd.
"Few men, but such as sober are and sage,
"Are by the Gods to drink thereof assyn'd;
"But such as drink, eternall happinesse do fynd."

See also Milton's *Comus*, L. 672; and Homer's *Odyssey*, Pope's Translation, B. 4. L. 302, and his note.

[13] *Sinque pace,*] or *cinque pace;* the name of a dance, the measures whereof are regulated by the number five.

[14] *Hypostasis*] "in medicine, the sediment of the urine, or that "thick heavy part of the urine which subsides, and settles at the bottom." *Chambers's Dictionary.*

Phlegm. 'Twere good she chang'd air. Remove her into the country, and if she fall again into the green-sickness, she knows the cure. This water argues a great heart-burning.

Tasting. 'Tis a lover's that: or some miser's, that drank small-beer in the dog-days at his own charges.

Phlegm. The owner of this hath an imposthume in his head, and 'tis near breaking.

Tasting. Perhaps 'tis a fencer's; or some shop-keeper's, whose wife sells under-hand by retail.

Phlegm. Let him compound for his light wife, and he may be cur'd without the charity of an hospital.

Enter PHYSANDER *sick.*

Physander. How on a sudden my delights are clouded!
As when a surfeit makes the pleasant dish
That caus'd it more distasteful than th' offence
Of any bitter potion. My dull'd senses
Relish no objects. Colours do not take
My filmed eyes. Mine ears are deaf to sounds,
Though by a chorus of those lovely maids,
Which Jove begot on fair Mnemosyne,
Sung to Apollo's harp.

Tasting. Is it thereabouts? I'll play the state-knave, and inform presently. [*Exit.*

Physander. Sickness begins
To make this frame her mansion. Fevers burn it,
And shake the weak foundation: then a cold
Chills it again, as if a thousand winters,
Contracted into one, scatter'd their snow
With northern blasts, and froze the very centre.
Palsies disjoint the fabric; loosen all
The house-supporters, and at length they fall.
Help me, good servants!

Phlegm. We cannot help ourselves.

Choler. Let's kill him, or he'll kill us.

Melancholy. Phlegm, do thou choke him.

Blood. I'll empty his veins.

Choler. I'll do it. Blood's not worthy the employment,

Blood. Worthier than Choler.
Choler. Thou liest in thy throat.
Blood. Thou hast inflam'd me.

[*They fall together by the ears, and* PHYSANDER *weakly endeavouring to part them, is himself hurt, and they fly.*

Physander. Hold, I command you! how dare ye insult
Upon my weakness thus? Oh, I am wounded.
Perfidious villains! was this treachery
Your duties' act? What fury prompted ye
To such inhuman violence? Will no hand
Of art or heaven, supply me with a balm?
Then I must die, and bury all my glories
Ere they are fully gaz'd at. Why did Nature
Produce me for her darling, and not arm
My passive body with a proof 'gainst thunder?

Enter SENSUALITY, *the* FIVE SENSES.

Oh thou in whose embraces I have slept
And dreamt of heaven, when my waking sense
Possess'd delights in thee, I seem'd to ride
Commanding pleasure, as if she had been
My captive, and her spoils enrich'd the triumph:
Help now to save me; or with wonted kisses
Make me to lose the sense of this great pain
My bleeding wounds inflict. Let me expire
Within thy bosom, and I shall forget
That death hath any horror.

Sensuality. This Physander?
I know him not. The bloody spectacle
Is too offensive: would it were remov'd.

Tasting. Please you, I'll carry the calf into my slaughter-house. But I fear he will hardly be dress'd for your ladyship's tooth: he hath bled too much to be sweet flesh.

Physander. Not know me, lady! how am I transform'd?
The sand of many minutes hath not fallen
From time's grey glass, since you vouchsaf'd to call me
Lord of yourself and pleasures.

Sensuality. Let me have
Another sweet-heart: one whose lusty heat
May warm my bosom. Gather all the flowers
Tempe is painted with, and strew his way.
Translate my bower to Turia's rosy banks;
There, with a chorus of sweet nightingales,
Make it continual spring. If the sun's rays
Offend his tender skin, and make it sweat,
Fan him with silken wings of mildest air,
Breath'd by Etesian winds. The briskest nectar
Shall be his drink, and all th' ambrosian cates
Art can devise for wanton appetite,
Furnish his banquet. *As his senses tire,*
Vary the object. *Let delights be link'd:*
So in a circled chain no end we see,
Pleasure is only my eternity. [*Exeunt.*

Tasting. Sick sir, farewel. By that time you are dead, I will have made you a caudle. [*Exit.*

Physander. I sure have dream'd; all past was but illusion.
Hold out, ye bloodless organs, until I
Have rail'd upon this strumpet, then I'll die.

Enter the Two Genii *severally.*

How my distraction swells my tongue with curses!
That I could shoot the poison of a basilisk
From my enflam'd eyes, or infect the air
With my last breath to kill her!

Malus Genius. Ha, ha, he.

Physander. Who's that can laugh at misery?

Malus Genius. 'Tis I
That triumph in thy ruin. I contriv'd it,
And caus'd divorce betwixt thee and thy wife:
Whom now I will torment. [*Exit.*

Physander. That wound is deeper
Than all the rest. Calling to mind my ills,
That left a chaste wife for the loose embraces
Of Sensuality, a painted whore,
Common with beasts. Death, hold thy ashy hand,
Till I am reconcil'd to my Bellanima,
Then strike, and spare not.

Bonus Genius. Fix'd in that resolution,
I'll bring her to thee. [*Exit.*

Physander. That's my good Genius.
The horrors of a thousand nights made black
With pitchy tempests, and the moon's defect,
When she's affrighted with the howlings of
Crotonean wolves, and groans of dying mandrakes[15],
Gather'd for charms; the screech-owl's fatal dirge,
And ghosts disturb'd by furies from their peace,
Are all within me.

Enter BELLANIMA, BONUS GENIUS.

Bonus Genius. Wounded by the hands
Of his distemper'd servants, that are fled.

Bellanima. Look up, Physander! I am come to help thee,
Not to afflict. I share thy sufferings:
There's not an anguish, but it is inflicted
As equally on me. Why would Physander
Cut wedlock's Gordian, and, with looser eyes,
Doat on a common wanton? What is pleasure,
More than a lustful motion in the sense?
The prosecution full of anxious fears,
The end repentance. Though content be call'd
The soul of action, and licentious man
Propounds it as the reason of his life:
Yet, if intemperate appetite pursue it,
The pure end's lost, and ruin must attend it.
But I would comfort thee. Do but express
A detestation of thy former follies,
We will be re-united, and enjoy
Eternal pleasures.

[15] *Groans of dying mandrakes.*] It was a prevailing opinion formerly, that *mandrakes*, when dug out of the ground, sent forth a terrible sound. See *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 4. S. 3.

"And shrieks like *mandrakes* torn out of the earth."

Several instances are also produced by Mr. *Steevens*, in his note on this passage; to which may be added the following:

The Wonderfull Yeare, 1603.

"And to keepe such a poore wretch waking, he should heare no "noise, but of toads croaking, screech-owles howling, *mandrakes* "shriking: were not this an infernall prison?"

Physander. Can Bellanima
Forgive the injuries that I have done her?
She's milder than thou, Love, or Pity's self.
Let me be banish'd ever to converse
With monsters in a desart: 'tis a punishment
Too little. Let me be confin'd to dwell
On the north-pole, where a continual winter
May bleach me to a statue; or inhabit
The Acherusian fens, whose noisome air
May choke my nostrils with their poisonous fumes,
Yet linger death unto a thousand ages.

Bellanima. We'll live, Physander, and enjoy each other
In new delights. Thou shalt be cur'd by Temperance:
She's the physician that doth moderate
Desire with reason, bridling appetite.

[*Here the fourth scene is suddenly discovered, being a rock, with a spring of water issuing out of it. At the foot thereof a cave, where* TEMPERANCE *sits, betwixt a philosopher, an hermit, a ploughman, and a shepherd. Behind the rock a landscape.*

Yonder's her cave, whose plain, yet decent roof,
Shines not with ivory or plates of gold.
No Tyrian purples cover her low couch,
Nor are the carv'd supporters artists' work,
Bought at the wealth of provinces. She feeds not
On costly viands, in her gluttony,
Wasting the spoils of conquest. From a rock,
That weeps a running crystal, she doth fill
Her shell-cup, and drinks sparingly.

Physander. She cannot
Heal my affliction: Mercy's self denies
A time and means, and only black Despair
Whispers th' approach of death.

Bonus Genius. Remove that sin,
And hope with sorrow. Greatest faults are small,
When that alone may make amends for all.

Physander. Might I yet live to practise my resolve
Of reformation, sooner should the day

Leave to distinguish night; the sun should choke
His breathless horses in the western main,
And rise no more; the grey morn ushering in
His light approach, than my relapse from thee,
And goodness cause new miseries. Direct me,
Ye heavenly ministers: inform my knowledge
In the strict course that may preserve me happy,
Whilst yet my sighs suck in th' unwilling air,
That swells my wasted lungs. Though not in life,
In death, I'll be Bellanima's.

Bellanima. Physander,
Expire not yet: thy wounds are not so mortal.
Help me to bear him yonder: gently raise
His weaken'd body. What can we not endure,
When pains are lessen'd by the hope of cure?

Temperance. What wretched piece of miserable riot
Is this, that needs the aid of Temperance?
What caus'd his sickness?

Bellanima. Liberty in ills
To please his senses, which have surfeited
With an excess; and, if your art supply not,
Death will divorce us. Pity then, sweet lady,
And, from your treasure of instructions,
Prescribe a powerful med'cine that may quicken
His cold defects, which more and more increase,
Less'ning his weaken'd powers. To a chaste wife,
Preserve, now 'tis reform'd, her husband's life.

Temperance. Let the earth be his bed; this rock his pillow;
His curtains heaven; the murmur of this water,
Instead of music, charm him into sleep:
And for the cates which gluttony invents
To make it call'd an art, confected juice
Of Pontic nuts, and Idumean palms,
Candy'd with Ebosian sugar; lampreys guts,
Fetch'd from Carpathian Straits, and such like wantonness,
Let him eat sparingly of what the earth
Produceth freely, or is, where 'tis barren,
Enforc'd by industry. Then pour this balsam

Into his wounds, and, whilst his senses rest
Free from their passive working, and endure
Partial privation of their means and objects,
His slumbers shall present what more's requir'd
To make him sound.

Bellanima. My endless thanks, great Power,
Mother of other virtues. Whilst he sleeps,
My cares shall watch him. Oh thou death-like god,
That chain'st the senses captive, and dost raise
Dreams out of humours, whose illusive shadows
Oft work on fancy to beget belief
Of prophecies, let no black horrors mix
Their frightful presence, but with gentle shews,
(Yet such as are instructive) sweetly work
Upon what wakes within, whilst th' other cease;
Then sleeps the figure of eternal peace.

[*They dance, every one in a proper garb, shewing their respect to Temperance; whilst Physander sleeps betwixt Bellanima and Bonus Genius, that seem to dress his wounds.*

Physander. I feel quick sense return, and every organ
Is active to perform its proper office:
I am not hurt. What miracle hath Heaven
Wrought on me?

Bellanima. Next to Heaven, the thanks are due
To this thy life's restorer. She hath precepts,
By which thou may'st preserve it to a length,
And end it happy.

Temperance. What thy dreams presented,
Put straight in act, and with a constancy
Persevere in't. Rewards will only crown
The end of a well-prosecuted good.
Philosophy, religious solitude,
And labour, wait on Temperance. In these
Desire is bounded: they instruct the mind's
And body's actions. 'Tis lascivious ease
That gives the first beginning to all ills:
The thoughts being busied on good objects, sin
Can never find a way to enter in.

Physander. Let me digest my joys: I only now
Begin to live: the former was not perfect.
Bellanima. We'll shortly to my father, who with joy
Will entertain us.
Temperance. I will meet you there;
Where ye shall be invested by the hands
Of Justice, Prudence, Fortitude, and me,
In the bright robes of immortality.
Physander. My heart's too narrow to contain the joys
This reconciliation fills it with.
Chain me again to misery, and make me
Wretched beyond despair, when next I fall.
Let this my resolution be enroll'd
Amongst eternal acts, not to be cancell'd.
Then man is happy, and his bliss is full
When he's directed by his better soul. [*Exeunt.*

[*Temperance, with the rest of hers, being return'd into the scene, it closeth.*

ACT V.

MALUS GENIUS, *as discontented.*

Malus Genius. It must not be; his glory is my shame.
Mischief attempted, if it want success,
Is the contriver's punishment; as darts
Shot at resisting walls, in their return
May light on him that did direct them. Malice
Suggests a new attempt. I'll practise all
That hell can teach me, but I'll work his fall.

Enter SENSUALITY, *the* FIVE SENSES, *in torn and beggar-like habits.*

Who's here?
Sensuality. Into what misery hath riot
Brought my decay'd state? Whilst I had the means
To purchase pleasures, all delights were sold me.
Those gone, necessity and lust then made me

A mercenary prostitute; and since,
By the gradation of a wanton life,
I'm fall'n to this. Want, and a loathsome sickness,
Make me reflect, nor can I but accuse myself
At Conscience' bar; but not with penitence;
That's still in opposition with my will,
Now custom hath confirm'd me in all ill. [*Exeunt.*

Malus Genius. T' accuse Physander, thither will I go;
And if all fail, try what despair can do.

Enter PHYSANDER, BELLANIMA, *in their first habits, with books in their hands:* BONUS GENIUS, *the* FOUR COMPLEXIONS.

He's here.

Physander. I shall not need your diligence:
Your treachery, altho' forgiv'n, hath made me
Watchful upon ye. I have gotten now
A careful guide to manage my affairs:
Retire. I do embrace thy fellowship,
Prudence, thou virtue of the mind, by which
We do consult of all that's good or evil,
Conducing to felicity. Direct
My thoughts and actions by the rule of reason:
Teach me contempt of all inferior vanities.
Pride in a marble portal gilded o'er;
Assyrian carpets; chairs of ivory;
The luxury of a stupendous house;
Garments perfum'd; gems valued not for use
But needless ornament; a sumptuous table,
And all the baits of sense. A vulgar eye
Sees not the danger which beneath them lie.

Bellanima. She's a majestic ruler, and commands
Even with the terror of her awful brow.
As in a throng sedition being rais'd,[16]

[16] *As in a throng,* &c.] This simile is translated from the first Book of Virgil's *Æneid*, v. 148.

" —— veluti magno in populo, quum sæpe coorta est
Seditio, sævitque animis ignobile vulgus;
Jamque faces et saxa volant; furor arma ministrat:
Tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem

Th' ignoble multitude inflam'd with madness,
Firebrands and stones fly: fury shews them weapons;
Till spying some grave man honour'd for wisdom,
They straight are silent, and erect their ears,
Whilst he with his sage counsel doth assuage
Their mind's disorder, and appease their rage.
So prudence, when rebellious appetites
Have rais'd temptations, with their batteries
Assaulting reason, she doth interpose,
And keep it safe. Th' attempts of sense are weak,
If their vain forces wisdom deign to break.

Physander. Temperance, to thee I owe my after-life;
Thou that command'st o'er pleasures, hating some,
When thou dispens'st with others; still directing
All to a sound mean. Under thy low roof
I'll eat and sleep, whilst grave philosophy
Instructs my soul in justice. What is she?

Bellanima. A habit of the mind, by which just things
Perfect their working. Man's the best of creatures,
Enjoying law and justice; but the worst,
If separated from them. 'Tis establish'd
By fear of law, and by religion;
Distributes due to all.

Physander. That is, reward
To virtue, and to vice its punishment.
The thought of it hath horror in't. I fell
From height of goodness in forsaking thee,
And must be punish'd. Why is it delay'd?
Inflict it straight; protraction makes it greater.

Bellanima. Physander is forgiv'n. Reflect not back
On thy past errors, but with sorrow's eyes.
That may be guides to the prevention
Of after-ills.

Physander. Distract me not with comforts.
If justice hath no other instrument,
I must and will be just unto myself.
When I have felt a torment that doth equal

Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant:
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet." S.

Th' offence for which I suffer it, 'twill confirm me,
Bellanima is satisfy'd.
Bellanima. She is,
And can expect no greater. Think on fortitude
Be not dejected by a fear that's grounded
On such a weak foundation. 'Tis not th' appetite
Of things that carry horror, makes men valiant;
But patient bearing of afflictions
That are necessitated.
Physander. Can fortitude
Be without justice? Justice, without fortitude,
Is perfect in itself. When I am just,
Valour is useful.
Malus Genius. It begins to work;
I'll prosecute the rest. What he intends
For good, shall be inverted to my ends. [*Exit.*
Physander. Dissuade me not, Bellanima: I cannot
Think the dimensions of thy goodness such,
That it may be extended to remit
So great an ill without its satisfaction.
Then will I challenge thy forgiveness due,
When I have suffer'd punishment. I dare not
Owe all unto thy gentleness.
Bellanima. Resist
This black temptation: thy ill Genius whisper'd it.
Physander. 'Tis taught me here; justice instructs me in't.
Yet, when I feel the lashes of their snakes
Hell's judges do employ; when vultures gnaw
My growing liver, and the restless wheel
Hurries my rack'd limbs, (for these torments are
Less than my fault deserves) I'll laugh at all,
And with a scorn provoke the executioners,
Till they are tir'd; and, whilst they take in breath,
Contrive some yet unheard-of. Fortitude
Shall teach me to bear all (their end being justice)
With more delight, than when I did enjoy
Pleasures with Sensuality.
Bonus Genius. I'll try him.
Hell's malice sometimes doth pretend that good

Which Heaven instructs, to make distinguishable
Their several acts: but, like a ball that bounds
According to the force with which 'twas thrown;
So in affliction's violence, he that's wise,
The more he's cast down will the higher rise. [*Exit.*

Bellanima. Presume not yet, Physander: thou art weak:
Fear, so pusillanimous, is better
Than daring confidence.

Physander. I will encounter
With a whole host of deaths, though each were arm'd
In all th' artillery that ever conquer'd
Mortality; meet thunder, if but warn'd
That it is coming, and be fix'd, unmov'd
T' embrace the subtle fire, though one step
Might guard me in a grove of magic bays,
Wall'd with Hyena's skins. The apprehension
Of horror shall not fright me, though presented
In the most hideous shape conceit can paint.

Enter THREE FURIES.

What apparition's this? or are ye Furies
Sent to torment me? speak, and satisfy
My growing fears, which, like an earthquake, when
Pent air dilates itself with violence,
Do shake my trembling heart.

1*st Fury.* We are the daughters
Of Night and Acheron: our number three,
Answering those three effects that bear men [17] headlong
Into all wickedness. These knotted snakes
Shall sting thy bosom, and infect thy blood
With burning rage, until it hurry thee
Unto some desperate act, and on thyself
Thou be thine own revenger.

Bellanima. Now, Physander,
Where is this boasted valour? Fear's express'd
Even in thy silence. Terror of an ill
Is sometimes greater in the expectation,
Than th' ill itself: yet, where true fortitude
Guards the mind with resolves, 'tis lessen'd by it,

[17] *Men.*] Former editions read *then.*

When it increaseth boldness. Chance may clear
Many of punishment, but none of fear.
Thou art not well instructed; go with me,
I'll teach thee how to shun them. [*Exeunt.*

2d Fury. Hath he 'scap'd us?
And left my vipers hissing for their prey,
Which should have been his heart? then they must feed
Upon mine own.

Enter MALUS GENIUS.

Malus Genius. Now, my copartners
In this black fellowship, is it successful?

3d Fury. No; Reason guards him, frustrates our design,
And we must back to be our own tormentors.

[*Exit Furies.*

Malus Genius. Will nothing prosper? lend me Erinnys' adders,
That from their poison my infected envy
May swell until it break, venting a sea
Of mischief to o'erwhelm him. One birth more
My malice labours with: if that miscarry,
I'll in contempt of Heaven, that guards his bride,
Eat mine own heart, and ne'er be satisfy'd.

Enter FEAR.

The judge is entering.

Fear. Make way there for my lord Conscience: he is upon coming, and I was afraid the cushions had not been handsomely laid for his ease. Long causes many times require a nap. How I tremble to think of a long sitting before dinner! it makes Fear have but a cold stomach. Bless me! who's this? one of the devil's she-lawyers? Her case must needs have a black box.

Malus Genius. I come t' accuse Physander. Why dost quake so?

Fear. You never knew fear without an ague.

Malus Genius. Fear often cures it.

Fear. In the country, where wise physicians practise.

Malus Genius. Is the court ready to sit?

Fear. Instantly. But pray how long have you been a solicitrix?

Malus Genius. Never before.

Fear. I fear'd as much, when you ask an officer so many idle questions without some feeling.

Malus Genius. What officer art?

Fear. No worse than the mouth of the court, that receives all in with, O yes!

Enter CONSCIENCE, HOPE, DESPAIR, SENSUALITY, *the* FIVE SENSES.

You see the power of that word; they are here. Stand by there.

Hope. Hope must be still an advocate,

Conscience. 'Tis well.

Despair's a subtle pleader, and employ'd
Only by hell.

Despair. Be wing'd, and fetch him hither:
Let me alone; I'll have a plea shall shake
His courage. [*Exit Malus Genius.*

Conscience. Fear, call a court.

Fear. O yes, O yes, O yes! All wicked mortals that have any business in the court of Conscience, let them come and accuse themselves, if they have so little wit, and they shall be judged by the proverb.

Conscience. List to my charge. Conscience, the judge of actions,
Is neither power, nor habit, but an act;
To wit, an application of that knowledge
That shews the difference. Its Synteresis,
Or purer part, is th' instigation
Of will to good and honest things, and seats
The mind in a rich throne of endless quiet;
When, being clogg'd with guilt of many ills,
Those leaden weights compress it as it mounts,
And sink it into horror. Conscience stain'd
Is like a fretting ulcer, that corrodes
The part it hath infected, and tho' cur'd
It leaves a scar. So, keal a wounded conscience,
Repentance stays as the vestigium,

Or mark impress'd, by which the past disease
Is found to have been. There's no punishment
Like that, to bear the witness in one's breast
Of perpetrated evils, when the mind
Beats it with silent stripes, guilty of blame;
But being unstain'd it laughs at lying fame.

Fear. Silence in the court, and hearken to the charge: it may indoctrinate ye for justices, if there be not too much of conscience in it.

Conscience. Hope is in opposition with Despair;
And like a zealous advocate i' th' cause
Of his afflicted client, labours still
To overthrow the fallacies and quirks
Despair is nimble in; whilst Fear with trembling
Expects the trial's issue. By these three,
Men's acts inform'd of, scann'd and canvass'd be;
At length by Conscience censur'd, they are sent
To have reward, or suffer punishment.

Fear. Hem. Now enter that woman.

Conscience. What are you?

Sensuality. A desperate piece of neglected mortality, that have been a lady of pleasure, and kept an open house where lords took me up at high rates, till my bare commons would no longer serve their high feeding.

Fear. And the geese that graz'd on it would always be over roasted.

Sensuality. I thence fell to inferior customers, and doated most on the junior actors, to the danger of cracking many a voice. Night-walking then supplied me, whilst I had any thing to pleasure a constable, or relieve the mortified watch with a snatch and away. But now I am not worth the reversion of an alms-basket: and those which heretofore would hire me to sin, do now deny me the benefit of a spittle. I have not strength to climb and hang myself, and having been so light all my life-time, 'tis impossible I should be drown'd.

Hope. Hope yet with grief, and mend.

Sensuality. My mending must be miraculous. Were

it in art to repair this rotten carcase, and in my stock of credit with the broker enough to case it, I might hope for as golden days and coaching again. But now welcome a cart, or a Shrove-Tuesday's tragedy.[18] Despair tells me there is a fire in hell, and why should I, that have convers'd with heats all my life-time, fear it?

Fear. Stand by there. What are you?

Seeing. My lady's ape, that imitated all her fashions; falling as she did, and running the same course of folly: the difference only, that what was hers first was mine in reversion; except her gentleman-usher. Hell I fear not, for I have prevented leading apes. Besides, the whips of Furies are not half so terrible as a blue coat,[19] and the shrieks of tormented ghosts, nothing to the noise of hemp hammers.

Conscience. Proceed quickly with the rest.

*Hearing.** I would excuse myself; but I despair of being heard, now my lady's decay'd, and house-keeping broke up. I fear nothing so much as to be torn in pieces by the revengeful beggars.

Smelling. That punishment must I share. For I was an honest huntsman, and provided burial for many a scavenger's horse in my dogs' bellies; but finding it troublesome and unsavoury, took an easier course, and converted the remains of dinner and supper, that should have fed the poor, into my dog's breakfast: for which I expect to be pursu'd by the common hunt, till I come to hell; and there the quest will be so hot, I shall not possibly 'scape it.

Fear. Thou seem'st to have been a good fellow: shall I speak a word in thy behalf?

Tasting. No: Fear's an ill orator; he'll be out. I

[18] *A Shrove-Tuesday's tragedy.*] See note 43 on the 2d Part of *The Honest Whore*, vol. III.

[19] *Blue coat.*] *i. e.* the dress of a beadle. Doll Tearsheet, in 2d Part of *Henry IV.* A. 5. S. 4. calls this officer, *blue*-bottle rogue. See note on this passage, vol. *x.* p. 602. edit. 1778. S.

* What is said by this personage belongs to *Hearing*, who has nothing else assigned to him. Mr. Reed gave it to *Fear*, who acts only as the Usher of the Court. C.

have been the most notorious thief that ever robb'd by privilege of his office. I have converted more butter into kitchen-stuff, than would have victualled a Flemish garrison. I have cheated butchers: gone on their scores, and paid them with horns: helping to undo my lady with the greatness of mine own credit. I have coney-catch'd * many a poulterer's wife, and she hath pluck'd my feathers: what I got by the back I spent on the belly. But now short commons serve; licking my fingers and the half-cold dripping-pan. Since my lady's decay I am degraded from a cook, and I fear the devil himself will entertain me but for one of his black-guard; and he shall be sure to have his roast burnt.

Despair. Stand by. You shall be sentenc'd presently.

Touching. I was a spruce observer of formality; wore good clothes at the second hand, and paid for them quarterly. Together with my lady's my fortune fell, and of her gentleman-usher I became her apple-squire,[20] to hold the door, and keep centinel at taverns. I can play the bravo, where my affronting is upon sure advantage; otherwise I can be kick'd with as much patience as a hungry fiddler, where he expects the reversion of a gallant's oysters. I may yet be serviceable to the Succubi in hell, but other preferment I despair of.

Conscience. Custom in ills that do affect the sense,
Makes reason useless, when it should direct
The ill's reforming. Men habituate
In any evil, 'tis their greatest curse,
Advice doth seldom mend, but makes them worse.

Enter MALUS GENIUS, PHYSANDER, BELLANIMA, BONUS GENIUS.

Malus Genius. He's come. Now use your utmost skill in plea,
For fear our cause miscarry.

Conscience. Who is this?

* See note 12 to Dekkar's *Honest Whore*, vol. III.

[20] *Apple-squire.*] See note 4 to *The City Night-Cap*, vol. XI.

Despair. Here is his accuser that prefers the indictment.

Conscience. Let it be read.

Fear. Stand out, Physander.

Despair. Thou art indicted by the name of Physander, lord of Microcosmus, for that, being wedded to the fair and chaste Bellanima, daughter and heir of immortal Love, thou hast unjustly forsaken her, and been guilty of incontinence with a common whore, Sensuality.

Physander. 'Tis not deny'd, nor needs it other witness;
I bear it in my conscience. Yet, reverend judge,
Sorrow for ills past, doth restore frail man
To his first innocence: what mine hath been,
My earth-bed, wet with nightly tears, can witness;
And sighs have made the trembling air retire,
Unwilling to be lodg'd in a sad breast
Already fill'd with zeal. If a perseverance,
Sprung from a constant resolution,
And join'd unto this sorrow, may prevail
To th' expiation of my former guilt,
I hope forgiveness.

Despair. But Despair, methinks,
Should fright that hope with apprehension
Of what eternal justice will inflict:
And fear of deserv'd punishment should make thee
Tremble with horror.

Hope. 'Tis not so, false orator:
Necessity may be a powerful strengthening
Of human frailty; and, as it acutes
Sloth often into diligence, Despair
May be Hope's cause. The temple-robber, to appease
Th' offended godhead, to the altar flies;
Nor shames to beg his pardon with drown'd eyes.
Let thy resolves be firm.

Physander. As fate's decrees
Enroll'd in steel. Nor will I be secure
In any confidence of mine own strength:
For such security is oft the mother

Of negligence, and th[illegible]t th' occasion
Of unremedy'd ruin. From instructions
Found here, we will consult our after-safeties.
And, in all courses of my following life,
I will be guided by my heavenly wife.

Conscience. I'll then pronounce ye happy. Man's a ship
Laden with riches. Tempests rage, and Hell
Sends pirates out to rob him; Heaven's eye guards him;
His soul's the pilot, who through various seas
Of time and fortune brings him to the port
Of endless quiet. Now dismiss the court. [*Exeunt.*

Malus Genius. My malice burst me. I have toil'd in vain:
And mine own torment is my only gain. [*Exit.*

Sensuality. I'll with thee to that place where horrors fright
The guilty conscience with eternal night. [*Exit.*

Bonus Genius. Now freely pass unto the bless'd abodes,
Where those heroes[21] that do merit it
In life, are crown'd with glory, and enjoy
Pleasures, beyond all comprehension.

Bellanima. All lets[22] are now remov'd; hell's malice falls
Beneath our conquest, and Love's palace-gates
Ope' to receive our triumph.

[*Here the last scene is discovered, being a glorious throne: at the top whereof Love sits, betwixt Justice, Temperance, Prudence, and Fortitude, holding two crowns of stars: at the foot, upon certain degrees, sit divers gloriously habited and alike, as* Elysii incolæ; *who, whilst Love and the Virtues lead Physander and Bellanima to the throne, place themselves in a figure for the dance.*

[21] *Where those heroes,* &c.] To help the versification, we must read heroës, *Lat.* as trisyllable.

[22] *Lets.*] Hindrances or impediments.

THE SONG.

Welcome, welcome, happy pair,
To those abodes, where spicy air
Breathes perfumes, and every sense
Doth find his object's excellence.

Where's no heat, nor cold extreme;
No winter's ice, nor summer's scorching beam.
Where's no sun, yet never night,
Day always springing from eternal light.

CHORUS.

All mortal sufferings laid aside,
Here in endless bliss abide.

Love. Welcome to Love, my now-lov'd heir,
Elysium's thine: ascend my chair.
For following Sensuality,
I thought to disinherit thee;
But, being now reform'd in life,
And reunited to thy wife,
Mine only daughter, fate allows
That Love with stars should crown your brows.
Join ye that were his guides to this:
Thus I enthrone ye both. Now kiss,
Whilst you in active measures move,
Led on to endless joys by Love.

[*The dance ended, they return to their first order, whilst Love speaks the epilogue: which done, he is received into the scene, and it closeth.*

EDITION.

Microcosmus. A Morall Maske. Presented with generall liking, at the Private House in Salisbury-Court, and heere set down according to the Intention of the Authour, Thomas Nabbes.

Debent et prodesse et delectare Poetæ.

London: Printed by Richard Oulton, for Charles Greene; and are to be sold at the White Lyon in Paul's Church-yard. 1637. 4to.

THE

MUSE'S LOOKING-GLASS.

THOMAS RANDOLPH, was the son of William Randolph, of Hams, near Lewes, in Sussex, by Elizabeth his wife, daughter of Thomas Smith, of Newnham, near Daventry, in Northamptonshire. He was born at Newnham, on the 15th of June, 1605, and educated as one of the King's Scholars of Westminster School. From thence he was chosen into Trinity College in Cambridge, in 1623, of which he became a Fellow, took his degree of Master of Arts, and afterwards received the same honour at the University of Oxford. He very early began to exercise his poetical talents, having, it is said, at the age of nine or ten years, written *The History of the Incarnation of our Saviour*, in verse. As he grew up, the ingenuity of his poetical performances procured him the esteem of all who had any pretensions to wit, particularly of Ben Jonson, who adopted him for one of his sons.* His lively and agreeable conversation engaged him into too much company, and sometimes amongst none of the best or most peaceable persons; so that once, in a jovial and drunken meeting, a quarrel arising, he had the misfortune to lose the little finger of his left hand. On this accident he wrote a copy of verses, printed in his works.† The scantiness of his patrimony, or his own extravagance, soon brought him to poverty; and his irregular and too free mode of living, among his companions and admirers, in all probability shortened his life. After living some time with his father, at Little Houghton, in Northamptonshire, he went to the house of William Stafford, of Blatherwick, in the same county; where he died in March, 1634, aged not quite

* Among Randolph's poems is one called "A gratulatory to Mr. Ben Jonson, for his adopting of him to be his son." He has another entitled "An answer to Mr. Ben Jonson's ode, to persuade him to leave the stage;" and a third, "An Eclogue to Mr. Jonson." C.

† He wrote two short pieces upon this "small subject." C.

30 years.* The 17th of the same month, he was buried in an aisle adjoining to Blatherwick church, among the Stafford family; and soon after Sir Christopher Hatton caused, at his own charge, a monument of white marble, wreathed about with laurel, to be erected over his grave; the inscription on which, in Latin and English verse, was made by the poet's friend, Peter Hausted of Cambridge.† He appears to have been a man of the greatest good humour, and a facetious companion; his poems abound with wit, and, though generally jocose, he is upon many occasions sententiously grave and moral. Like many of his profession, he seems to have been free, generous, and totally regardless of the world.‡

* There is perhaps some mistake as to the date of the birth of Randolph: if he were born in 1605, he was certainly "not quite thirty" when he died in 1634; but the portrait of him, which forms part of the engraved title page of the 12mo. edition of his works, has this inscription above it: *Obiit Anno* 1634, *ætatis suæ* 27. The modern biographers follow each other in representing that he was born in 1605, but they seem to have taken the point for granted. C.

† Hausted was the author of a play called *The Rival Friends*, printed in 1632, after a good deal of difficulty, for some offence it gave when acted before the King and Queen at Cambridge, 19th March, 1631. Hausted did not contribute any of the laudatory poems, which ushered the works of Randolph into the world when they were collected and printed by his brother, four years after the decease of their author. *Aristippus*, *The Conceited Pedlar*, and *The Jealous Lovers*, were printed before Randolph's death. The names of Ben Jonson and Randolph were afterwards not unfrequently coupled: thus R. Doddridge, in a poem before *The Fatal Union*, by S. H. 1640, observes,

"Thus, friend, the bayes still flourish; Jonson dead,
"Randolph deceas'd, they fall to crown thy head." C.

‡ In the *Musæ subsecivæ* of Dr. James Duport is an elegy "in obitum Thomaæ Randolphi, M. A. Collegii Trinitatis Cantab. Socii. Poetæ ingeniosissimi et qui seculi sui Ovidius dici meruerit." 8vo. 1676, p. 469.

The following is from *Wit's Recreations*, 8vo. 1641,

"To Mr. Thomas Randolph.

"Thou darling of the Muses, for we may
Be thought deserving, if what was thy play,
Our utmost labours may produce, we will
Freely allow thee heir unto the hill
The Muses did assign thee, and think't fit
Thy younger years should have the elder wit." O. G.

He was the author of six dramatic pieces.

1. " Aristippus; or, The Jovial Philosopher; de-
" monstrative ie prooving that quartes, pintes, and
" pottles, are sometimes necessary authours in a scho-
" lers library. Presented in a private shew."
4to. 1630. 4to. 1631. 4to. 1635.

2. " The Conceited Pedler." Printed at the end of every edition of Aristippus. From this piece Mr. Dodsley says, he took the hint of his dramatic performance, called The Toy-Shop.

3. " The Jealous Lovers, a comedie, presented to
" their gracious Majesties at Cambridge, by the Stu-
" dents of Trinity College." 4to. 1632. 4to. 1634.

4. " The Muse's Looking-glasse." 4to. 1638.

5. " Amyntas; or, The Impossible Dowry. A Pas-
" torall, acted before the King and Queene, at White-
" Hall." 4to. 1638.

6. A pleasant comedie, entitled, " Hey for Honesty,
" Down with Knavery. Translated out of Aristophanes
" his Plutus, by Thomas Randolph; augmented and
" published by F. J." 4to. 1651.

All these pieces (except the last) have been several times published together with the author's poems. The 5th edition in 1668.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ROSCIUS, *a player.*
BIRD, *a feather-man.*
MRS. FLOWERDEW, *a haberdasher of small wares.*
A DEFORM'D FELLOW.
COMEDY.
TRAGEDY.
MIME.
SATIRE.
COLAX.
DYSCOLUS.
DEILUS.
APHOBUS.
ACOLASTUS.
ANAISTHETUS.
ASOTUS.
ANELEUTHERUS.
CAUNUS.
MICROPSYCHUS.
ORGYLUS.
AORGUS.
ALAZON.
EIRON.
PHILOTIMIA.
LUPARUS.
ANAISKINTIA.
KATAPLEITUS.
Justice NIMIS, *and Justice* NIHIL.
PLUS *and* PARUM, *their clerks.*
AGROICUS, *a clown.*
BOMOLOCHUS.
MEDIOCRITY.

THE

MUSE'S LOOKING-GLASS.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter BIRD *the feather-man, and* MRS. FLOWERDEW, *wife to a haberdasher of small wares; the one having brought feathers to the play-house; the other pins and looking-glasses; two of the sanctify'd fraternity of Black-Friars*[1].

Mrs. Flowerdew. SEE, brother, how the wicked throng and crowd

* Concerning the merit of this play, the sentiments of critics have been various. Gildon says, the source of all humours that are in nature, may be found in it; and Mr. Dodsley, that it has been always esteemed an excellent common-place book for dramatic authors, to instruct them in the art of drawing characters. Bishop Hurd, however, observes, "that if a reader would see the "extravagance of building dramatic manners on abstract ideas, in "its full light, he needs only turn to B. *Jonson's Every Man out of "his Humour*; which, under the name of *a play of character*, is in "fact an unnatural, and, as the painters call it, *hard delineation* of a "group of *simply existing passions*, wholly chimerical, and unlike to "any thing we observe in the commerce of real life. Yet this co-"medy has always had its admirers. And *Randolph*, in particular, "was so taken with the design, that he seems to have formed his "MUSE'S LOOKING-GLASS in express imitation of it." It was reprinted in 1706 in 12mo. with a prefatory epistle to the Reverend Mr. Jer. Collier, who had written most virulently against the stage; and Oldys, in his MS. notes on Langbaine says, it *has now, in* 1748, *been brought on the stage*; but where, or with what success, do not appear. An alteration of it, under the title of THE MIRROUR, was published by one *Henry Dell*, a Bookseller, in 8vo. 1758.

The last edition of the *Biographia Dramatica* informs us that "in the year 1748 it was *revived at Covent-Garden Theatre*." It is, however, as likely to be wrong as right, and no authority for the fact is produced. C.

[1] *Black-Friars.*] Notwithstanding the vicinity of the play-house, Black-Friars appears to have been a place celebrated for the resi-

To works of vanity! Not a nook or corner
In all this house of sin, this cave of filthiness,
This den of spiritual thieves, but it is stuff'd,
Stuff'd, and stuff'd full, as is a cushion,
With the lewd reprobate.
Bird. Sister, were there not before inns,
Yes, I will say inns, (for my zeal bids me
Say filthy inns,) enough to harbour such
As travell'd to destruction the broad way;
But they build more and more, more shops of Satan?
Mrs. Flowerdew. Iniquity aboundeth, though pure zeal
Teach, preach, huff, puff, and snuff at it; yet still,
Still it aboundeth. Had we seen a church,
A new built church, erected North and South,
It had been something worth the wondering at.
Bird. Good works are done.
Mrs. Flowerdew. I say no works are good;
Good works are merely popish, and apocryphal.
Bird. But th' bad abound, surround, yea, and confound us.
No marvel now if play-houses increase;
For they are all grown so obscene of late,
That one begets another.
Mrs. Flowerdew. Flat fornication!
I wonder any body takes delight
To hear them prattle.
Bird. Nay, and I have heard,
That in a — tragedy, I think they call it,

dence of many Puritans. It was equally remarkable for being inhabited by the Feather-makers. Both these circumstances appear in Ben Jonson's plays.

The Alchymist, A. 1. S. 1.
" A whoreson upstart, apocryphal captain,
" Whom not *a puritan* in *Black-Friers* will trust
" So much as for a *feather*."

Again, *Bartholomew Fair*, A. 5. S. 5.
" Or *feather-maker* in the *Friers*, that are of your *faction of faith*.
" Are not they with their perukes and their puffs, their fans and
" their huffs, as much pages of pride and waiters upon vanity?"

They make no more of killing one another,
Than you sell pins.'
Mrs. Flowerdew. Or you sell feathers, brother;
But are they not hang'd for't?
Bird. Law grows partial,
And finds it but chance-medley: and their comedies
Will abuse you, or me, or any body.
We cannot put our monies to increase
By lawful usury, nor break in quiet,
Nor put off our false wares, nor keep our wives
Finer than others, but our ghosts must walk
Upon their stages.
Mrs. Flowerdew. Is not this flat conjuring,
To make our ghosts to walk ere we be dead?
Bird. That's nothing, Mrs. Flowerdew: they will play
The knave, the fool, the devil and all, for money.
Mrs. Flowerdew. Impiety! O that men endu'd with reason
Should have no more grace in them!
Bird. Be there not other
Vocations, as thriving, and more honest?
Bailiffs, promoters, jailors, and apparators,[2]
Beadles, and martials-men, the needful instruments
Of the republic; but to make themselves
Such monsters! for they are monsters, th'are monsters;
Base, sinful, shameless, ugly, vile, deform'd,
Pernicious monsters.
Mrs. Flowerdew. I have heard our vicar
Call play-houses the colleges of transgression,
Wherein the seven deadly sins are studied.
Bird. Why then the city will, in time, be made
An university of iniquity.
We dwell by Black-Friars college, where I wonder
How that profane nest of pernicious birds
Dare roost themselves there in the midst of us,

[2] *Apparator.*] "A serjeant, beadle, or sumner; but most commonly used for an inferior officer, that summon'd in delinquents to a spiritual court." *Blount's Glossographia.*

So many good and well-disposed persons.
O impudence!

Mrs. Flowerdew. It was a zealous prayer
I heard a brother make, concerning play-houses.

Bird. For charity, what is't?

Mrs. Flowerdew. That the Globe,[3]
Wherein (quoth he) reigns a whole world of vice,
Had been consum'd: the Phœnix burnt to ashes:
The Fortune whipt for a blind whore: Black-Friars,
He wonders how it 'scap'd demolishing
I' th' time of reformation: Lastly, he wish'd
The Bull might cross the Thames to the Bear-garden,
And there be soundly baited.

Bird. A good prayer.

Mrs. Flowerdew. Indeed it something pricks my conscience,
I come to sell 'em pins and looking-glasses.

Bird. I have their custom too for all their feathers:
'Tis fit that we, which are sincere professors,
Should gain by infidels.

SCENE II.

Enter ROSCIUS, *a Player.*

Bird. Mr. Roscius, we have brought the things you spake for.

Roscius. Why, 'tis well.

Mrs. Flowerdew. Pray, sir, what serve they for?

[3] *That the Globe*, &c.] These were the names of several playhouses then in being: the Globe was situate on the Bank-side, and was the same house for which a licence was granted in 1603 to Shakspeare and others, to enable them to perform there. The Phœnix stood in Drury-Lane. The Fortune was near Whitecross-Street, and had belonged to the celebrated Edward Alleyn, who rebuilt it. Black-Friars probably had the *same* proprietors as The Globe; and the Red Bull was at the upper end of St. John's Street. The Bear-Garden, or, as it is as often called, *Paris-Garden*, was near the Globe playhouse, as may be seen in the South View of London, taken in 1599. It there appears to have been an octagon building, with a flag flying at the top of it, in the same manner as at the playhouses. On the sale of the Church lands, January 14th, 1647, it produced 1783*l.* 15*s.*

Roscius. We use them in our play.
Bird. Are you a player?
Roscius. I am, sir: what of that?
Bird. And is it lawful?
Good sister, let's convert him. Will you use
So fond a calling?
Mrs. Flowerdew. And so impious?
Bird. So irreligious?
Mrs. Flowerdew. So unwarrantable?
Bird. Only to gain by vice?
Mrs. Flowerdew. To live by sin!
Roscius. My spleen is up. And live not you by sin?
Take away vanity, and you both may break.
What serves your lawful trade of selling pins,
But to joint gew-gaws, and to knit together
Gorgets, strips, neck-cloths, laces, ribbands, ruffs,
And many other such-like toys as these,
To make the baby pride a pretty puppet?
And you, sweet feather-man, whose ware, tho' light,
O'erweighs your conscience, what serves your trade,
But to plume folly, to give pride her wings,
To deck vain-glory? spoiling the peacock's tail
T' adorn an idiot's coxcomb! O, dull ignorance!
How ill 'tis understood what we do mean
For good and honest! They abuse our scene,
And say we live by vice. Indeed, 'tis true,
As the physicians by diseases do,
Only to cure them. They do live, we see,
Like cooks, by pamp'ring prodigality,
Which are our fond accusers: On the stage
We set an usurer to tell this age
How ugly looks his soul: a prodigal
Is taught by us how far from liberal
His folly bears him. Boldly, I dare say,
There has been more by us in some one play
Laugh'd into wit and virtue, than hath been
By twenty tedious lectures drawn from sin
And foppish humours: hence the cause doth rise,
Men are not won by th' ears so well as eyes.
First see what we present.

Mrs. Flowerdew. The sight is able
To unsanctify our eyes, and make them carnal.
Roscius. Will you condemn without examination?
Bird. No, sister; let us call up all our zeal,
And try the strength of this temptation.
Satan shall see we dare defy his engines.
Mrs. Flowerdew. I am content.
Roscius. Then take your places here: I will come to you,
And moralize the plot.
Mrs. Flowerdew. That moralizing
I do approve; it may be for instruction.

SCENE III.

Enter a DEFORM'D FELLOW.

Deform'd Fellow. Roscius, I hear you have a new play to-day.
Roscius. We want not you to play, Mephostopholis.[4]
A pretty natural vizard.
Deform'd Fellow. What have you there?
Roscius. A looking-glass, or two.
Deform'd Fellow. What things are they?
Pray, let me see them. Heaven, what sights are here!
I have seen a devil. Looking-glasses call you them!
There is no basilisk, but a looking-glass.
Roscius. 'Tis your own face you saw.
Deform'd Fellow. My own? thou liest:
I'd not be such a monster for the world.
Roscius. Look on it now with me: What see'st thou now?
Deform'd Fellow. An angel and a devil.
Roscius. Look on that
Thou call'dst an angel; mark it well, and tell me
Is it not like my face?
Deform'd Fellow. As 'twere the same.

[4] *Mephostopholis.*] The familiar attending Dr. Faustus, in the old play of that name, by Christopher Marlow.
This reply by Roscius shews the figure of the person that presented Mephostopholis. O. G.

Roscius. Why so is that like thine. Dost thou not see,
'Tis not the glass, but thy deformity,
That makes this ugly shape: if they be fair,
That view the glass, such the reflections are.
This serves the body: the soul sees her face
In comedy, and has no other glass.

Deform'd Fellow. Nay then, farewel; for I had rather see
Hell, than a looking-glass, or comedy.

[*Exit Deform'd Fellow.*

Roscius. And yet, methinks, if 'twere not for this glass,
Wherein the form of man beholds his grace,
We could not find another way to see
How near our shapes approach divinity.
Ladies, let they who will your glass deride,
And say it is an instrument of pride:
I will commend you for it; there you see,
If you be fair, how truly fair you be:
Where, finding beauteous faces, I do know
You'll have the greater care to keep them so.
A heavenly vision in your beauty lies,
Which nature hath denied to your own eyes.
Were it not pity you alone should be
Debarr'd of that, others are bless'd to see?
Then take your glasses, and yourselves enjoy
The benefit of yourselves: it is no toy,
Though ignorance at slight esteem hath set her,
That will preserve us good, or make us better.
A country-slut, (for such she was, though here
I' th' city may be some, as well as there)
Kept her hands clean, (for, those being always seen,
Had told her else how sluttish she had been)
But had her face as nasty as the stall
Of a fishmonger, or an usurer's hall
Daub'd o'er with dirt: one might have dar'd to say
She was a true piece of Promethean clay,
Not yet inform'd; and then her unkemb'd hair,
Dress'd up with cobwebs, made her hag-like stare.

One day within her pail (for country lasses,
Fair ladies, have no other looking-glasses)
She spy'd her ugliness, and fain she would
Have blush'd, if thorough so much dirt she could.
Asham'd, within that water, that, I say,
Which shew'd her filth, she wash'd her filth away.
So comedies, as poets do intend them,
Serve first to shew our faults, and then to mend them.
Upon our stage two glasses oft there be;
The comic mirror, and the tragedy:
The comic glass is full of merry strife,
The low reflection of a country life.
Grave tragedy, void of such homely sports,
Is the sad glass of cities and of courts.
I'll shew you both: Thalia, come; and bring
Thy buskin'd sister, that of blood doth sing.

SCENE IV.

COMEDY, TRAGEDY, MIME, SATIRE.

Comedy. Why do you stop? go on.
Tragedy. I charge him stay.
My robe of state, buskins, and crown of gold,
Claim a priority.
Comedy. Your crown of gold
Is but the wreath of wealth; 'tis mine of laurel
Is virtue's diadem. This grew green and flourish'd,
When nature, pitying poor mortality,
Hid thine within the bowels of the earth.
Men looking up to heaven found this that's mine,
Digging to find out hell they lit on thine.
Tragedy. I know you've tongue enough.
Comedy. Besides, my birth-right
Gives me the first possession.
Tragedy. How, your birth-right?
Comedy. Yes, sister, birth-right; and a crown besides,
Put on before the altar of Apollo,
By his dear priest Phemonoe[5]; she that first,

[5] *Phemonoe.*] One of the sylphs who first uttered oracles at Del-

Full of her god, rag'd in heroic numbers.
Tragedy. How came it, then, the magistrate decreed
A public charge to furnish out my chorus,
When you were fain t' appear in rags and tatters,
And at your own expences?
Comedy. My reward
Came after; my deserts went before yours.
Tragedy. Deserts? yes! what deserts? when like a gypsy
You took a poor and beggarly pilgrimage
From village unto village; when I then,
As a fit ceremony of religion,
In my full state contended at the tomb
Of mighty Theseus.
Comedy. I before that time,
Did chaunt out hymns in praise of great Apollo;
The shepherds' deity, whom they reverence
Under the name of Nomius[6]; in remembrance,
How with them once he kept Admetus' sheep.
And, 'cause you urge my poverty, what were you?
'Till Sophocles laid gilt upon your buskins,
You had no ornaments, no robes of state,
No rich and glorious scene. Your first benefactors
Who were they, but the reeling priests of Bacchus;
For which a goat gave you reward and name?
Tragedy. But, sister, who were yours, I pray, but such
As chaunted forth religious, bawdy sonnets,
In honour of the fine chaste god Priapus?
Comedy. Let age alone; merit must plead our title.
Tragedy. And have you then the forehead to contend?
I stalk in princes' courts: great kings and emperors,
From their close cabinets, and council-tables,

phos, and invented heroic measure. So in the *Sylvæ* of *Statius*, l. 2. v. 38.

"—— reseretque arcana pudicos
"*Phemonoe* fontes" S.

[6] *Under the name of Nomius.*] Apollo was so called (from νομεὺς, pastor) while he kept the flocks of Admetus, in Thessaly. S.

Yield me the fatal matter of my scene.
Comedy. Inferior persons and the lighter vanities,
(Of which this age I fear is grown too fruitful)
Yield subjects various enough to move
Plentiful laughter.
Tragedy. Laughter! a fit object
For poetry to aim at.
Comedy. Yes, laughter is my object: 'tis a property
In man essential to his reason.
Tragedy. So;
But I move horror, and that frights the guilty
From his dear sins. He that sees Œdipus
Incestuous, shall behold him blind withal.
Who views Orestes as a parricide,
Shall see him lash'd with furies too: the ambitious
Shall fear Prometheus' vulture; daring gluttony
Stand frighted at the sight of Tantalus;
And every family, great in sins as blood,
Shake at the memory of Pelop's house.
Who will rely on Fortune's giddy smile,
That hath seen Priam acted on the stage?
Comedy. You move with fear; I work as much with shame;
A thing more powerful in a generous breast.
Who sees an eating parasite abus'd;
A covetous bawd laugh'd at; an ignorant gull
Cheated; a glorious soldier knock'd and bafflʼd[7]:

[7] *Knock'd and bafflʼd.*] "*Bafulling,*" says Holinshed, as quoted by Mr. Tollet, in his note on *King Richard II.* A. 1. S. 1. "is a "great disgrace among the Scots; and it is used when a man is "openlie perjured; and then they make of him an image painted, "reversed, with his heels upward, with his name woondering, "crieing and blowing out of him with horns." Spenser's *Fairy Queen,* B. 5. C. 3. S. 37. and B. 6. C. 7. S. 27. has the word in the same signification. See also Mr. *Steevens's* note on the same passage.

This is very true but nothing to the purpose. "Knocked and "baffled" here means *beaten and disgraced.* The allusion is, I believe, more immediately to the *miles gloriosus* of Plautus. In Randolph's Aristippus, the Wild man enters with two brewers, when the former says: there they be: now for the valour of brewers, *knock 'em* soundly. They then fall on and the stage direction informs us, *they beat out Aristippus and the scholars.* O. G.

A crafty servant whipp'd; a niggard churl
Hoarding up dicing-monies for his son;
A spruce fantastic courtier, a mad roarer,
A jealous tradesman, an o'er-weening lady,
Or corrupt lawyer, rightly personated;
But (if he have a blush) will blush, and shame
As well to act those follies as to own them.

Tragedy. The subject of my scene is in the persons
Greater, as in the vices: atheists, tyrants,
O'er-daring favourites, traitors, parasites,
The wolves and cats of state, which in a language
High as the men, and loud as are their crimes,
I thunder forth with terror and amazement
Unto the ghastly wondering audience.

Satire. And, as my lady takes deserved place
Of thy light mistress, so yield thou to me,
Fantastic Mime.

Mime. Fond Satire, why to thee?

Satire. As the attendant of the nobler dame,
And of myself more worthy

Mime. How more worthy?

Satire. As one whose whip of steel can with a lash
Imprint the characters of shame so deep,
Even in the brazen forehead of proud sin,
That not eternity shall wear it out.
When I but frown'd in my Lucilius' brow[8],
Each conscious cheek grew red, and a cold trembling
Freez'd the chill soul; while every guilty breast
Stood fearful of dissection, as afraid
To be anatomiz'd by that skilful hand,
And have each artery, nerve, and vein of sin,
By it laid open to the public scorn.
I have untruss'd the proudest: greatest tyrants
Have quak'd below my powerful whip, half dead
With expectation of the smarting jerk,
Whose wound no salve can cure. Each blow doth leave

[8] *My Lucilius' brow.*] *i. e.* Brow like that of the Roman satirist: "Sedulit *Lucilius* urbem." *Persius*, Sat. 1. L. 114. S. Dryden says, "*Lucilius* wrote long before Horace; who imitates "his manner of satire, but far excells him in the design."

A lasting scar, that with a poison eats
Into the marrow of their fames and lives;
Th' eternal ulcer to their memories!
What can your apish fine gesticulations,
My manlike-monkey Mime, vie down to this[9]?

Mime. When men through sins were grown unlike the gods,
Apes grew to be like men; therefore, I think,
My apish imitation, brother beadle,
Does as good service to reform bad manners,
As your proud whip, with all his firks and jerks.
The Spartans, when they strove t' express the loathsomeness
Of drunkenness to their children, brought a slave,
Some captive Helot, overcharg'd with wine,
Reeling in thus:—his eyes shot out with staring;
A fire in his nose; a burning redness
Blazing in either cheek; his hair upright;
His tongue and senses falt'ring, and his stomach
O'erburden'd, ready to discharge her load
In each man's face he met. This made 'em see
And hate that sin of swine, and not of men.
Would I express a complimental youth,
That thinks himself a spruce and expert courtier,
Bending his supple hams, kissing his hands,
Honouring shoe-strings, screwing his writh'd face
To all the several postures of affection,
Dancing an entertainment to his friend,
Who would not think it a ridiculous motion?[10]
Yet such there be, that very much please themselves
In such-like antic humours. To our own sins
We will be moles, even to the grossest of 'em;
But in another's life, we can spy forth
The least of faults, with eyes as sharp as eagles,[11]

[9] *Vie down to this.*] To *vie*, is a term used at the game of Gleek.

[10] *Motion.*] *i. e.* Puppet. See note 4 to *The Antiquary*, vol. X.

[11] ——— *as sharp as eagles,*
Or the Epidaurian serpent.]
"——— tam cernis acutum,
Quam aut *Aquila*, aut *serpens Epidaurius.*"
Horace, Sat. Lib. 1. 3. S.

Or the Epidaurian serpent. Now in me,
Where self-love casts not her Egyptian mists,
They find this misbecoming foppishness,
And afterwards apply it to themselves.
This (Satire) is the use of Mimic elves.
Tragedy. Sister, let's lay this poor contention by,
And friendly live together: if one womb
Could hold us both, why should we think this room
Too narrow to contain us? On this stage
We'll plead a trial; and in one year, contend
Which shall do best: that past, she then, that shall,
By the most sacred and impartial judgment
Of our Apollo, best deserve the bays,
Shall hold th' entire possession of the place.
Comedy. I were unworthy, if I should
Appeal from this tribunal: be it so.
I doubt not but his censure runs with me.
Never may any thing that's sad and tragical
Dare to approach his presence: let him be
So happy as to think no man is wretched,
Or that there is a thing call'd misery.
Tragedy. Such is my prayer; that he may only see,
Not be the subject of a tragedy!
Sister, a truce till then. That vice may bleed,
Let us join whips together.
Comedy. 'Tis agreed.
Mime. Let it be your office to prepare
The masque which we intended.
Satire. 'Tis my care. [*Exeunt.*
Mrs. Flowerdew. How did she say? a mass? Brother, fly hence!
Fly hence, idolatry will overtake us.
Roscius. It was a masque she spake of; a rude dance
Presented by the seven deadly sins.
Bird. Still 'tis a mass, sister! Away, I tell you;
It is a mass; a mass of vile idolatry!
Roscius. 'Tis but a simple dance, brought in to shew
The native foulness and deformity
Of our dear sin; and what an ugly guest
He entertains, admits him to his breast.

SONG *and* DANCE.*

Say in a dance how shall we go,
That never could a measure know?
How shall we sing to please the scene,
That never yet could keep a mean?[12]
Disorder is the masque we bring,
And discords are the tunes we sing.
No sound in our harsh ears can find a place,
But highest trebles, or the lowest bass.

Mrs. Flowerdew. See, brother, if men's hearts and consciences
Had not been sear'd and cauteriz'd, how could they
Affect these filthy harbingers of hell?
These proctors of Belzebub, Lucifer's hench-boys![13]

Roscius. I pray ye stir† yourselves within, a while.

[*Exeunt.*

ROSCIUS *solus.*

And here——unless your favourable mildness,
With hope of mercy do encourage us,
Our author bids us end. He dares not venture,

* By the Seven Deadly Sins. O. G.

[12] *Keep a mean.*] *i. e.* Tenor. S.

[13] *Hench-boys.*] Very improperly altered by Mr. Dodsley, to *link-boys*, in the last edition. Blount says, that a *henchman*, or *heinsman* "is a German word, signifying a domestic, or one of a family. It is used with us for one that runs on foot, attending on a person of honour." He also observes, that "from hence comes our word *hine* or *hinde*, a servant for husbandry."

Henchmen are mentioned in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1616. Sign. B 4.

"hee whose phrases are as neatly deckt as my Lord Mayor's *hensmen*."

They are also excepted out of the stat. 4 Edward IV. c. 5 concerning excess of apparel:—"Provided also, that *henchmen*, heralds, pursuivants, sword-bearers to mayors, messengers, and minstrels, nor none of them, nor players in their interludes, shall not be comprised within this statute." A like exception 24 Henry VIII. c. 13. See also the notes of Mr. Steevens and Mr. Tyrwhit, to *Midsummer Night's Dream*, A. 2. S. 2.

See Hackluyt, 1589, p. 270. I. R.

† Qy. if we ought not to read *'stow* or *bestow* "yourselves within a while." C.

Neither what's past, nor that which is to come,
Upon his country; 'tis so weak and impotent,
It cannot stand a trial; nor dares hope
The benefit of his clergy: but, if rigour
Sit judge, must of necessity be condemn'd
To Vulcan or the spunge. All he can plead
Is a desire of pardon; for he brings you
No plot at all, but a mere Olla Podrida,[14]
A medley of ill-plac'd, and worse penn'd humours.
His desire was, in single scenes, to shew
How comedy presents each single vice
Ridiculous; whose number, as their character,
He borrows from the man to whom he owes
All the poor skill he has, great Aristotle.
Now, if you can endure to hear the rest,
You're welcome: if you cannot, do but tell
Your meaning by some sign, and—all farewell.
If you will stay, resolve to pardon first;
Our author will deserve it by offending.
Yet if he miss a pardon, (as in justice
You cannot grant it, though your mercy may,)
Still he hath this left for a comfort to him;
That he picks forth a subject of his rhime,
May lose perchance his credit, not his time. [*Exit.*

[14] *Olla Podrida.*] "Olla Podrida properly consists of beef, mutton, bacon, hogs-feet, pullet, partridge, black-puddings, sausages, *garvancos*, a sort of Spanish pease, turkies, and cabbage; all very well boiled, or rather stewed together, and duly season'd with salt and spice." *Stevens's Spanish Dictionary.*—Howell, in his Letters, adds other ingredients. p. 229, ed. 1754, recommending a cook, he says, "He will tell your ladyship, that the reverend matron the *Olla Podrida*, hath intellectuals and senses; mutton, beef, and bacon, are to her as the will, understanding, and memory are to the soul; cabbage, turneps, artichokes, potatoes, and dates, are her five senses, and pepper, the common sense: she must have marrow to keep life in her, and some birds to make her light; by all means she must go adorned with chains of sausages."

ACT II. SCENE I.

ROSCIUS, BIRD, *Mrs.* FLOWERDEW.

Roscius. *Receive your places. The first that we present are the extremes of a virtue, necessary in our conversation, call'd Comitas or courtesy, which, as all other virtues, hath her deviations from the mean. The one Colax, that to seem over-courteous, falls into a servile flattery; the other, (as fools fall into the contraries which they shun) is Dyscolus, who, hating to be a slavish parasite, grows into peevishness and impertinent distaste.*

Mrs. Flowerdew. I thought you taught two vices for one virtue.

Roscius. So does philosophy: but the actors enter.

COLAX, DYSCOLUS.

Colax. How far they sin against humanity
That use you thus! believe me, 'tis a symptom
Of barbarism, and rudeness, so to vex
A gentle, modest nature as yours is.

Dyscolus. Why dost thou vex me then?

Colax. I? Heaven defend!
My breeding has been better; I vex you!
You that I know so virtuous, just, and wise,
So pious and religious, so admir'd,
So lov'd of all?

Dyscolus. Wilt thou not leave me then,
Eternal torture? could your cruelty find
No back but mine that you thought broad enough
To bear the load of all these epithets?
Pious? religious? he takes me for a fool.
Virtuous? and just? sir, did I ever cheat you,
Cozen, or gull you, that you call me just,
And virtuous? I am grown the common scoff
Of all the world; the scoff of all the world!

Colax. The world is grown too vile then.

Dyscolus. So art thou.
Heaven! I am turn'd ridiculous.

Colax. You ridiculous?
But 'tis an impious age: there was a time,

(And pity 'tis so good a time had wings
To fly away,) when reverence was paid
To a grey head; 'twas held a sacrilege[15]
Not expiable, to deny respect
To one, sir, of your years and gravity.
Dyscolus. My years and gravity! why, how old am I?
I am not rotten yet, or grown so rank
As I should smell o' th' grave. O times and manners!
Well, Colax, well; go on: you may abuse me,
Poor dust and ashes, worm's meat. Years and gravity
He takes me for a carcase! what see you
So crazy in me? I have half my teeth:
I see with spectacles, do I not? and can walk too,
With the benefit of my staff: mark, if I cannot!—
But you, sir, at your pleasure, with years and gravity
Think me decrepid.
Colax. How? decrepid, sir!
I see young roses bud within your cheeks;
And a quick active blood run free and fresh
Thorough your veins.
Dyscolus. I am turn'd boy again!
A very stripling school-boy! have I not
The itch and kibes? am I not scabb'd and mangy
About the wrists and hams?
Colax. Still, Dyscolus,——
Dyscolus. Dyscolus! and why Dyscolus? when were we
Grown so familiar? Dyscolus! by my name?
Sure we are Pylades and Orestes! are we not?
Speak, good Pylades.
Colax. Nay, worthy sir,
Pardon my error, 'twas without intent
Of an offence. I'll find some other name
To call you by——
Dyscolus. What do you mean to call me?

[15] --- *'twas held a sacrilege*, &c.]
"Credebant tum grande nefas, et morte piandum,
"Si juvenis vetulo non assurrexerat." *Juv.* Sat. 13. v. 54. S.

Fool, ass, or knave? my name is not so bad,
As that I am asham'd on't.
Colax. Still you take all worse than it was meant,
You are too jealous.
Dyscolus. Jealous? I ha' not cause for't, my wife's honest.
Dost see my horns? Dost? if thou doest,
Write cuckold in my forehead; do, write cuckold
With aqua-fortis, do. Jealous! I am jealous---
Free of the company! wife, I am jealous.
Colax. I mean suspicious.
Dyscolus. How! suspicious?
For what? for treason, felony, or murder?
Carry me to the justice: bind me over
For a suspicious person: hang me too
For a suspicious person! oh, oh, oh,
Some courteous plague seize me, and free my soul
From this immortal torment! every thing
I meet with is vexation; and this, this
Is the vexation of vexations;
The hell of hells, and devil of all devils!
Mrs. Flowerdew. For pity's sake, fret not the good old gentleman.
Dyscolus. O! have I not yet torments great enough,
But you must add to my affliction?
Eternal silence seize you!
Colax. Sir, we strive
To please you, but you still misconstrue us.
Dyscolus. I must be pleas'd? a very babe, an infant!
I must be pleas'd? give me some pap, or plums;
Buy me a rattle, or a hobby-horse,
To still me, do! Be pleas'd? wouldst have me get
A parasite, to be flatter'd?
Colax. How? a parasite?
A cogging, flattering, slavish parasite?
Things I abhor and hate. 'Tis not the belly
Shall make my brains a captive. Flatterers!
Souls, below reason, will not stoop so low
As to give up their liberty; only flatterers
Move by another's wheel. They have no passions

Free to themselves: all their affections,
Qualities, humours, appetites, desires,
Nay wishes, vows and prayers, discourse and thoughts,
Are but another's bondman. Let me tug
At the Turks' gallies; be eternally
Damn'd to a quarry: In this state my mind
Is free: a flatterer has nor soul nor body.
What shall I say?—No, I applaud your temper,
That in a generous braveness takes distaste
At such, whose servile nature strives to please you.
'Tis royal in you, sir.

Dyscolus. Ha! what's that?

Colax. A feather stuck upon your cloak.

Dyscolus. A feather!

And what have you to do with my feathers?
Why should you hinder me from telling the world
I do not lie on flock-beds?

Colax. Pray be pleas'd;
I brush'd it off for mere respect I bear you.

Dyscolus. Respect! a fine respect, sir, is it not,
To make the world believe I nourish vermin?
O death, death, death! if that our graves hatch worms
Without tongues to torment us, let 'em have
What teeth they will. I meet not here an object,
But adds to my affliction! Sure I am not
A man; I could not then be so ridiculous:
My ears are overgrown, I am an ass;
It is my ears they gaze at. What strange Harpy,
Centaur, or Gorgon am I turn'd into?
What Circe wrought my metamorphosis?
If I be a beast, she might have made me a lion,
Or something not ridiculous! O Acteon,
If I do branch like thee, it is my fortune!
Why look they on me else? There is within
A glass, they say, that has strange qualities in it;
That shall resolve me. I will in, to see
Whether or no I man or monster be. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

To them DEILUS, APHOBUS.

Bird. Who be these? they look like Presumption and Despair.

Roscius. And such they are. That is *Aphobus, one that out of an impious confidence fears nothing: the other Deilus, that from an atheistica distrust, shakes at the motion of a reed. These are the extremes of Fortitude, that steers an even course between overmuch daring, and overmuch fearing.*

Mrs. Flowerdew. Why stays this reprobate Colax?

Roscius. Any vice
Yields work for flattery.

Mrs. Flowerdew. A good doctrine, mark it.

Deilus. Is it possible? did you not fear it, say you?
To me the mere relation is an ague.
Good Aphobus, no more such terrible stories;
I would not for a world lie alone to-night.
I shall have such strange dreams!

Aphobus. What can there be
That I should fear? The Gods? If they be good,
'Tis sin to fear them; if not good, no gods;
And then let them fear me. Or are they devils
That must affright me?

Deilus. Devils! where, good Aphobus?
I thought there was some conjuring abroad,
'Tis such a terrible wind! O here it is;
Now it is here again! O still, still, still!

Aphobus. What is the matter?

Deilus. Still it follows me!
The thing in black; behind, soon as the sun
But shines, it haunts me. Gentle spirit, leave me!
Cannot you lay him, Aphobus? what an ugly look it has!
With eyes as big as saucers, nostrils wider
Than barbers' basins!

Aphobus. It is nothing, Deilus,
But your weak fancy, that from every object
Draws arguments of fear. This terrible black thing—

Deilus. Where is it, Aphobus?
Aphobus. ---Is but your shadow, Deilus.
Deilus. And should we not fear shadows?
Aphobus. No! why should we?
Deilus. Who knows but they come leering after us,
To steal away the substance? Watch him, Aphobus.
Aphobus. I nothing fear.
Colax. I do commend your valour,
That fixes your great soul fast as a centre,
Not to be mov'd with dangers: let slight cock-boats
Be shaken with a wave, while you stand firm
Like an undaunted rock; whose constant hardness
Rebeats the fury of the raging sea,
Dashing it into froth. Base fear doth argue
A low degenerate soul.[16]
Deilus. Now, I fear every thing.
Colax. 'Tis your discretion: every thing has danger,
And therefore every thing is to be fear'd.
I do applaud this wisdom: 'tis a symptom
Of wary providence. His too confident rashness
Argues a stupid ignorance in the soul,
A blind and senseless judgment. Give me Fear
To man the fort, 'tis such a circumspect
And wary sentinel---
Mrs. Flowerdew. Now shame take thee, for
A lukewarm formalist.
Colax. ---But daring Valour,
Uncapable of danger, sleeps securely,
And leaves an open entrance to his enemies.
Deilus. What, are they landed?
Aphobus. Who?
Deilus. The enemies
That Colax talks of.
Aphobus. If they be, I care not;
Though they be giants all, and arm'd with thunder.
Deilus. Why, do you not fear thunder?
Aphobus. Thunder? no!

[16] ——— *Base fear doth argue*
A low degenerate soul.]
Degeneres animos timor *arguit.* *Virg.* Æn. iv. 13. S.

No more than squibs and crackers.
Deilus. Squibs and crackers?
I hope there be none here. 'Slid, squibs and crackers!
The mere epitomes of the gunpowder-treason,
Faux in a lesser volume.
Aphobus. Let fools gaze
At bearded stars, it is all one to me,
As if they had been shav'd---thus, thus would I
Out-beard a meteor! for I might as well
Name it a prodigy when my candle blazes.
Deilus. Is there a comet say you? nay, I saw it:
It reach'd from Paul's to Charing, and portends
Some certain imminent danger* to th' inhabitants
'Twixt those two places. I'll go get a lodging
Out of its influence.
Colax. Will that serve?---I fear
It threatens general ruin to the kingdom.
Deilus. I'll to some other country.
Colax. There's danger to cross the seas.
Deilus. Is there no way, good Colax,
To cross the sea by land? O the situation!
The horrible situation of an island!
Colax. You, sir, are far above such frivolous thoughts:
You fear not death.
Aphobus. Not I.
Colax. Not sudden death?
Aphobus. No more than sudden sleeps: sir, I dare die.
Deilus. I dare not; death to me is terrible.
I will not die.
Aphobus. How can you, sir, prevent it?
Deilus. Why,—I will kill myself.
Colax. A valiant course;
And the right way to prevent death indeed!
Your spirit is true Roman!—But your's greater,
That fear not death, nor yet the manner of it
Should heaven fall—

* The old copies read "*eminent* danger," but it is an obvious misprint. C.

Aphobus. Why then we should have larks[17].
Deilus. I shall never eat larks again while I breathe.
Colax. Or should the earth yawn like a sepulchre,
And with an open throat swallow you quick—
Aphobus. 'Twould save me the expences of a grave.
Deilus. I'd rather trouble my executors by th' half.
Aphobus. Cannons to me are pot-guns.
Deilus. Pot-guns to me
Are cannons: the report will strike me dead.
Aphobus. A rapier's but a bodkin.
Deilus. And a bodkin
Is a most dangerous weapon: since I read
Of Julius Cæsar's death, I durst not venture
Into a tailor's shop, for fear of bodkins[18].
Aphobus. O that the valiant giants should again
Rebel against the gods, and besiege heaven,
So I might be their leader!
Colax. Had Enceladus
Been half so valiant, Jove had been his prisoner.

[17] *Why then we should have larks.*] This was proverbial. *Se rouinasse il cielo si pigliarebbon di molti uccelli.* Ital. *Si le ciel tomboiles cailles seroyent prinses.* Gall. *Ray's Proverbs*, p. 157. edit. 1742.

[18] ——— *since I read*
Of Julius Cæsar's death, I durst not venture
Into a tailor's shop, for fear of bodkins.] A small dagger was antiently stiled *a bodkin.*

The Serpent of Division, prefixed to some editions of *Gorboduc*, 1590.

"And the cheef woorker of this murder was Brutus Cassius, "associed with two hundreth and sixtye of the senate: all having "*bodkins* in their sleeves: and, as it is written in stories, he had "twentye fower deadly woundes as he sat in the Capitall."

Ibid.

"With *bodkins* was Cæsar Julius
"Murdred at Rome of Brutus Cassius,
"When many a region he had brought full lowe.
"Lo: who may trust Fortune any throw?"

Euphues, 1581. p. 46.

"Asiarchus, forsaking companie, spoiled himselfe with his owne "*bodkin.*"

Euphues and his England, 1582. p. 10.

"And in this you turne the point of your owne *bodkin* into your "own bosome."

See also Mr. Steevens's note on *Hamlet*, A. 3. S. 1.

Aphobus. Why should we think there be such things as dangers?
Scylla, Charybdis, Python, are but fables;
Medea's bull and dragon very tales;
Sea-monsters, serpents, all poetical figments;
Nay Hell itself, and Acheron, mere inventions.
Or were they true, as they are false, should I be
So timorous as to fear these bug-bear Harpies,
Medusas, Centaurs, Gorgons?

Deilus. O, good Aphobus,
Leave conjuring, or take me into the circle!
What shall I do, good Colax?

Colax. Sir, walk in:
There is, they say, a looking-glass; a strange one,
Of admirable virtues, that will render you
Free from enchantments.

Deilus. How! a looking-glass?
Do'st think I can endure it? Why, there lies
A man within't in ambush to entrap me:
I did but lift my hand up, and he presently
Catch'd at it.

Colax. 'Twas the shadow, sir, of yourself;
Trust me, a mere reflection.

Deilus. I will trust thee. [*Exit.*

Aphobus. What glass is that?

Colax. A trick to fright the idiot
Out of his wits: a glass so full of dread,
Rendering unto the eye such horrid spectacles,
As would amaze even you. Sir, I do think
Your optic nerves would shrink in the beholding.
This if your eye endure, I will confess you
The prince of eagles.

Aphobus. Look to it, eyes! if you refuse this sight,
My nails shall damn you to eternal night. [*Exit.*

Colax. Seeing no hope of gain, I pack them hence:
Tis gold gives flattery all her eloquence.

SCENE III.

ACOLASTUS. ANAISTHETUS.

Roscius. *Temperance is the mediocrity of enjoying pleasures when they are present, and a moderate desire of them, being absent; and these are the extremes of that virtue. Acolastus, a voluptuous epicure, that out of an immoderate and untam'd desire, seeks after all pleasures promiscuously, without respect of honest or lawful. The other, Anaisthetus, a mere Anchorite, that delights in nothing, not in those legitimate recreations allow'd of by God and nature.*

Acolastus. O now for an eternity of eating!
Fool was he that wish'd but a crane's short neck;
Give me one, Nature, long as is a cable,
Or sounding-line; and all the way a palate,
To taste my meat the longer. I would have
My senses feast together: Nature envied us
In giving single pleasures; let me have
My ears, eyes, palate, nose, and touch, at once
Enjoy their happiness. Lay me in a bed
Made of a summer's cloud; to my embraces
Give me a Venus hardly yet fifteen,
Fresh, plump, and active; she that Mars enjoy'd
Is grown too stale: and then, at the same instant
My touch is pleas'd, I would delight my sight
With pictures of Diana, and her nymphs,
Naked and bathing, drawn by some Apelles:
By them some of our fairest virgins stand,
That I may see whether 'tis art or nature
Which heightens most my blood and appetite.
Nor cease I here: give me the seven orbs
To charm my ears with their celestial lutes;
To which the angels, that do move those spheres,
Shall sing some amorous ditty. Nor yet here
Fix I my bounds: the sun himself shall fire
The phœnix' nest, to make me a perfume,
While I do eat the bird, and eternally
Quaff of eternal nectar. These, single, are

But torments; but together, O together!
Each is a paradise! Having got such objects
To please the senses, give me senses too
Fit to receive those objects: give me therefore
An eagle's eye, a blood-hound's curious smell,
A stag's quick hearing; let my feeling be
As subtle as the spider's, and my taste
Sharp as a squirrel's: then I'll read the Alcoran,
And what delights that promises in future,
I'll practise in the present.

Bird. Heathenish glutton!

Mrs. Flowerdew. Base belly-god! licentious libertine!

Anaisthetus. And I do think there is no pleasure at all,
But in contemning pleasures. Happy Niobe,
And blessed Daphne, and all such as are
Turn'd stocks and stones! would I were laurel too,
Or marble; I, or any thing insensible!
It is a toil for me to eat or drink,
Only for nature's satisfaction;
Would I could live without it. To my ear
Music is but a mandrake:[19] to my smell,
Nard scents of rue and wormwood; and I taste
Nectar with as much loathing, and distaste,
As gall or aloes, or my doctor's potion.
My eye can meet no object but I hate it.

Acolastus. Come, brother Stoic, be not so melancholy.

Anaisthetus. Be not so foolish, brother Epicure.

Acolastus. Come, we'll go and see a comedy, that will raise
Thy heavy spirits up.

Anaisthetus. A comedy?
Sure I delight much in those toys: I can

[19] ——— *To my ear*
Music is but a mandrake.] The shriek supposed to be given by the *mandrake* when torn out of the earth was esteemed fatal to those who heard it.
See note 15 to *Microcosmus*, in the present volume.

With as much patience hear the mariners
Chide in a storm.[20]
Acolastus. Then let's go drink a while.
Anaisthetus. 'Tis too much labour. Happy Tantalus,
That never drinks.
Acolastus. A little venery
Shall recreate thy soul.
Anaisthetus. Yes, like an itch,
For 'tis no better. I could wish an heir,
But that I cannot take the pains to get one.
Acolastus. Why, marry, if your conscience be so tender
As not to do it otherwise; then 'tis lawful.
Anaisthetus. True: matrimony's nothing else, indeed,
But fornication licens'd; lawful adultery.
O heavens! how all my senses are wide sluices
To let in discontent and miseries!
How happy are the moles, that have no eyes,
How blest the adders,* that have no ears;
They never see nor hear aught that afflicts them.
But happier they that have no sense at all;
That neither see, nor hear, taste, smell, nor feel,
Any thing to torment them. Souls were given
To torture bodies: man has reason too,
To add unto the heap of his distractions.
I can see nothing without sense and motion,
But I do wish myself transform'd into it.
Colax. Sir, I commend this temperance: your arm'd soul
Is able to contemn these petty baits,
These slight temptations, which we title pleasures,
That are indeed but names. Heaven itself knows
No such-like thing: the stars nor eat nor drink,
Nor lie with one another, and you imitate

[20] *Chide in a storm.*] To chide, in this instance, does not signify to *reprehend*, but to *make a noise*. See note on *Midsummer Night's Dream*, vol. 3. p. 96. edition 1778.

* The line would run better,
"How blest the adders *are* that have no ears!" O. G.

Those glorious bodies; by which noble abstinence
You gain the name of moderate, chast(, and sober;
While this effeminate gets the infamous terms
Of glutton, drunkard, and adulterer;
Pleasures that are not man's, as man is man,
But as his nature sympathies with beasts.
You shall be the third Cato; this grave look
And rigid eye-brow, will become a censor.
But I will fit you with an object, sir,
My noble Anaisthetus, that will please you:
It is a looking-glass, wherein at once
You may see all the dismal groves and caves,
The horrid vaults, dark cells, and barren desarts,
With what in hell itself can dismal be.

Anaisthetus. That is indeed a prospect fit for me.
[Exit.

Acolastus. He cannot see a stock or stone, but presently
He wishes to be turn'd to one of those.
I have another humour: I cannot see
A fat voluptuous sow with full delight
Wallow in dirt, but I do wish myself
Transform'd into that blessed epicure:
Or, when I view the hot salacious sparrow
Renew his pleasures with fresh appetite,
I wish myself that little bird of love.

Colax. It shews you a man of soft moving clay,
Not made of flint. Nature has been bountiful
To provide pleasures, and shall we be niggards
At plenteous boards? He's a discourteous guest
That will observe a diet at a feast.
When Nature thought the earth alone too little
To find us meat, and therefore stor'd the air
With winged creatures: not contented yet,
She made the water fruitful to delight us:
Nay, I believe the other element, too,
Doth nurse some curious dainty for man's food,
If we would use the skill to catch the salamander:
Did she do this to have us eat with temperance?
Or, when she gave so many different odours

Of spices, unguents, and all sorts of flowers,
She cried not?--Stop your noses. Would she give us
So sweet a choir of wing'd musicians
To have us deaf? Or, when she plac'd us here,
Here in a paradise, where such pleasing prospects,
So many ravishing colours entice the eye,
Was it to have us wink? When she bestow'd
So powerful faces, such commanding beauties,
On many glorious nymphs, was it to say
Be chaste and continent? Not to enjoy
All pleasures, and at full, were to make Nature
Guilty of that she ne'er was guilty of,
A vanity in her works.

Acolastus. A learned lecture!
'Tis fit such grave and solid arguments
Have their reward. Here---half of my estate
T' invent a pleasure never tasted yet,
That I may be the first shall make it stale.

Colax. Within, sir, is a glass, that by reflection
Doth shew the image of all sorts of pleasures
That ever yet were acted; more variety
Than Aretine's pictures.[21]

Acolastus. I will see the jewel;
For though to do, most moves my appetite,
I love to see, as well as act delight. [*Exit.*

Bird. These are the things, indeed, the stage doth teach:
Dear heart, what a foul sink of sins runs here.

Mrs. Flowerdew. In sooth, it is the common-sewer of lewdness.

[21] *Than* Aretine's *pictures.*] These celebrated pieces of obscenity are likewise mentioned by Sir *Epicure Mammon*, in the *Alchymist*; who says, he will have pictures

> "Richer than those Tiberius took
> From Elephantis, and dull *Aretine*
> But coldly imitated."

S.

SCENE IV.

ASOTUS, ANELEUTHERUS.

Roscius. *These are, Aneleutherus, an illiberal niggardly usurer, that will sell heaven to purchase earth: that, his son Asotus, a profuse prodigal, that will sell earth to buy hell: the extremes of liberality: which prescribes a mediocrity in the getting and spending of riches.*

Aneleutherus. Come, boy, go with me to the scrivener's, go.

Asotus. I was in hope, you would have said a bawdy-house.

Aneleutherus. Thence to th' Exchange.

Asotus. No, to the tavern, father.

Aneleutherus. Be a good husband, boy, follow my counsel.

Asotus. Your counsel? No, dad, take you mine,
And be a good fellow——shall we go and roar?
'Slid, father, I shall never live to spend
That you have got already——Pox of attornies,
Merchants, and scriveners! I would hear you talk
Of drawers, punks, and panders.

Aneleutherus. Prodigal child!
Thou dost not know the sweets of getting wealth.

Asotus. Nor you the pleasure that I take in spending it:
To feed on caveare[22], and eat anchovies!

Aneleutherus. Asotus, my dear son, talk not to me
Of your anchovies, or your caveare.
No: feed on widows; have each meal an orphan
Serv'd to your table, or a glibbery heir[23]
With all his lands melted into a mortgage.
The gods themselves feed not on such fine dainties;
Such fatting, thriving diet.

Asotus. Trust me, sir,
I am ashamed, la---now to call you father,

[22] *Caveare.*] See note 19 to *The Ordinary*, vol. X.

[23] *Glibbery heir.*] So in *Marston's* First Part of *Antonio and Mellida*, A. 2.

"Milke, milke, yee *glibbery* urchin, is food for infants."

Ne'er trust me, now I'm come to be a gentleman;
One of your havings[24], and thus cark and care!
Come, I will send for a whole coach or two
Of Bank-side ladies[25], and we will be jovial.
Shall the world say you pine and pinch for nothing?
Well, do your pleasure, keep me short of monies;
When you are dead, (as die I hope you must)
I'll make a shift to spend one-half, at least,
Ere you are coffin'd, and the other half
Ere you are fully laid into your grave.
Were not you better help away with some of it?
But you will starve yourself, that when you're rotten,
One——Have at all! of mine may set it flying:
And I will have your bones cut into dice,
And make you guilty of the spending of it;
Or I will get a very handsome bowl
Made of your skull, to drink't away in healths.

Aneleutherus. That's not the way to thrive. No, sit and brood
On thy estate: as yet, it is not hatch'd
Into maturity.

Asotus. Marry, I'll brood upon it,
And hatch it into chickens, capons, hens,
Larks, thrushes, quails, woodcocks, snites, and pheasants,
The best that can be got for love or money.
There is no life to drinking!

Aneleutherus. O yes, yes;
Exaction, usury, and oppression,
Twenty i' th' hundred is a very nectar.
And wilt thou, wasteful lad, spend in a supper
What I with sweat and labour, care and industry,

[24] *One of your havings.*] *i. e.* One possessed of your estate or property. So in *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 1. S. 4.

"Lie in a water-bearer's house!
"A gentleman of his *havings!*"

The Devil is an Ass, A. 3. S. 3.

"We then advise the party, if he be
"A man of means and *havings*, that forthwith
"He settle his estate."

[25] *Bank-side.*] Where the stews formerly stood.

Have been an age a scraping up together?
No, no, Asotus, trust grey-head experience;
As I have been an ox, a painful ox,
A diligent, toiling, and laborious ox,
To plough up gold for thee; so I would have thee—

Asotus. Be a fine silly ass to keep it.

Aneleutherus. Be a good watchful dragon to preserve it.

Colax. Sir, I overheard your wise instructions,
And wonder at the gravity of your counsel.
This wild unbridled boy is not yet grown
Acquainted with the world; he has not felt
The weight of need; that want is virtue's clog;
Of what necessity, respect, and value
Wealth is; how base and how contemptible
Poverty makes us. Liberality
In some circumstances may be allow'd;
As when it has no end but honesty,
With a respect of person, quantity,
Quality, time, and place; but this profuse,
Vain, injudicious spending, speaks him idiot.
And yet the best of liberality
Is to be liberal to ourselves; and thus
Your wisdom is most liberal, and knows
How fond a thing it is for discreet men
To purchase with the loss of their estate
The name of one poor virtue, liberality;
And that too only from the mouth of beggars!
One of your judgment would not, I am sure,
Buy all the virtues at so dear a rate.
Nor are you, sir, I dare presume, so fond
As for to weigh your gains by the strict scale
Of equity and justice, names invented
To keep us beggars. I would counsel, now,
Your son to tread no steps but your's; for they
Will certainly direct him the broad way
That leads unto the place where plenty dwells,
And she shall give him honour.

Aneleutherus. Your tongue is powerful;
Pray read this lecture to my son. I go

To find my scrivener, who is gone, I hear,
To a strange glass, wherein all things appear. [*Exit.*
Asotus. To see if it can shew him his lost ears.
Now to your lecture.
Colax. And to such an one
As you will be a willing pupil to.
Think you I meant all that I told your father?
No, 'twas to blind the eyes of the old hunks.
I love a man like you, that can make much
Of his blest genius. Miracle of charity!
That open hand becomes thee: let thy father
Scrape like the dunghill-cock the dirt, and mire,
To find a precious gem for thee, the chicken
Of the white hen, to wear. It is a wonder
How such a generous branch as you, could spring
From that old root of damned avarice!
For every widow's house the father swallows,
The son should spew a tavern. How are we
Richer than others? Not in having much,
But in bestowing,
And that shines glorious in you. The chuff's crowns[26],
Imprison'd in his trusty chest, methinks,
I hear groan out, and long till they be thine,
In hope to see the light again. Thou can'st not
Stand in a flood of nectar up to th' chin,
And yet not dare to sup it; nor can'st suffer
The golden apples dangle at thy lips,
But thou wilt taste the fruit. 'Tis generous this.
Asotus. Grammercy, thou shalt be doctor o' th' chair.
Here --- 'tis too little, but 'tis all my store,
I'll in to pump my dad, and fetch thee more. [*Exit.*
Colax. How like you now my art? Is't not a subtle one.
Mrs. Flowerdew. Now, out upon thee, thou lewd reprobate!

[26] *The chuff's crowns,*] It is observed by Mr. Steevens, (note to First Part of *Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 2.) that this term of contempt is always applied to rich and avaricious people. He supposes it a corruption of *chough*, a thievish bird that collects its prey on the sea shore.

Thou man of sin and shame, that sowest cushions
Unto the elbows of iniquity.
Colax. I do commend this zeal; you cannot be
Too fervent in a cause so full of goodness.
There is a general frost hath seiz'd devotion;
And, without such-like ardent flames as these,
There is no hope to thaw it. The word puritan,
That I do glorify, and esteem reverend,
As the most sanctified, pure, and holy sect
Of all professors, is by the prophane
Us'd for a name of infamy, a by-word, a slander.
That I sooth vice! I do but flatter them;
As we give children plums to learn their prayers,
T' entice them to the truth, and by fair means
Work out their reformation.
Bird. 'Tis well done.
I hope he will become a brother, and make
A separatist!
Mrs. Flowerdew. You shall have the devotions
Of all the elders. But this foppishness
Is wearisome: I could at our saint Antlins,*
Sleeping and all, sit twenty times as long.
Roscius. Go in with me to recreate your spirits,
As music theirs) with some refreshing song,
Whose patience our rude scene hath held too long.
[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

ROSCIUS, BIRD, *and* MRS. FLOWERDEW.

Bird. I will no more of this abomination.
Roscius. The end crowns every action, stay till that;
A judge that's just, will not prejudicate.†

* The Church of St. Antholin, or St. Antlin, was one of the principal resorts of the Puritans. See note to *The Roaring Girl*, vol. V. p. 30. C.

† This line was subsequently altered as follows, and it is so found in the editions of 1652 and 1668.
"Just judges will not be prejudicate." O. G.

Mrs. Flowerdew. Pray, sir, continue still the moralizing.

Roscius. *The next we present are the extremes of Magnificence, who teaches a decorum in great expences, as liberality in the lesser: One is Banausus, out of a mere ostentation vain-gloriously expensive; the other Microprepes, one in glorious works extremely base and penurious.*

BANAUSUS, MICROPREPES.

Banausus. Being born not for ourselves, but for our friends,
Our country and our glory, it is fit
We do express the majesty of our souls
In deeds of bounty and magnificence.

Microprepes. The world is full of vanity; and fond fools
Promise themselves a name from building churches,
Or any thing that tends to the republic:
'Tis the reprivate that I study for.

Banausus. First, therefore, for the fame of my republic,
I'll imitate a brave Ægyptian king,
And plant such store of onions and of garlick,
As shall maintain so many thousand workmen
To th' building of a pyramid, at Saint Albans;
Upon whose top I'll set a hand of brass,
With a scroll in't, to shew the way to London,
For the benefit of travellers.

Colax. Excellent!
'Tis charity to direct the wandring pilgrim.

Microprepes. I am church-warden, and we are this year
To build our steeple up; now, to save charges,
I'll get a high-crown'd hat with five low-bells,
To make a peal shall serve as well as Bow.

Colax. 'Tis wisely cast,
And like a careful steward of the church;
Of which the steeple is no part, at least
No necessary one.*

* The last word, besides that it is superfluous, spoils the measure, and is not found in the old copies. O. G.

Bird. Verily, 'tis true.
They are but wicked synagogues, where those instruments
Of superstition and idolatry ring
Warning to sin, and chime all in— to the devil.
Banausus. And, 'cause there be such swarms of heresies rising,
I'll have an artist frame two wondrous weather-cocks
Of gold, to set on Paul's, and Grantham steeple,
To shew to all the kingdom, what fashion next
The wind of humour hither means to blow.
Microprepes. A wicker-chair will fit them for a pulpit.
Colax. It is the doctrine, sir, that you respect.
Mrs. Flowerdew. In sooth, I have heard as wholesome instructions
From a zealous wicker-chair, as e'er I did
From the carv'd idol of wainscot.
Banausus. Next, I intend to found an hospital
For the decay'd professors of the suburbs;
With a college of physicians too at Chelsea,
Only to study the cure of the French pox:*
That so the sinners may acknowledge me
Their only benefactor, and repent.
Colax. You have a care, sir, of your country's health.
Microprepes. Then I will sell the lead to thatch the chancel.
Banausus. I have a rare device to set Dutch windmills[27]
Upon Newmarket Heath, and Salisbury Plain,
To drain the fens.
Colax. The fens, sir, are not there.
Banausus. But who knows but they may be?
Colax. Very right.

* Qy. If here be not a fling at Sutcliffe's project for a College at Chelsea?

[27] *I have a rare device*, &c.] In the reign of James the 1st, and the beginning of his successor's, many schemes were proposed, and some adopted, though never carried into execution, for draining the fens. Among others, a Dutchman, Sir Cornelius Vermuiden, was employed. But I believe his scheme was different from that alluded to in the text.

You aim at the prevention of a danger.
Microprepes. A' porter's frock shall serve me for a surplice.
Mrs. Flowerdew. Indeed a frock is not so ceremonious.
Banausus. But the great work in which I mean to glory,
Is in the raising a cathedral church:
It shall be at Hog's Norton; [28] with a pair
Of stately organs; more than pity 'twere
The pigs should lose their skill for want of practice.
Bird. Organs! fie on them for Babylonian bag-pipes.
Microprepes. Then for the painting, I bethink myself
That I have seen in mother Redcap's hall[29],
In painted cloth, the story of the prodigal.
Colax. And that will be for very good use and moral.
Sir, you are wise; what serve Ægyptian pyramids,
Ephesian temples, Babylonian towers,
Carian Colossus, Trajan's water-works,
Domitian's amphitheatres, the vain cost
Of ignorance and prodigality?
Rome flourish'd when her Capitol was thatch'd,
And all her gods dwelt but in cottages:
Since Parian marble and Corinthian brass,
Enter'd her gaudy temple, soon she fell

[28] *Hog's-Norton*, &c.] It appears by *Ray's Proverbs*, edit. 1742. p. 258. that to say *You were born at Hog's-Norton*, conveyed an insinuation of boorish rustical behaviour. The true name of the town is *Hoch Norton*, and it is situated in the County of Oxford.—Nash, in *The Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse*, 4to. 1593. Sign. K 4. says, "If thou bestowst any curtesie on mee, and I do not requite it, "then call mee *cut*, and I was brought up at *Hogge Norton, where* "*pigges play on the organs.*"

[29] .... *In mother Redcap's hall.*

In painted cloth, the story of the prodigal.] Mother Redcap's hall probably stood where a house between London and Hampstead is still distinguished by the sign of this old lady's head. The story of the Prodigal in painted cloth was a very common one. Falstaff says to Mrs. Quickly, ... "for thy walls,..a pretty slight "drollery, or the *Story of the Prodigal*, or the German Hunting *in* "*water work*, is worth a thousand of those bed-hangings, and these "fly-bitten tapestries." "Old Mother Redcaps," is mentioned as famous for good ale, in Bacchus' Bountie, 1593, reprinted in Harleian Miscellany, ii. 303. O. G.

To superstition, and from thence to ruin.
You see, that in our churches, glorious statues,
Rich copes, and other ornaments of state,
Draw wond'ring * eyes from their devotion
Unto a wanton gazing; and that other
Rich edifices, and such gorgeous toys,
Do more proclaim our country's wealth than safety,
And serve but like so many gilded baits
T' entice a foreign foe to our invasion.
Go in, there is a glass will shew you, sir,
What sweet simplicity our grandsires us'd:
How in the age of gold no church was gilded.

[*Exit Microprepes.*

Banausus. O, I have thought on't: I will straightway build
A free-school here in London; a free-school
For th' education of young gentlemen,
To study how to drink and take tobacco;
To swear, to roar, to dice, to drab, to quarrel.
'Twill be the great Gymnasium of the realm,
The Frontisterium[30] of Great Brittainy.
And for their better study, I will furnish them
With a large library of drapers' books.

Colax. 'Twill put down Bodley's, and the Vatican.
Royal Banausus! how many spheres fly you
Above the earthly dull Microprepes!
I hope to live to see you build a stew
Shall out-brave Venice; to repair old Tyburn,
And make it cedar. This magnificent course
Doth purchase you an immortality.
In them you build your honour, to remain
Th' example and the wonder of posterity;
While other hide-bound churls do grudge themselves
The charges of a tomb.

Banausus. But I'll have one
In which I'll lie embalm'd with myrrh and cassia,
And richer unguents than the Ægyptian kings:

* The editions of 1652 and 1668 read *wandering*. O. G.

[30] *The Frontisterium.*] *Frontisterium* signifies a cloister, a college. The word occurs in *Albumazar*, vol. VII. S.

And all that this my precious tomb may furnish
The land with mummy[31].
Colax. Yonder is a glass
Will shew you plots and models of all monuments
Form'd the old way. You may invent a new;
'Twill make for your more glory.
Banausus. Colax, true. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Roscius. *These are the extremes of Magnanimity. Chaunus, a fellow so highly conceited of his own parts, that he thinks no honour above him; the other Micropsychus, a base and low-spirited fellow, that, undervaluing his own qualities, dares not aspire to those dignities, that otherwise his merits are capable of.*

CHAUNUS, MICROPSYCHUS.

Chaunus. I wonder that I hear no news from court.
Colax. All hail unto the honourable Chaunus!
Chaunus. The honourable Chaunus! 'Tis decreed
I am a privy counsellor. Our new honours
Cannot so alter us, as that we can
Forget our friends. Walk with us, our familiar.
Micropsychus. It puzzles me to think what worth I have,
That they should put so great an honour on me.
Colax. Sir, I do know and see, and so do all
That have not wilful blindness, what rare skill
Of wisdom, policy, judgment, and the rest
Of the state-virtues sit within this breast,
As if it were their parliament; but as yet
I am not, sir, the happy messenger
That tells you, you are call'd unto the helm;
Or that the rudder of Great Brittainy
Is put into your hands, that you may steer
Our floating Delos, till she be arriv'd
At the bless'd port of happiness; and surnam'd
The *Fortunate Isle*, from you that are the fortunate.
Chaunus. 'Tis strange that I, the best experienc'd,

[31] *With mummy.*] See *Chambers's Dictionary*, voce *mummy*.

The skilfull'st, and the rarest, of all carpenters,
Should not be yet a privy counsellor!
Surely the state wants eyes; or has drunk opium,
And sleeps: but when it wakes, it cannot choose
But meet the glorious beams of my deserts,
Bright as the rising sun, and say to England,
England, behold thy light!

Micropsychus. Make me a constable!
Make me, that am the simplest of my neighbours,
So great a magistrate! so powerful an officer!
I blush at my unworthiness. A constable!
The very prince o' th' parish! You are one, sir,
Of an ability to discharge it better;
Let me resign to you.

Chaunus. How! I a constable?
What might I be in your opinion, sir?

Micropsychus. A carpenter of worship.

Chaunus. Very well:
And yet you would make me a constable.
I'll evidently demonstrate, that of all men
Your carpenters are best statesmen: of all carpenters,
I, being the best, am best of statesmen too.
Imagine, sir, the commonwealth a log,
Or a rude block of wood: your statesman comes,
(For by that word I mean a carpenter)
And with the saw of policy divides it
Into so many boards, or several orders,
Of prince, nobility, gentry, and the other
Inferior boards, call'd vulgar; fit for nothing
But to make stiles, or planks to be trod over,
Or trampled on. This adds unto the log,
Call'd commonwealth, at least some small perfection:
But afterwards he planes them, and so makes
The commonwealth, that was before a board,
A pretty wainscot. Some he carves with titles
Of lord, or knight, or gentleman; some stand plain,
And serve us more for use than ornament:
We call them yeomen (boards now out of fashion:)
And, lest the disproportion break the frame,
He, with the pegs of amity and concord,

As with the glue-pot of good government,
Joints 'em together; makes an absolute edifice
Of the republic. State-skill'd Machiavel
Was certainly a carpenter: yet you think
A constable a giant-dignity.
Micropsychus. Pray Heaven that, Icarus like, I do not melt
The waxen plumes of my ambition!
Or that, from this bright chariot of the sun,
I fall not headlong down with Phaeton,
I have aspir'd so high. Make me a constable,
That have not yet attain'd to the Greek tongue!
Why 'tis his office for to keep the peace,
His Majesty's peace. I am not fit to keep
His Majesty's hogs,* much less his peace, the best
Of all his jewels. How dare I presume
To charge a man in the king's name! I faint
Under the burthen of so great a place,
Whose weight might press down Atlas. Magistrates
Are only sumpter-horses. Nay, they threaten me
To make me warden of the church.
Am I a patriot? or have I ability
To present knights-recusant, clergy-reelers,
Or gentlemen-fornicators?
Colax. You have worth
Richly enamelled with modesty;
And, though your lofty merit might sit crown'd
On Caucasus, or the Pyrenean mountains,
You chuse the humbler valley, and had rather
Grow a safe shrub below, than dare the winds,
And be a cedar. Sir, you know there is not
Half so much honour in the pilot's place,
As danger in the storm. Poor windy titles
Of dignity, and offices that puff up
The bubble pride, till it swell big and burst,
What are they but brave nothings? Toys, call'd honours,

* Some of the later of the old copies read,
"I am not fit to keep
His Majesty's *logs*." C.

Make them on whom they are bestow'd no better
Than glorious slaves, the servants of the vulgar.
Men sweat at helm as much as at the oar.
There is a glass within shall shew you, sir,
The vanity of these silk-worms, that do think
They toil not, 'cause they spin so fine a thread.
Micropsychus. I'll see it. Honour is a baby's rattle;
And let blind Fortune, where she will, bestow her:
Lay me on earth, and I shall fall no lower. [*Exit.*
Chaunus. Colax, what news?
Colax. The Persian emperor
Is desperately sick.
Chaunus. Heaven take his soul!
When I am the grand Sophy, (as 'tis likely
I may be) Colax, thou art made for ever.
Colax. The Turk, they say, prepares again for Poland.
Chaunus. And I no bashaw yet! Sultan, repent it!
Colax. The state of Venice, too, is in distraction.
Chaunus. And can that state be so supinely negligent,
As not to know whom they may chuse their duke?
Colax. Our merchants do report, th' inhabitants there
Are now in consultation for the settling
The crown upon a more deserving head,
Than his that bears it.
Chaunus. Then my fortunes rise
On confident wings, and all my hopes fly certain.
Colax, be bold; thou see'st the Prester-John.*
Well, England, of all countries in the world,
Most blind to thine own good! Other nations
Woo me to take the bridle in my hands

* The Quarto of 1638 gives this line as it now stands, meaning that Colax sees the individual destined to fill the throne of Prester John: the later copies have it:

"Colax, *behold,* thou see'st the Prester John;"

which is perhaps an improvement. Mr. Reed allowed *the* to be altered to *me*. C.

With gifts and presents. Had I liv'd in Rome,
Who durst with Chaunus stand a candidate?
I might have choice of Ædile, Consul, Tribune,
Or the perpetual Dictator's place.
I could discharge 'em all: I know my merits
Are large and boundless. A Cæsar might be hew'd
Out of a carpenter, if a skilful workman
But undertook it.

Colax. 'Tis a worthy confidence.
Let birds of night and shame, with their owls' eyes,
Not dare to gaze upon the sun of honour;
They are no precedents for eagles. Bats,
Like dull Micropsychus, things of earth and lead,
May love a private safety; men in whom
Prometheus has spent much of his stol'n fire,
Mount upwards like a flame, and court bright honour,
Hedg'd in with thousand dangers. What's a man
Without desert? And what's desert to him
That does not know he has it? Is he rich
That holds within his house some buried chests
Of gold or pearl, and knows not where to look them?
What was the loadstone till the use was found,
But a foul dotard on a fouler mistress?
I praise your Argus' eyes, that not alone
Shoot their beams forwards, but reflect and turn
Back on themselves, and find an object there
More worthy their intentive contemplation.
You are at home no stranger, but are grown
Acquainted with your virtues, and can tell
What use the pearl is of, which dunghill-cocks
Scrape into dirt again. This searching judgement
Was not intended to work wood, but men.
Honour attends you: I shall live to see
A diadem crown that head. There is within
A glass that will acquaint you with all places
Of dignity, authority, and renown,
The state and carriage of them: chuse the best,
Such as deserve you, and refuse the rest.

Chaunus. I go, that want no worth to merit honour:
'Tis honour that wants worth to merit me.

Fortune, thou arbitress of human things,
Thy credit is at stake: if I but rise,
The world's opinion will conceive th' hast eyes. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

ORGYLUS, AORGUS.

Roscius. *These are the extremes of meekness. Orgylus, an angry quarrelsome man, moved with the least shadow or appearance of injury. The other in defect, Aorgus, a fellow so patient, or rather insensible of wrong, that he is not capable of the grossest abuse.*

Orgylus. Persuade me not: he has awak'd a fury
That carries steel about him. Dags[32] and pistols!
To bite his thumb at me.[33]

Aorgus. Why should not any man
Bite his own thumb?

Orgylus. At me! Wear I a sword
To see men bite their thumbs? Rapiers and daggers!
He is the son of a whore.

Aorgus. That hurts not you.
Had he bit yours, it had been some pretence
T' have mov'd this anger: he may bite his own,
And eat it too.

Orgylus. Muskets and cannons! eat it?
If he dares eat it in contempt of me,
He shall eat something else too that rides here.
I'll try his ostrich stomach.*

Aorgus. Sir, be patient.

Orgylus. You lie in your throat, and I will not.

Aorgus. To what purpose is this impertinent madness?
Pray, be milder.

[32] *Dags.*] See note 148 to *The Spanish Tragedy*, vol. iii.

[33] *To bite his thumb at me.*] Which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it; as it is explained by Shakspeare. See *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 1. S. 1. and Mr. Steevens's note thereto.

* Alluding to the power of the stomach of an ostrich to digest iron. Ostrich was formerly spent *cstridge*.

Orgylus. Your mother was a whore, and I will not put it up.

Aorgus. Why should so slight a toy thus trouble you?

Orgylus. Your father was hang'd, and I will be reveng'd.

Aorgus. When reason doth in equal balance poise
The nature of two injuries, yours to me
Lies heavy, when that other would not turn
An even scale; and yet it moves not me:
My anger is not up.

Orgylus. But I will raise it.
You are a fool.

Aorgus. I know it; and shall I
Be angry for a truth?

Orgylus. You are besides
An arrant knave.

Aorgus. So are my betters, sir.

Orgylus. I cannot move him: O my spleen, it rises:
For very anger I could eat my knuckles.

Aorgus. You may, or bite your thumb, all's one to me.

Orgylus. You are a horned beast; a very cuckold.

Aorgus. 'Tis my wife's fault, not mine: I have no reason
Then to be angry for another's sin.

Orgylus. And I did graft your horns: you might have come,
And found us glued together like two goats,
And stood a witness to your transformation.

Aorgus. Why, if I had, I am so far from anger,
I would have e'en fall'n down upon my knees,
And desir'd Heav'n to have forgiven you both.

Orgylus. Your children are all bastards: not one of them,
Upon my knowledge, of your own begetting.

Aorgus. Why then I am the more beholden to them
That they will call me father. It was lust
Perchance that did beget them; but I am sure
'Tis charity to keep the infants.

Orgylus. Not yet stirr'd!
'Tis done of mere contempt; he will not now
Be angry, to express his scorn of me.
'Tis above patience this; insufferable.
Proclaim me coward, if I put up this,
Dotard, you will be angry, will you not?
Aorgus. To see how strange a course fond wrath doth go;
You will be angry, 'cause I am not so.
Orgylus. I can endure no longer. If your spleen
Lie in your breech, thus I will kick it up——
[*He kicks him.*
Aorgus. *Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epsilon, Zeta, Eta, Theta, Iota, Kappa, Lambda, Mu, Nu, Xi, Omicron, Pi, Ro, Sigma, Tau, Upsilon, Phi, Chi, Psi, Omega.*
Orgylus. How! What contempt is this?
Aorgus. An antidote
Against the poison, anger. 'Twas prescrib'd
A Roman emperor, that on every injury
Repeated the Greek alphabet:* that being done,
His anger too was over. This good rule
I learn'd from him, and practise.
Orgylus. Not yet angry!
Still will you vex me? I will practise too. [*Kicks again.*
Aorgus. *Aleph, Beth, Gimel.*
Orgylus. What new alphabet
Is this?
Aorgus. The Hebrew alphabet that I use,
A second remedy.
Orgylus. O, my torment still!
Are not your buttocks angry with my toes?

* Compare Moliere, *L'Ecole des Femmes*, A. 2. S. 4.
"Un certain Grec disoit à l'Empereur Auguste,
Comme une instruction utile autant que juste,
Que, lorsq' une aventure en colere nous met,
Nous devons, avant tout, dire notre alphabet;
Afin que dans ce temps la bile se tempère,
Et qu'on ne fasse rien que l'on ne doive faire.
J'ai suivi sa leçon," &c. O. G.

Aorgus. For aught I feel, your toes have more occasion
For to be angry with my buttocks.
Orgylus. Well,
I'll try your physic for the third assault;
And exercise the patience of your nose.
Aorgus. *A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, W, X, Y, Z.*
Orgylus. Are you not angry now?
Aorgus. Now, sir; why now?
Now, have you done?
Orgylus. O, 'tis a mere plot this,
To jeer my tameness! will no sense of wrong
Waken the lethargy of a coward's soul?
Will not this rouse her from her dead sleep, nor this?
Aorgus. Why should I sir, be angry, if I suffer
An injury? It is not guilt of mine:
No, let it trouble them that do the wrong.
Nothing but peace approaches innocence.
Orgylus. A bitterness o'erflows me: my eyes flame,
My blood boils in me, all my faculties
Of soul and body move in a disorder,
His patience hath so tortur'd me. Sirrah, villain,
I will dissect thee with my rapier's point,
Rip up each vein and sinew of my stoic,[34]
Anatomize him, searching every entrail,
To see if Nature, when she made this ass,
This suffering ass, did not forget to give him
Some gall.
Colax. Put it up, good Orgylus:
Let him not glory in so brave a death,
As by your hand. It stands not with your honour
To stain your rapier in a coward's blood.
The Lesbian lions, in their noble rage,
Will prey on bulls, or mate the unicorn;[35]

[34] *Stoic.*] The early editions read *storque.* The alteration by Mr. Dodsley.

The error is only that of a letter: more than once in this play the word occurs, which in the old copies is spelled *stoique.* O. G.

[35] Mate *the unicorn.*] *To mate,* sometimes signifies *to oppose* or *con-*

But trouble not the painted butterfly:
Ants crawl securely by them.
Orgylus. 'Tis intolerable!
Would thou wer't worth the killing.
Colax. A good wish,
Savouring as well discretion, as bold valour.
Think not of such a baffled [36] ass as this,
More stone than man: Medusa's head has turn'd him.
There is in ants a choler, every fly
Carries a spleen; poor worms, being trampled on,
Turn tail, as bidding battle to the feet
Of their oppressors. A dead palsy, sure,
Hath struck a desperate numbness thro' his soul,
Till it be grown insensible. Mere stupidity
Hath seiz'd him. Your more manly soul, I find,
Is capable of wrong, and, like a flint,
Throws forth a fire into the striker's eyes.
You bear about you valour's whetstone, anger,
Which sets an edge upon the sword, and makes it
Cut with a spirit. You conceive fond patience
Is an injustice to ourselves: the suffering
One injury invites a second; that,
Calls on a third, till wrongs do multiply,
And reputation bleed. How bravely anger
Becomes that martial brow! A glass within
Will shew you, sir, when your great spleen doth rise,
How fury darts a lightning from your eyes.

tend with; as in *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, vol. 3. p. 453. edition 1778.

" ——— ——— he stood up to me,
And *mated* my commands.

And sometimes *to overcome.*

As in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, by Greene.

" Burden, what are you *mated* by this frolic friar?"

Mr. Reed is in error when he says that, in this instance, *mated* means overcome: it signifies *confounded*, as will be obvious to the reader, if he refer to the context, vol. VIII. p. 186. and to the note upon the passage. Burden there is not *overcome* by Bacon, but *confounded* by his unexpected production of the Hostess of the Bell at Henley. C.

[36] *Baffled.*] See note 7 to this Play. The present passage is sufficient to prove that Mr. Reed's interpretation of the word is inapplicable to the use of it in both instances. O. G.

Orgylus. Learn anger, sir, against you meet me next.
Never was man like me with patience vex'd. [*Exit.*

Aorgus. I am so far from anger in myself,
That 'tis my grief I can make others so.

Colax. It proves a sweetness in your disposition;
A gentle, winning carriage.—Dear Aorgus,
O give me leave to open wide my breast,
And let so rare a friend into my soul!
Enter, and take possession: such a man
As has no gall, no bitterness, no exceptions,
Whom Nature meant a dove, will keep alive
The flame of amity, where all discourse
Flows innocent, and each free jest is taken.
He's a good friend will pardon his friend's errors,
But he's a better takes no notice of them.
How like a beast with rude and savage rage
Breath'd the distemper'd soul of Orgylus?
The proneness of this passion is the nurse
That fosters all confusion, ruins states,
Depopulates cities, lays great kingdoms waste.
'Tis that affection of the mind that wants
The strongest bridle: give it reins, it runs
A desperate course, and drags down reason with it.
It is the whirlwind of the soul, the storm
And tempest of the mind, that raises up
The billows of disturbed passions
To shipwreck judgment. O, a soul like yours,
Constant in patience! Let the north wind meet
The south at sea, and Zephyrus breathe opposite
To Eurus: let the two-and-thirty sons
Of Eolus break forth at once, to plough
The ocean, and dispeople all the woods,
Yet here could be a calm. It is not danger
Can make this cheek grow pale, nor injury
Call blood into it. There's a glass within
Will let you see yourself, and tell you now,
How sweet a tameness dwells upon your brow.

Aorgus. Colax, I must believe, and therefore go:
Who is distrustful will be angry too.

SCENE IV.

ALAZON, EIRON.

Roscius. *The next are the extremes of Truth. Alazon one that arrogates that to himself which is not his; and Eiron, one that, out of an itch to be thought modest, dissembles his qualities: the one erring in defending a falsehood, the other offending in denying a truth.*

Alazon. I hear you are wondrous valiant?

Eiron. I! alas.
Who told you I was valiant?

Alazon. The world speaks it.

Eiron. She is deceiv'd. But does she speak truly?

Alazon. I am indeed the Hector of the age;
But she calls you Achilles.

Eiron. I Achilles!
No, I am not Achilles. I confess
I am no coward.—That the world should think
That I am an Achilles! yet the world may
Call me what she please.

Alazon. Next to my valour,
(Which but for yours could never hope a second)
Yours is reported.

Eiron. I may have my share;
But the last valour shew'd in Christendom,
Was in Lepanto[37].

Alazon. Valour in Lepanto*?
He might be thought so, sir, by them that knew him not;
But I have found him a poor baffled snake:
Sir, I have writ him, and proclaim'd him coward
On every post i' th' city.

[37] *Lepanto*] This famous battle, between the Turks and the Venetians, was fought in the year 1571. It is supposed to have been one of the most bloody engagements which ever was known. The loss on the part of the Venetians was about 7566; and on that of the Turks, more than double the number. See an account of it in *Knolles's History of the Turks*, 1631, p. 878. In the Venetian fleet, the celebrated Cervantes served, and had the misfortune to lose his left hand by the shot of a harquebus.

* This interrogation is omitted in the later impressions. C.

Eiron. Who?
Alazon. Lepanto;
The valour, sir, that you so much renown.
Eiron. Lepanto was no man, sir, but the place
Made famous by the so much mention'd battle
Betwixt the Turks and Christians.
Alazon. Cry you mercy!
Then the Lepanto that I meant, it seems,
Was but Lepanto's name-sake. I can
Find that you are well skill'd in history.
Eiron. Not a whit: a novice, I. I could perchance
Discourse from Adam downward, but what's that
To history? All that I know is only
Th' original, continuance, height, and alteration
Of every commonwealth. I have read nothing
But Plutarch, Livy, Tacitus, Suetonius,
Appian, Dion, Junius[38], Paterculus,
With Florus, Justin, Sallust, and some few
More of the Latin. For the modern, I
Have all without book. Gallo-Belgicus,[39]
Philip de Comines, Machiavel, Guicciardine,
The Turkish and Ægyptian histories,
With those of Spain, France, and the Netherlands.
For England, Polydore Virgil, Camden, Speed,
And a matter of forty more: nothing,
Alas! to one that's read in histories.
In the Greek I have a smack or so, at
Xenophon, Herodotus, Thucydides, and
Stow's chronicle.
Alazon. Believe me, sir, and that
Stow's Chronicle is very good Greek. You little
Think who writ it. Do you not see him? Are
You blinded? I am the man.
Eiron. Then I must number
You with my best authors in my library.
Alazon. Sir, the rest too are mine, but that I venture 'em

[38] *Junius.*] So all the editions. It was, however, probably *Julius*, i. e. Julius Cæsar. S.
[39] *Gallo-Belgicus.*] See notes to *The Heir*, vol. VIII.

With other names, to shun the opinion
Of arrogance. So the subtle cardinal
Calls one book Bellarmine, 'nother Tostatus,
Yet one man's labour both. You talk of numb'ring;
You cannot chuse but hear how loud fame speaks
Of my experience in Arithmetic:
She says you too grow near perfection.

Eiron. Far from it I; some insight, but no more.
I count the stars; can give the total sum,
How many sands there be i'th' sea; but these
Are trifles to the expert, that have study'd
Penkethman's[40] president. Sir, I have no skill
In any thing: if I have any, 'tis
In languages; but yet in sooth I speak
Only my mother tongue. I have not gain'd
The Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, or Arabic;
Nor know the Greek with all her dialects.
Scaliger and Tom Coriate[41] both excel me.
I have no skill in French, Italian, Spanish,
Turkish, Ægyptian, China, Persian tongues.
Indeed, the Latin I was whipt into;
But Russian, Sclavonian, and Dalmatian,
With Saxon, Danish, and Albanian speech,
That of the Cossacks, and Hungarian too,
With Biscay's, and the prime of languages.
Dutch, Welch, and Irish, are too hard for me
To be familiar in: and yet some think
(But thought is free) that I do speak all these
As I were born in each; but they may err
That think so; 'tis not ev'ry judgment sits
In the infallible chair. To confess truth,
All Europe, Asia, and Africa too;
But in America, and the new-found world,
I very much fear there be some languages
That would go near to puzzle me.

[40] *Penkethman's president.*] Probably the additions made by John Penkethman to *Hopton's Concordance of years, containing a new, easy, and most exact computation of time according to the English account.* London, 8vo. 1616.

[41] *Tom Coriate.*] See note 11 to *The Ordinary*, vol. X.

Alazon. Very likely.
You have a pretty pittance in the tongues.
But, Eiron, I am now more general;
I can speak all alike: there is no stranger
Of so remote a nation hears me talk,
But confidently calls me countryman.
The witty world, giving my worth her due,
Surnames me the confusion. I but want
An orator like you to speak my praise.
Eiron. Am I an orator, Alazon? no;
Tho' it hath pleas'd the wiser few to say
Demosthenes was not so eloquent.
But friends will flatter, and I am not bound
To believe all hyperboles: something, sir,
Perchance I have, but 'tis not worth the naming,
Especially, Alazon, in your presence.
Alazon. Your modesty, Eiron, speaks but truth in this.
Colax. I need not flatter these, they'll do't themselves,
And cross the proverb, that was wont to say,
One mule doth scrub another; here each ass
Hath learn'd to claw himself.
Alazon. I do surpass
All orators. How like you my orations?
Those against Catiline, I account them best,
Except my Philippics; all acknowledge me
Above the three great orators of Rome.
Eiron. What three Alazon?
Alazon. Marcus, Tullius,
And Cicero, the best of all the three.
Eiron. Why those three names are all the self-same man's.
Alazon. Then all is one: were those three names three men,
I should excel them all. And then for poetry---
Eiron. There is no poetry, but Homer's Iliads.
Alazon. Alas, 'twas writ in th' nonage of my muses.
You understand th' Italian?
Eiron. A little, sir;

I have read Tasso.

Alazon. And Torquato too?

Eiron. They're still the same!

Alazon. I find you very skilful:
Eiron, I err only to sound your judgment.
You are a poet too?

Eiron. The world may think so,
But 'tis deceiv'd, and I am sorry for it.
But I will tell you, sir, some excellent verses
Made by a friend of mine. I have not read
A better epigram of a Neoterique.[42]

Alazon. Pray, do my eyes the favour, sir, to let me learn 'em.

Eiron. *Strange sights there late were seen, that did affright*
The multitude; the moon was seen by night,
And sun appear'd by day---Is it not good!

Alazon. Excellent good! proceed.

Eiron. *Without remorse,*
Each star and planet kept their wonted course.
What here could fright them? (Mark the answer now)
O, sir, ask not that;
The Vulgar know not why they fear, nor what;
But in their humours too inconstant be,
Nothing seems strange to them but constancy.

Has not my friend approv'd himself a poet?

Alazon. The verses, sir, are excellent; but your friend
Approves himself a thief.

Eiron. Why, good Alazon?

Alazon. A plagiary, I mean: the verses, sir,
Were stolen.

Eiron. From whom?

Alazon. From me, believe't; I made 'em.

Eiron. They are, alas, unworthy, sir, your owning:
Such trifles as my muse had stumbled on
This morning.

Alazon. Nay, they may be yours: I told you

[42] *Neoterique.*] New, modern.

That you came near me, sir. Your's they may be,
Good wits may jump[43]: but let me tell you, Eiron,
Your friend must steal them, if he have 'em.

Colax. What pretty gulls are these! I'll take them off.
You are learned Alazon*.

Alazon. I know that.

Colax. And virtuous.

Alazon. 'Tis confess'd.

Colax. A good historian.

Alazon. Who dares deny it?

Colax. A rare arithmetician.

Alazon. I have heard it often.

Colax. I commend your care,
That know your virtues: why should modesty
Stop good men's mouths from their own praise? our neighbours
Are envious, and will rather blast our memories
With infamy, than immortalize our names.
When fame hath taken cold, and lost her voice,
We must be our own trumpets: careful men
Will have an inventory of their goods;
And why not of their virtues? should you say
You were not wise, it were a sin to truth.
Let Eiron's modesty tell bashful lies,
To cloak and mask his parts: he's a fool for't.
'Twas heavenly counsel bid us *know ourselves*.†
You may be confident, chaunt your own encomiums,
Ring out a panegyric to yourself,
And yourself write the learned commentary
Of your own actions.

Alazon. So I have.

Colax. Where is it?

Alazon. 'Tis stolen.

Colax. I know the thief; they call him, Cæsar.

[43] *Good wits may jump.*] See note 17 to *Alexander and Campaspe*, vol. II.

* *Alazon* has been hitherto omitted by Dodsley and Reed, although found in every copy. The measure was thus destroyed.

† E cœlo descendit γνωθι σεαυτον. *Juvenal*, xi. 27. O. G.

Go in, good sir, there is within a glass,
That will present you with the felon's face.

[*Exit Alazon.*

Eiron, you hear the news?

Eiron. Not I, what is it?

Colax. That you are held the only man of art.

Eiron. Is't current, Colax?

Colax. Current as the air;
Every man breathes it for a certainty.

Eiron. This is the first time I heard on't, in truth.
Can it be certain? so much charity left
In men's opinion?

Colax. You call it charity
Which is their duty. Virtue, sir, like your's,
Commands men's praises: emptiness and folly,
Such as Alazon is, use their own tongues,
While real worth hears her own praise, not speaks it,
Other men's mouths become your trumpeters,
And winged fame proclaims you loudly forth
From east to west, till either pole admire you.
Self-praise is bragging, and begets the envy
Of them that hear it, while each man therein
Seems undervalued. You are wisely silent
In your own worth, and therefore 'twere a sin
For others to be so: the fish would lose
Their being mute, ere such a modest worth
Should want a speaker. Yet, sir, I would have you
Know your own virtues, be acquainted with them.

Eiron. Why, good sir, bring me but acquainted with them.

Colax. There is a glass within shews you yourself
By a reflection; go and speak 'em there.

Eiron. I should be glad to see 'em any where.

[*Exit Eiron.*

Roscius. Retire yourselves again; for these are sights
Made to revive, not burden with delights.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Mrs. FLOWERDEW, BIRD, ROSCIUS.

Bird. My indignation boileth like a pot;
An over-heated pot, still, still it boileth;
It boileth, and it bubbleth with disdain.

Mrs. Flowerdew. My spirit within me too fumeth, I say
Fumeth, and steameth up, and runneth o'er
With holy wrath, at these delights of flesh.

Roscius. The actors beg your silence—*The next virtue, whose extreme we would present, wants a name both in the Greek and Latin.*

Bird. Wants it a name? 'tis an unchristian virtue.

Roscius. *But they describe it such a modesty, as directs us in the pursuit, and refusal of the meaner honours, and so answers to Magnanimity, as Liberality to Magnificence: But here, that humour of the persons, being already forestall'd and no pride now so much practis'd, or countenanc'd, as that of apparel, let me present you Philotimia, an over-curious lady, too neat in her attire; and for Apholitimus, Luparus a nasty sordid sloven.*

Mrs. Flowerdew. Pride is a vanity worthy the correction.

PHILOTIMIA, LUPARUS, COLAX.

Philotimia. What mole dress'd me to-day? O patience!
Who would be troubled with these mop-ey'd chambermaids?
There's a whole hair on this side more than t'other,
I am no lady else! Come on, you sloven.
Was ever Christian madam so tormented
To wed a swine as I am? make you ready.

Luparus. I would the tailor had been hang'd, for me,
That first invented clothes—O nature, nature!
More cruel unto man than all thy creatures!
Calves come into the world with doublets on;
And oxen have no breeches to put off.
The lamb is born with her freeze-coat about her;

Hogs go to bed in rest[44], and are not troubled
With pulling on their hose and shoes i' th' morning,
With gartering, girdling, trussing, buttoning,
And a thousand torments that afflict humanity.

Philotimia. To see her negligence! she hath made this cheek
By much too pale, and hath forgot to whiten
The natural redness of my nose; she knows not
What 'tis wants dealbation. O fine memory!
If she has not set me in the self-same teeth
That I wore yesterday, I am a Jew.
Does she think that I can eat twice with the same,
Or that my mouth stands as the vulgar does?
What, are you snoring there? you'll rise, you sluggard,
And make you ready?

Luparus. Rise, and make you ready?
Two works of that your happy birds make one;
They, when they rise are ready. Blessed birds!
They, fortunate creatures! sleep in their own clothes,
And rise with all their feather-beds about them.
Would nakedness were come again in fashion;
I had some hope then when the breasts went bare,[45]
Their bodies too would have come to't in time.

Philotimia. Beshrew her for't this wrinkle is not fill'd.
You'll go and wash---you are a pretty husband!

[44] *Hogs go to bed in rest.*] Probably *all drest* or *as drest.* S. P.
"In rest" means, I apprehend, *in quiet.* O. G.

[45] *I had some hope then when the breasts went bare,*] How far the ladies of the times were censurable in this particular, may be seen in *Hollar's Ornatus Muliebris Anglicanus.* The rigid Puritans discovered almost every evil to be the consequence of this unrestrained freedom of dress, against which they were continually pouring out the most severe invectives.

Many books were published against the licence which ladies allowed themselves in those particulars mentioned in the text. Among others was "A just and seasonable reprehension of naked breasts and shoulders. Written by a grave and learned papist. Translated by Edward Cooke, Esquire; with a preface by Mr. Richard Baxter." 8vo. 1678. The fashion continued until late in the last century. In 1683, John Dunton printed an invective on the same subject.

Luparus. Our sow ne'er washes, yet she has a face
Methinks as cleanly, madam, as your's is,
If you durst wear your own.
Colax. Madam Superbia.
You're studying the lady's library,
The looking-glass: 'tis well! so great a beauty
Must have her ornaments. Nature adorns
The peacock's tail with stars; 'tis she attires
The bird of paradise in all her plumes;
She decks the fields with various flowers; 'tis she
Spangled the heavens with all those glorious lights;
She spotted the ermine's skin; and arm'd the fish
In silver mail. But man she sent forth naked,
Not that he should remain so, but that he,
Endued with reason, should adorn himself
With every one of these. The silk-worm is
Only man's spinster, else we might suspect
That she esteem'd the painted butterfly
Above her master-piece. You are the image
Of that bright goddess, therefore wear the jewels
Of all the east; let the Red-sea be ransack'd,
To make you glitter. Look on Luparus,
Your husband, there, and see how in a sloven,
All the best characters of divinity,
Not yet worn out in man, are lost and buried.
Philotimia. I see it to my grief; pray counsel him.
Colax. This vanity in your nice lady's humours,
Of being so curious in her toys and dresses,
Makes me suspicious of her honesty.
These cobweb-lawns catch spiders, sir, believe:
You know that clothes do not commend the man,
But 'tis the living; though this age prefer
A cloak of plush, before a brain of art.
You understand what misery 'tis to have
No worth but that we owe the draper for.
No doubt, you spend the time your lady loses
In tricking up her body, to clothe the soul.
Luparus. To clothe the soul? must the soul too be cloth'd?
I protest, sir, I had rather have no soul,

Than be tormented with the clothing of it.

Roscius. *To these enter the extremes of Modesty, a near kinswoman of the virtues, Anaiskyntia or Impudence, a bawd, and Kataplectus an over-bashful scholar; where, our author hopes, the women will pardon him, if, of four-and-twenty vices, he presents but two* (pride and impudence) *of their sex.*

SCENE II.

ANAISKYNTIA, KATAPLECTUS.

Philotimia. Here comes Anaiskyntia too; O fates!
Acolastus and Asotus have sent for me,
And my breath not perfum'd yet!

Kataplectus. O sweet mother,
Are the gentlemen there already?

Anaiskyntia. Come away,
Are you not asham'd to be so bashful? well,
If I had thought of this in time, I would
As soon have seen you fairly hang'd as sent you
To the university.

Philotimia. What gentleman is that?

Anaiskyntia. A shamefac'd scholar, madam. Look upon her,
Speak to her, or you lose your exhibition:[46]
You'll speak, I hope: wear not away your buttons.

Kataplectus. What should I say?

Anaiskyntia. Why tell her you are glad
To see her ladyship in health: nay, out with it.

Kataplectus. ---*Gaudeo te bene valere*---

Philotimia. A pretty proficient!
What standing is he of i' th' university?

Anaiskyntia. He dares not answer to that question, madam.

Philotimia. How long have you been in the academy?

Kataplectus. *Profecto Do*---*Domina sum Bac*---*Bac*---*Baccalaureus Artium.*

Philotimia. What pity 'tis he is not impudent!

[46] *Exhibition.*] *i. e.* your stipend, your allowance. See note on *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, A. 1. S. 3.

Anaiskyntiq. Nay all my cost I see is spent in vain.
I having, as your ladyship knows full well,
Good practice in the suburbs; and by reason
That our mortality there is very subject
To an infection of the French disease,
I brought my nephew up i' th' university,
Hoping he might (having attain'd some knowledge)
Save me the charge of keeping a physician;
But all in vain: he is so bashful, madam,
He dares not look upon a woman's water.

Colax. Sweet gentleman, proceed in bashfulness,
'Tis virtue's best preserver---

Kataplectus. Recte dicis, sic inquit Aristoteles.

Colax. That being gone,
The rest soon follow, and a swarm of vice
Enters the soul: no colour but a blush
Becomes a young man's cheek. Pure shamefac'dness
Is porter to the lips, and ears, that nothing
Might enter, or come out of man, but what
Is good, and modest: Nature strives to hide
The parts of shame, let her, the best of guides—

Kataplectus. Natura dux optima.

Colax. Teach us to do so too in our discourse.

Kataplectus. Gratias tibi ago.

Philotimia. Inure him to speak bawdy.

Anaiskyntia. A very good way. Kataplectus, here's a lady
Would hear you speak obscenely.

Kataplectus. Obscenum est, quod intra scenam agi non oportuit.

Anaiskyntia. Off goes your velvet cap! did I maintain you,
To have you disobedient? you'll be persuaded?

Kataplectus. Libenis operam dare.

Anaiskyntia. What's that in English?

Kataplectus. To do an endeavour for children.

Anaiskyntia. Some more of this; it may be something one day.

Kataplectus. Communis est omnium animantium conjunctionis appetitus procreandi causâ.

Philotimia. Construe me that.

Kataplectus. All creatures have a natural desire, or appetite, to be joined together in the lawful bonds of matrimony, that they may have sons and daughters.

Anaiskyntia. Your laundress has bestow'd her time but ill:
Why could not this have been in proper terms?
If you should catechise my head, and say,
What is your name, would it not say, A head?
So would my skin confess itself a skin;
Nor any part about me be asham'd
Of his own name, although I catechis'd
All over. Come, good nephew, let not me
Have any member of my body nicknam'd.

Colax. Our stoic, the gravest of philosophers,
Is just of your opinion, and thus argues:
Is any thing obscene, the filthiness
Is either grounded in the things themselves,
Or in the words that signify those things,
Not in the things; that would make Nature guilty,
Who creates nothing filthy and unclean,
But chaste and honest: if not in the things,
How in the words, the shadows of those things?
To manure grounds, is a chaste honest term;
Another word that signifies the same,
Unlawful: every man endures to hear
He got a child; speak plainer, and he blushes,
Yet means the same. The stoic thus disputes:
Who would have men to breathe as freely downward,
As they do upward.

Anaiskyntia. I commend him, madam,
Unto your ladyship's service; he may mend
With counsel: let him be your gentleman-usher,
Madam, you may in time bring down his legs
To the just size, now overgrown with playing
Too much at foot-ball.

Philotimia. So he will prove a stoic;
I long to have a stoic strut before me:
Here, kiss my hand. Come, what is that in Latin?

Kataplectus. Deosculor manum.

Philotimia. My lip; nay, sir, you must, if I command you.
Kataplectus. Osculor te, vel oscular a te.
Philotimia. His breath smells strong.
Anaiskyntia. 'Tis but of logic, madam.
Philotimia. He will come to it one day; you shall go with me
To see an exquisite glass to dress me by.
Nay go! you must go first; you are too mannerly.
It is the office of your place, so, on. [*Exeunt.*
Colax. Slow Luparus, rise, or you'll be metamorphos'd;
Acteon's fate is imminent.
Luparus. Where's my wife?
Colax. She's gone with a young snip, and an old bawd.
Luparus. Then I am cuckolded: if I be, my comfort is,
She's put me on a cap, that will not trouble me
With pulling off; yet, madam, I'll prevent you. [*Exit.*
Roscius. The next are the extremes of Justice.

SCENE III.

Enter JUSTICE NIMIS, JUSTICE NIHIL. PLUS *and* PARUM, *their Clerks.*

Nimis. Plus!
Plus. What says your worship?
Nimis. Have my tenants,
That hold their lease of lust here in the suburbs,
By copyhold from me, their lord in chief,
Paid their rent-charge?
Plus. They have, an't please your worship;
I, receiver-general, gave 'em my acquittance.
Parum. Sir, I resign my pen and ink-horn to you;
I shall forget my hand, if I stay here.
I have not made a mittimus since I serv'd you.
Were I a reverend justice as you are,
I would not sit a cypher on the bench,

But do as justice Nimis does, and be
The *Dominus fac-totum* of the sessions.
Nihil. But I will be a *Dominus fac-misericordiam*,
Instead of your *Totums:* people shall not wish
To see my spurs fil'd off: it does me good
To take a merciful nap upon the bench,
Where I so sweetly dream of being pitiful,
I wake the better for it.
Nimis. The yearly value
Of my fair manor of Clerkenwell, is pounds
So many, besides new-year's capons, the lordship
Of Turnbal[47] so—which, with my Pickt-hatch grange,[48]
And Shoreditch farm, and other premises
Adjoining—very good, a pretty maintenance
To keep the justice of peace and coram too;
Besides the fines I take of young beginners,
With harriots of all such as die: *quatenus* whores
And ruin'd bawds, with all amercements due
To such as hunt inpurley;[49] this is something,

[47] *Of Turnbal.*] *Turnbal*, or, as it would be more properly called, *Turnmill Street*, is between Clerkenwell Green and Cow-Cross. It had its name, says Stow, from a river or brook formerly here, whereon stood several mills. This receptacle of thieves and harlots is frequently mentioned by writers of the times.—See Mr. Steevens's note on *Second Part of King Henry IV.* A. 3. S. 2.

[48] *Pickt-hatch grange.*] Pickt-hatch was in Turnbal Street. See notes, by Mr. Steevens and Mr. Warton, to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 2. S. 2.

"Your whore doth live
In *Pickt-hatch, Turnbole Street.*"
Field's *Amends for Ladies*, Sign. D. 1639. O. G.

Taylor, the Water Poet, in his piece entitled *A Bawd*, celebrates *Turnbull Street.*

"Here's bawds of state, of high and mighty place:
Our Turnbull Street poor bawds to these are base."

Davenport has put into three lines nearly all the places in London formerly celebrated for the respectability of their inhabitants.

"Search all the allyes, Spittle, or *Pickt-hatch*,
Turnball, the Bankside, or the Minories,
White-friers, St. Peter's Street, and Mutton Lane."
New Trick to Cheat the Devil, Sign. B 3. C.

[49] *Purley,*] or *purlieu;* which, says *Manwood's Treatise on the*

With mine own game reserv'd.
Plus. Besides a pretty pittance too for me,
That am your worship's bailiff.
Parum. Will it please
Your worship, sir, to hear the catalogue
Of such offenders as are brought before you?
Nihil. It does not please me, sir, to hear of any
That do offend. I would the world were innocent:
Yet, to express my mercy, you may read them.
Parum. First, here is one accus'd for cutting a purse.
Nihil. Accus'd? is that enough? If it be guilt
To be accus'd, who shall be innocent?
Discharge him, Parum.
Parum. Here's another brought
For the same fact, taken in the very action.
Nihil. Alas, it was for need; bid him take warning,
And so discharge him too: 'tis the first time.
Nimis. Plus, say, what hopes of gain brings this day's sin?
Plus. Anaiskyntia, sir, was at the door,
Brought by the constable.
Nimis. Set the constable by the heels:
She's at certain with us.
Plus. Then there's Intemperance, the bawd.
Nimis. A tenant too.
Plus. With the young lady, madam Incontinence.
Nimis. Search o'er my doom's-day book. Is not she, Plus,
One of my last compounders?
Plus. I remember it.
Then there is jumping Jude, heroic Doll,
With bouncing Nan, and Cis, your worship's sinner.
Nimis All subsidy-women: go free 'em all.
Parum. Sir, here's a known offender, one that has
Been stock'd and whipp'd innumerable times;

Forest Laws, c. 20, "in a certaine territorie of ground adjoyning unto the forest, meered and bounded with unmoveable markes, meeres, and aboundaries: which territorie of ground was also once forest, and afterwards disafforested againe by the perambulations made for the severing of the new forest from the old."
This note by Mr. Reed does not explain the text. O. G.

Has suffer'd Bridewell often; not a jail,
But he's familiar with; burnt in the hand,
Forehead, and shoulder; both his ears cut off,
With his nose slit; what shall I do with him?
Nimis. So often punish'd? nay, if no correction
Will serve his turn, e'en let him run his course.
Plus. Here's mistress Frailty too, the waiting-woman.
Nimis. For what offence?
Plus. A sin of weakness too.
Nimis. Let her be strongly whipp'd.
Plus. An't please your worship,
She has a nobleman's letter.
Nimis. Tell her, Plus, she must
Have the king's picture too.
Plus. Besides,
She has promised me, I should examine her
Above i' th' garret.
Nimis. What's all that to me?
Plus. And she entreats your worship to accept.
Nimis. Nay, if she can *entreat in English:* Plus,
Say she is injured.
Parum. Sir, here's Snip the tailor,
Charg'd with a riot.
Nihil. Parum, let him go,
He is our neighbour.
Parum. Then there is a stranger for quarrelling.
Nihil. A stranger! O 'tis pity
To hurt a stranger: we may be all strangers,
And would be glad to find some mercy, Parum.
Plus. Sir, here's a gentlewoman of St. Joans, is
Charg'd with dishonesty.
Nimis. With dishonesty?
Severity will amend her: and yet, Plus,
Ask her a question, if she will be honest?
Plus. And here's a cobler's wife brought for a scold.
Nimis. Tell her of cucking-stools: tell her there be
Oyster-queans, with orange-women,
Carts and coaches store, to make a noise;
Yet, if she can *speak English,*
We may suppose her silent.

Parum. Here's a bachelor,
And a citizen's wife, for flat adultery;
What will you do with them?
Nihil. A citizen's wife!
Perchance her husband is grown impotent,
And who can blame her then?
Parum. Yet, I hope, you'll bind o'er the bachelor.
Nihil. No: enquire
First if he have no wife; for if the bachelor
Have not a wife of his own, 'twas but frailty,
And justice counts it venial.
Plus. Here's one Adicus,
And Sophron, that do mutually accuse
Each other of flat felony.
Nimis. Of the two, which is the richer?
Plus. Adicus is the richer.
Nimis. Then Sophron is the thief.
Plus. Here is withal,
Panourgus come, with one call'd Prodetes,
Lay treason, sir, to one another's charge.
Panourgus is the richer.
Nimis. He's the traitor then.
Plus. How sir, the richer?
Nimis. Thou art ignorant, Plus:
We must do some injustice for our credit,
Not all for gain.
Plus. Eutrapeles complains, sir,
Bomolochus has abus'd him.
Nimis. Send Eutrapeles to the jail.
Plus. It is Eutrapeles that complains, sir.
Nimis. Tell him, we're pleas'd to think 'twas he offended.
Will must be law. Were't not for *Summum Jus*,
How could the land subsist?
Colax. Ay, or the justices
Maintain themselves?——go on——The land wants such
As dare with rigour execute her laws:
Her fester'd members must be lanc'd and tented.*

* *Tented* is a surgical term, which will be found explained in note 68 to Marston's *Malcontent*, vol. IV. C.

He's a bad surgeon, that for pity spares
The part corrupted, till the gangrene spread,
And all the body perish. He that's merciful
Unto the bad, is cruel to the good.
The pillory must cure the ear's diseases;
The stocks the foot's offences; let the back
Bear her own sin, and her rank blood purge forth
By the phlebotomy of a whipping-post.
And yet the secret and purse-punishment,
Is held the wiser course; because at once
It helps the virtuous, and corrects the vicious.
Let not the sword of justice sleep, and rust
Within her velvet sheath; preserve her edge,
And keep it sharp with cutting; use must whet her.
Tame mercy is the breast that suckles vice,
Till, Hydra like, she multiply her heads.
Tread you on sin, squeeze out the serpent's brains,
All you can find——for some have lurking-holes
Where they lie hid. But there's within a glass,
Will shew you every close offender's face.

Nimis. Come, Plus, let's go in to find out these concealments;
We will grow rich, and purchase honour thus——
I mean to be a baron of Summum Jus.

[*Exeunt Nimis, Plus.*

Parum. You are the strangest man; you will acknowledge
None for offenders. Here's one apprehended
For murder.

Nihil. How!

Parum. He kill'd a man last night.

Nihil. How came't to pass?

Parum. Upon a falling out.

Nihil. They shall be friends; I'll reconcile them Parum.

Parum. One of them is dead.

Nihil. Is he not buried yet?

Parum. No, sir.

Nihil. Why then, I say, they shall shake hands.

Colax. As you have done

With clemency, most reverend justice Nihil.
A gentle mildness thrones itself within you;
Your worship would have justice use her balance
More than her sword; nor can you endure to dye
The robe she wears, deep scarlet, in the blood
Of poor offenders. How many men hath rigour,
By her too hasty and severe proceeding,
Prevented from amendment, that perchance,
Might have turn'd honest, and have prov'd good Christians?
Should Jove not spare his thunder, but as often
Discharge at us, as we dart sins at him,
Earth would want men, and he himself want arms,
And yet tire Vulcan, and Pyracmon too.
You imitate the gods! and he sins less,
Strikes not at all, than he strikes once amiss.
I would not have Justice too falcon-ey'd:
Sometimes a wilful blindness much becomes her;
As when upon the bench she sleeps, and winks
At the transgressions of mortality:
In which most merciful posture I have seen
Your pitiful worship snorting out pardons
To the despairing sinner. There's within
A mirror, sir, like you! Go see your face,
How like Astrea's 'tis in her own glass.

Parum. And I'll petition justice Nimis' clerk,
To admit me for his under-officer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

AGROICUS.

Roscius. *This is Agroicus, a rustic, clownish fellow, whose discourse is all country; an extreme of Urbanity: whereby you may observe there is a virtue in jesting.*

Agroicus. They talk of witty discourse and fine conceits, and I ken not what a deal of prittle prattle, would make a cat piss to hear 'em. Cannot they be content with their grandam's English? They think they talk learnedly: when I had rather hear our brindled cur howl, or sow grunt. They must be break-

ing of jests, with a murrain, when I had as leave hear 'em break wind, sir-reverence. My zon Dick, is a pretty bookish scholar of his age, God bless him: he can write and read, and makes bonds and bills, and hobligations, God save all; but, by'r lady, if I wotted it would make him such a Jack-sauce, as to have more wit than his vore-fathers, he should have learn'd nothing for old Agroicus, but to keep a tally. There is a new trade lately come up to be a vocation, I wis not what: they call 'em—boets: a new name for beggars, I think, since the statute against gypsies. I would not have my zon Dick one of these boets, for the best pig in my sty, by the mackins. Boets! Heaven shield him, and zend him to be a good varmer. If he can cry Hy, Ho, Gee, Hut, Gee, Ho, it is better, I trow, than being a boet. Boets! I had rather zee him remitted to the jail, and have his twelve godvathers[50], good men and true, contemn him to the gallows, and there see him fairly prosecuted. There is Bomolochus, one of the boets; now a bots[51] take all the rednose tribe of 'em for Agroicus! He does so abuse his betters! Well, 'twas a good world when I virst held the plough!

Colax. They car'd not then so much for speaking well,
As to mean honest; and in you still lives
The good simplicity of the former times,
When to do well was rhetoric, not to talk.
The tongue-disease of court spreads her infections
Through the whole kingdom. Flattery, that was wont

[50] *Twelve godvathers.*] The same vein of humour is found in the *Merchant of Venice*, edit. 1778. vol. 3. p. 228.

" In christening, thou shalt have two godfathers:
" Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,
" To bring thee to the gallows, not the font." S.

[51] *A bots.*] *The bots* is a disease incident to horses. In *The Great Duke of Florence*, by *Massinger*, A. 4. S. 1. Calandrino says,

" *The bots* on these jolting jades, I am bruis'd to jelly."

Again, *Wily beguiled*, Will Cricket exclaims,

" *A bots* on you!"

It appears to be always the imprecation of a rustic.

To be confin'd within the verge, is now
Grown epidemical; for all our thoughts
Are born between our lips: the heart is made
A stranger to the tongue, as if it us'd
A language that she never understood.
What is it to be witty in these days,
But to be bawdy, or prophane? at least
Abusive. Wit is grown a petulant wasp,
And stings she knows not whom, nor where, nor why;
Spews vinegar and gall on all she meets,
Without distinction; buys laughter with the loss
Of reputation, father, kinsman, friend;
Hunts ordinaries only to deliver
The idle timpanies of a windy brain,
That beats and throbs above the pain of child-bed,
Till every care she meets be made a midwife
To her light bastard issue. How many times
Bomolochus' sides and shoulders ache and groan,
He is so witty. Here he comes---away.

Agroicus. His wit is dangerous, and I dare not stay.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

BOMOLOCHUS.

Roscius. This is the other extreme of Urbanity: Bomolochus, a fellow conceited of his own wit, though indeed it be nothing but the base dregs of scandal, and a lump of most vile and loathsome scurrility.

Bird. I, this is he we look'd for all the while!
Scurrility, here she hath her impious throne,
Here lies her heathenish dominion,
In this most impious cell of corruption;
For 'tis a purgatory, a mere limbo,
Where the black devil and his dam Scurrility
Do rule the roast, foul princes of the air!
Scurrility! That is he that throweth scandals;
Soweth, and throweth scandals; as 'twere dirt,
Even in the face of holiness, and devotion.
His presence is contagious; like a dragon
He belches poison forth, poison of the pit,

Brimstone, hellish and sulphureous poison.
I will not stay, but fly as far as zeal
Can hurry me—the roof will fall and brain me,
If I endure to hear his blasphemies,
His graceless blasphemies.
Rosciüs. He shall vent none here;
But stay, and see how justly we have us'd him.
Mrs. Flowerdew. Stay, brother, I do find the spirit grow strong.
Colax. Hail sacred wit!—Earth breeds not bays enough
To crown thy spacious merit.
Bomolochus. Oh—oh—oh—
Colax. Cratinus, Eupolis, Aristophanes,
Or whatsoever other wit did give
Old comedies the reins, and let her loose
To stigmatize what brow she pleas'd with slander
Of people, prince, nobility—all must yield
To this triumphant brain.
Bomolochus. Oh—oh—oh—
Colax. They say you'll lose a friend before a jest;*
'Tis true, there's not a jest that comes from you,
That is the true Minerva of this brain,
But is of greater value than a world
Of friends, were every pair of men we meet
A Pylades and Orestes.
Bomolochus. Oh—oh—oh—
Colax. Some say you will abuse your father too,
Rather than lose the opinion of your wit:
Who would not, that has such a wit as yours?
'Twere better twenty parents were expos'd
To scorn and laughter, than the simplest thought,
Or least conceit of yours, should die abortive,
Or perish a brain-embryo.
Bomolochus. Oh—oh—oh—
Colax. How's this? that tongue grown silent, that Syrens
Stood still to admire?

* Boileau makes the sacrifice greater—
Et pour un bon mot va perdre vingt amis. C.

Bomolochus. Oh—oh—oh—

Colax. 'Twere better that the spheres should lose their harmony,
And all the choristers of the wood grow hoarse.
What wolf hath spied you first?

Bomolochus. Oh—oh—oh—

Colax. Sure Hermes, envying that there was on earth
An eloquence more than his, has struck you dumb!
Malicious deity!

Bomolochus. Oh—oh—oh—

Colax. Go in, sir, there's a glass that will restore
That tongue, whose sweetness angels might adore.

Bomolochus. Oh—oh—oh—oh—oh—oh—oh—

[*Exit.*

Roscius. Thus, sir, you see how we have put a gag
In the licentious mouth of base Scurrility;
He shall not, Ibis like, purge upward here,[52]
T' infect the place with pestilential breath.
We'll keep him tongue-ty'd, you, and all, I promise
By Phœbus and his daughters; whose chaste zones
Were never yet by impure hands unty'd.
Our language shall flow chaste; nothing sounds here
That can give just offence to a strict ear.

Bird. This gag hath wrought my good opinion of you.

Mrs. Flowerdew. I begin to think 'em lawful recreations.

Colax. Now there's none left here, whereon to practise,
I'll flatter my dear self—O that my skill
Had but a body, that I might embrace it!
Kiss it, and hug it, and beget a brood,
Another brood of pretty skills upon it!
Were I divided, I would hate all beauties,
And grow enamour'd with my other half!
Self-love, Narcissus, had not been a fault,

[52] *He shall not, Ibis like, purge upward here.*] This bird is said to give himself a clyster with his beak, to live on serpents, and to void himself in the manner here alluded to. See Pliny's Natural History, B. 8. C. 27.

Hadst thou, instead of such a beauteous face,
Had but a brain like mine! I can gild vice,
And praise it into alchymy, till it go
For perfect gold, and cozen almost the touchstone.
I can persuade a toad—into an ox,
'Till, swell'd too big with my hyperboles,
She burst asunder; and 'tis virtue's name
Lends me a mask to scandalize herself.
Vice, if it be no more, can nothing do:
That art is great makes virtue guilty too.
I have such strange varieties of colours,
Such shifts of shapes, blue Proteus sure begot me
On a cameleon; and I change so quick,
That I suspect my mother did conceive me,
As they say mares do,[53] on some wind or other.
I'll peep to see how many fools I made,
With a report of a miraculous glass.
—Heaven bless me, I'm ruin'd! O my brain
Witty to my undoing! I have jested
Myself to an eternal misery.
I see lean hunger with her meagre face
Ride post to overtake me: I do prophesy
A Lent immortal. Phœbus, I could curse
Thee and thy brittle gifts; Pandora's box,
Compar'd with this, might be esteem'd a blessing.
The glass, which I conceiv'd a fabulous humour,
Is to the height of wonder prov'd a truth;
The two extremes of every virtue there,
Beholding how they either did exceed
Or want of just proportion, join'd together,
And are reduc'd into a perfect mean:
As when the skilful and deep-learn'd physician

[53] *As they say mares do.*]
"Ore omnes versæ in Zephyros stant rupibus altis
Exceptantque leves auras; et sæpe sine ullis
Conjugiis vento gravidæ (mirabile dictu)
Saxa per et scopulos et depressas convalles
Diffugiunt; non, Eure, tuos, neque solis ad ortus;
In Boream Caurumque, aut unde nigerrimus Auster
Nascitur, et pluvio contristat frigore cœlum."
Virgil's Georgics.

Does take two different poisons, one that's cold,
The other in the same degree of heat,
And blends them both to make an antidote;
Or as the lutinist takes flats and sharps,
And out of those so dissonant notes does strike
A ravishing harmony. Now there is no vice,
'Tis a hard world for Colax: what shift now?
Dyscolus doth expect me.—Since this age
Is grown too wise to entertain a parasite.
I'll to the glass, and there turn virtuous too,
Still strive to please, though not to flatter you.

Bird. There is good use indeed-la to be made
From their conversion.

Mrs. Flowerdew. Very good insooth-la
And edifying.

Roscius. Give your eyes some respite.
You know already what your vices be,
In the next act you shall our virtues see. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

ROSCIUS, MRS. FLOWERDEW, BIRD.

Mrs. Flowerdew. Now verily, I find the devout bee
May suck the honey of good doctrine thence,
And bear it to the hive of her pure family,
Whence the prophane and irreligious spider,
Gathers her impious venom! I have pick'd
Out of the garden of this play, a good
And wholesome sallad of instruction!
What do you next present?

Roscius. The several virtues.

Bird. I hope there be no cardinal-virtues there!

Roscius. There be not.

Bird. Then I'll stay. I hate a virtue
That will be made a cardinal: cardinal-virtues,
Next to pope-virtues, are most impious.
Bishop-virtues are unwarrantable.
I hate a virtue in a morrice-dance.
I will allow of none but deacon-virtues,
Or elder-virtues.

Roscius. These are moral virtues.
Bird. Are they lay virtues?
Roscius. Yes.
Bird. Then they are lawful:
Virtues in orders are unsanctified.
Roscius. We do present them royal, as they are
In all their state, in a full dance.
Bird. What dance?
No wanton jig, I hope: no dance is lawful
But Prinkum-Prankum!
Mrs. Flowerdew. Will virtues dance?
O vile, absurd, maypole, maid-marian virtue!
Roscius. Dancing is lawful, &c. [*Flourish.*

Enter MEDIOCRITY.

Mrs. Flowerdew. Who's this?
Roscius. It is the mother of virtues.
Mrs. Flowerdew. Mother of pearl I think; she is so gaudy.
Roscius. It is the golden Mediocrity.
Mrs. Flowerdew. She looketh like the idol of Cheapside [54].
Mediocrity. I am that even course that must be kept
To shun two dangerous gulfs; the middle tract
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis; the small isthmus
That suffers not the Ægean tide to meet
The violent rage of the Ionian wave.*
I am a bridge o'er an impetuous sea;
Free and safe passage to the wary step:

[54] *She looketh like the idol of Cheapside.*] This was the cross which stood there. It was erected by Edward the First, at one of the places where the body of his deceased Queen rested in its progress from Herdeby, where she died, to Westminster Abbey, where she was buried. This cross was afterwards frequently repaired, and was ornamented with a statue of the Virgin Mary; which being held in great reverence by the Papists, consequently very highly offended the Puritans of the times. When these last obtained the ascendancy in the state, it cannot be wondered at, that what displeased them should be removed. One of their first acts of power was an order for destroying the several crosses, which was executed on the 2d of May, 1643, on that which is the subject of this note.

* ——— *si terra recedat*
Ionium Ægeo franget mare. *Lucan, B. I.* C.

But he whose wantonness or folly dares
Decline to either side, falls desperate
Into a certain ruin.—Dwell with me,
Whose mansion is not plac'd so near the sun,
As to complain of's neighbourhood, and be scorch'd
With his directer beams: nor so remote
From his bright rays as to be situate
Under the icy pole of the cold Bear;
But in a temperate zone. 'Tis I am she,
I am the golden Mediocrity:
The labour of whose womb are all the virtues,
And every passion too, commendable;
Sisters so like themselves, as if they were
All but one birth; no difference to distinguish them
But a respect they bear to several objects:
Else had their names been one as are their features.
So when eleven fair virgins of a blood,
All sisters, and alike grown ripe of years,
Match into several houses, from each family,
Each makes a name distinct, and all are different.
They are not of complexion red or pale,
But a sweet mixture of the flesh and blood,
As if both roses were confounded there.
Their stature neither dwarf nor giantish,
But in a comely well dispos'd proportion;
And all so like their mother, that indeed,
They are all mine, and I am each of them.
When in the midst of dangers I stand up,
A wary confidence betwixt fear and daring,
Not so ungodly bold, as not to be
Fearful of Heaven's just anger, when she speaks
In prodigies, and tremble at the hazard
Of my religion, shake to see my country
Threat'ned with fire and sword, be a stark coward
To any thing may blast my reputation;
But I can scorn the worst of poverty,
Sickness, captivity, banishment, grim death,
If she dare meet me in the bed of honour;
Where, with my country's cause upon my sword,
Not edg'd with hope or anger, nor made bold

With civil blood, or customary danger,
Nor the fool's whetstone, inexperience,
I can throw valour as a lightning from me,
And then I am the Amazon Fortitude!
Give me the moderate cup of lawful pleasures,
And I am Temperance. Make me Wealth's just steward,
And call me Liberality: with one hand
I'll gather riches home, and with the other,
Rightly distribute 'em, and there observe
The persons, quantity, quality, time, and place.
And if in great expences I be set
Chief arbitress, I can in glorious works,
As raising temples, statues, altars, shrines,
Vestures, and ornaments to religion, be
Neither too thrifty nor too prodigal.
And to my country the like mean observe,
In building ships, and bulwarks, castles, walls,
Conduits, theatres, and what else may serve her
For use or ornament; and at home be royal
In buildings, gardens, costly furniture,
In entertainments free and hospitable,
With a respect to my estate and means,
And then I may be nam'd Magnificence;
As Magnanimity, when I wisely aim
At greatest honours, if I may deserve 'em,
Not for ambition, but for my country's good;
And in that virtue all the rest do dwell.
In lesser dignities I want a name;
And when I am not over-patient,
To put up such gross wrongs as call me coward,
But can be angry, yet in that observe
What cause hath mov'd my anger, and with whom;
Look that it be not sudden, nor too thirsty
Of a revenge, nor violent, nor greater
Than the offence; know my time when, where
I must be angry, and how long remain so;
Then, then you may sirname me Mansuetude.
When in my carriage and discourse I keep
The mean that neither flatters nor offends;
I am that virtue the well-nurtur'd court

Gives name, and should do being—Courtesy.
'Twixt sly dissembling and proud arrogance,
I am the virtue Time calls daughter, Truth.
Give me my sword and balance rightly sway'd,
And Justice is the title I deserve.
When on this stage I come with innocent wit,
And jests that have more of the salt than gall;
That move the laughter and delight of all,
Without the grief of one; free, chaste conceits,
Not scurril, base, obscene, illiberal,
Or contumelious slanders, I am then
The virtue they have term'd Urbanity:
To whom, if your least countenance may appear
She vows to make her constant dwelling here.
My daughters now are come.—

THE SONG.

SCENE II.

The Mask, wherein all the Virtues dance together.

Mediocrity. You have seen all my daughters, gentlemen.
Chuse your wives hence. You that are bachelors
Can find no better; and the married too
May wed 'em, yet not wrong their former wives.
Two may have the same wife, and the same man
May wed two virtues, yet no bigamy:
He that weds most is chastest. These are all
The daughters of my womb: I have five more,
The happy issue of my intellect,
And thence sirnam'd the intellectual virtues.
They now attend not on their mother's train,
We hope they act in each spectator's brain.
I have a niece besides, a beauteous one,
My daughter's dear companion—lovely Friendship,
A royal nymph: her we present not too;
It is a virtue we expect from you.

[*Exit cum Choro contantium.*

SCENE III.

Bird. O, sister, what a glorious train they be!
Mrs. Flowerdew. They seem to me the Family of Love;
But is there such a glass, good Roscius?
Roscius. There is! sent hither by the great Apollo,
Who in the world's bright eye and every day
Set in this car of light, surveys the earth
From east to west; who finding every place
Fruitful in nothing but fantastic follies
And most ridiculous humours, as he is
The god of physic, thought it appertain'd
To him to find a cure to purge the earth
Of ignorance and sin, two grand diseases,
And now grown epidemical: many receipts
He thought upon, as to have planted hellebore
In every garden; but none pleas'd like this.
He takes out water from the muse's spring,
And sends it to the north, there to be freez'd
Into a crystal—that being done, he makes
A mirror with it, and instils this virtue;
That it should by reflection shew each man
All his deformities, both of soul and body,
And cure 'em both—
Mrs. Flowerdew. Good brother, let's go see it!
Saints may want something of perfection.
Roscius. The glass is but of one day's continuance;
For Pluto, thinking if it should cure all,
His kingdom would grow empty (for 'tis sin
That peoples hell) went to the Fates, and bid 'em
Spin it too short a thread; (for every thing,
As well as man, is measur'd by their spindle.)
They, as they must obey, gave it a thread
No longer than the beasts of Hyppanis,
That in one day is spun, drawn out, and cut.
But Phœbus, to requite the black god's envy,
Will, when the glass is broke, transfuse her virtue
To live in comedy. If you mean to see it,
Make haste——

Mrs. Flowerdew. We will go post to reformation.

[*Exeunt.*

Roscius. Nor is the glass of so short life, I fear,
As this poor labour—our distrustful author
Thinks the same sun that rose upon her cradle
Will hardly set before her funeral.
Your gracious and kind acceptance may
Keep her alive from death, or, when she's dead,
Raise her again, and spin her a new thread.

SCENE IV.

Enter MRS. FLOWERDEW *and* BIRD.

Mrs. Flowerdew. This ignorance even makes religion sin;
Sets zeal upon the rack, and stretches her
Beyond her length—most blessed looking-glass,
That didst instruct my blinded eyes to-day!
I might have gone to hell the narrow way!

Bird. Hereafter I will visit comedies,
And see them oft; they are good exercises!
I'll teach devotion now a milder temper;
Not that it shall lose any of her heat
Or purity, but henceforth shall be such
As shall burn bright, although not blaze so much.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

ROSCIUS *solus.*

You've seen the Muse's Looking-Glass, *ladies fair,*
And gentle youths: and others too whoe'er
Have fill'd this orb: it is the end we meant
Yourselves unto yourselves still to present.
A soldier shall himself in Hector see;
Grave counsellors, Nestor, view themselves in thee.
When Lucrece' part shall on our stage appear,
Every chaste lady sees her shadow there.
Nay, come who will, for our indifferent glasses
Will shew both fools and knaves, and all their faces,
To vex and cure them: but we need not fear,
We do not doubt but each one now that's here,
That has a fair soul and a beauteous face,
Will visit oft The Muse's Looking-Glass.

EDITION.

The Muses Looking-Glasse. By T. R. Oxford: Printed by Leonard Lichfield, for Francis Bowman. 1638. 4to.*

* Printed in a quarto volume, entitled, "Poems, with the Muses Looking-Glasse, and Amyntas. By Thomas Randolph, Master of Arts, and late Fellow of Trinity-Colledge in Cambridge. Oxford: printed by Leonard Lichfield, Printer to the University, for Francis Bowman. 1638."

THE

CITY-MATCH.

JASPER MAYNE, was born at Hatherlagh, in Devonshire, in the year 1604; and being sent to Westminster-School, he continued there until the age of nineteen years, without obtaining a King's scholarship. At that time, he met with a patron in Dr. Bryan Duppa; by whose recommendation, in 1623, he entered himself a servitor of Christ Church, Oxford, and commenced M. A. June 18, 1631. He afterwards took holy orders; and distinguished himself in the pulpit by that quaint manner of preaching which was then in vogue. His first preferment was the vicarage of Cassington, near Woodstock *; to which was afterwards added the living of Pyrton, near Watlington; both by the presentation of his college. These preferments lying at a small distance from the university, he continued to reside there; and was much admired for his wit and humour. In 1638, he published a Translation of Lucian's Dialogues †; and in the next year appeared his comedy of *The City Match.* On the breaking out of the civil war, he sided with the Royal Party: to which he remained, ever after, firmly attached. He was appointed, in 1642, one of the divines to preach before the King and Parliament; and in that year proceeded Bachelor of Divinity; and was created D. D. on June 7, 1646. The decline of the King's affairs caused a very great

* Eighth of October, 1638. Rymer's Fœd. xx. 317. O. G.

† This seems to be a mistake: he did not publish the translation of *Part of Lucian* until 1664, but the title page expresses that it was "made English from the original in the year 1638." This fact also appears from the dedication to the Marquis of Newcastle, which is a masterpiece of solid reasoning and critical acumen, where the author mentions that "these pieces were translated for "your private entertainment above five and twenty years since." He adds, that he was then only a student of Christ Church and that he should have translated more "if the late barbarous times "had not broke my study." In the course of this preface (for the epistle is to be so considered) Mayne very severely lashes the republicans for their ignorance and presumptuousness. C.

alteration in those of our Author: he was ejected from his student's place in 1648, and soon after deprived of both his vicarages. In the midst of these sufferings, he still preserved a warm zeal for the old establishment. In September, 1652, he held a public disputation with a noted Anabaptist-preacher, in Watlington Church. He afterwards had the good fortune to meet with a friend in the Earl of Devonshire, who received him into his family, in the character of chaplain; and with that nobleman he resided until the Restoration. On that event, he returned back to his livings; was appointed Chaplain in ordinary to the King; promoted to a Canon's stall at Christ Church, and raised to the dignity of Archdeacon of Chichester.

Thus replaced in his favourite seat of the Muses, he continued to reside there during the rest of his life, happy in the full enjoyment of his promotions.—He died December 6, 1672, and his corpse was interred in the aisle adjoining to the choir of Christ Church; where a monument was erected to his memory, at the charge of Dr. Robert South and Dr. John Lamphire, the executors of his will.

Besides the Translation of Lucian, (before mentioned) he published several sermons and poems;* and the two following plays:

1. "The City-Match: a Comedy †. Presented to "the King and Queen at Whitehall. Acted since, at "Blackfriers, by his Majesties Servants. Fo. 1639. "4to. 1658. 8vo. 1659."

2. "The Amorous Warre: a Tragi-Comedie. 4to. "1648."

* Among others he has a poem prefixed to *Cartwright's Plays and Poems*, and in *Jonsonius Verbius*. O. G.

† From the Prologue and Epilogue it appears that this play was acted by command of the King, both at White-hall and at the Black-friars Theatre. C.

TO THE READER.

THE Author of this Poem, knowing how hardly the best things protect themselves from censure, had no ambition to make it this way public; holding works of this light nature to be things which need an apology for being written at all, nor esteeming otherwise of them, whose abilities in this kind are most passable, than of maskers who spangle and glitter for the time, but 'tis through a tinsel. As it was merely out of obedience that he first wrote it, so when it was made, had it not been commanded from him, it had died upon the place where it took life. Himself being so averse from raising fame from the stage, that at the presentment, he was one of the severest spectators there; nor ever shewed other sign whereby it might be known to be his, but his liberty to despise it. Yet he hath at length consented it should pass the press; not with an aim to purchase a new reputation, but to keep that which he hath already from growing worse; for understanding that some at London, without his approbation or allowance, were ready to print a false, imperfect copy, he was loth to be libell'd by his own work, or that his play should appear to the world with more than its own faults.—Farewel.

THE

PROLOGUE

TO THE

KING AND QUEEN.

The Author, Royal Sir, so dreads this night,
As if for writing he were doom'd to th' sight;
Or else, unless you do protect his fame,
Y' had sav'd his play, and sentenc'd him to th' flame.
For though your name or power were i' th' reprieve,
Such works he thinks, are but condemn'd to live.
Which for this place, being rescu'd from the fire,
Take ruin from th' advancement, and fall higher.
Though none, he hopes, sit here upon his wit,
As if he poems did, or plays commit;
Yet he must needs fear censure, that fears praise,
Nor would write still, were't to succeed i' th' bays:
For he is not o' th' trade, nor would excel
In this kind, where 'tis lightness to do well.
Yet, as the Gods refin'd base things, and some
Beasts foul i' th' herd grew pure i' th' hecatomb;
And as the ox prepar'd, and crowned bull,
Are offerings, though kept back, and altars full;
So, mighty Sir, this sacrifice being near
The knife at Oxford, which y' have kindled here,
He hopes 'twill from You, and the Queen, grow clean,
And turn t' oblation what he meant a scene.

THE

PROLOGUE AT BLACK-FRIARS.

Were it his trade, the Author bid me say,
Perchance he'd beg you would be good to th' play;
And I, to set him up in reputation,
Should hold a bason forth for approbation.
But praise so gain'd, he thinks, were a relief
Able to make his comedy a brief;
For, where your pity must your judgment be,
'Tis not a play, but you fir'd houses see.
Look not his quill, then, should petitions run;
No gatherings here into a Prologue spun.
Whether their sold scenes be dislik'd, or hit,
Are cares for them who eat by th' stage, and wit.
He's one, whose unbought Muse did never fear
An empty second day, or a thin share;
Bat can make th' actors, though you come not twice,
No losers, since we act now at the King's price:
Who hath made this play public; and the same
Power that makes laws, redeem'd this from the flame:
For th' author builds no fame, nor doth aspire
To praise, from that which he condemn'd to th' fire.
He's thus secure, then, that he cannot win
A censure sharper than his own hath been.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WAREHOUSE, *an old Merchant.*
FRANK PLOTWELL, *his Nephew.*
CYPHER, *his Factor.*
BANNSWRIGHT, *old Plotwell disguised.*
AURELIA, *Penelope Plotwell disguised.*
SEATHRIFT, *a Merchant.*
TIMOTHY, *his Son.*
DORCAS, *Susan Seathrift disguised.*
BRIGHT, NEWCUT, } *two Templars.*
MRS. SCRUPLE, *a Puritan School-Mistress.*
MRS. HOLLAND, *a Seamstress on the Exchang*
QUARTFIELD, *a Captain.*
SALEWIT, *a Poet.*
ROSECLAP, *one that keeps an ordinary.*
MILLICENT, *his Wife.*
'PRENTICE.
TWO FOOTMEN.
BOY *that sings.*

THE

CITY-MATCH.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

WAREHOUSE, SEATHRIFT.

Seathrift. I PROMISE you 'twill be a most rare plot.

Warehouse. The city, Mr. Seathrift, never yet
Brought forth the like: I would have them that have
Fin'd twice for sheriff mend it.

Seathrift. Mend it! why,
'Tis past the wit o' th' court of aldermen.
Next Merchant-tailor that writes chronicles[1]
Will put us in.

Warehouse. For, since I took him home,
Though, sir, my nephew, as you may observe,
Seem quite transfigur'd, be as dutiful
As a new 'prentice, in his talk declaim
'Gainst revelling companions, be as hard
To be entic'd from home as my door-posts,
This reformation may but be his part,
And he may act his virtues. I have not
Forgot his riots at the Temple. You know, sir—

Seathrift. You told me, Mr. Warehouse.

* In the year 1755, a gentleman still living, of great eminence in his profession, made a few alterations in this play, and presented it to the governors of the Lock Hospital, near Hyde Park-corner, who obtained a representation of it at Drury-Lane, for the benefit of that charity. It was at the same time printed in 8vo. under the title of "The Schemers; or, The City-Match."

Mr. Bromfield, the surgeon, as Mr. Davies, who acted in it, told me. I. R.

[1] *Next Merchant-tailor that writes chronicles*] The merchant-tailor here alluded to, was John Stowe, author of the *Chronicles of England*, who was of that company, and a tailor by profession.

Warehouse. Not the sea,
When it devour'd my ships, cost me so much
As did his vanities. A voyage to the Indies
Has been lost in a night: his daily suits
Were worth more than the stock that set me up;
For which he knew none but the silk-man's book,
And studied that more than the law. He had
His loves too, and his mistresses; was enter'd
Among the philosophical madams;[2] was
As great with them as their concerners; and, I hear,
Kept one of them in pension.
Seathrift. My son too
Hath had his errors: I could tell the time
When all the wine which I put off by wholesale
He took again in quarts; and at the day
Vintners have paid me with his large scores: but
He is reformed too.
Warehouse. Sir, we now are friends
In a design.
Seathrift. And hope to be in time
Friends in alliance, sir.
Warehouse. I'll be free;
I think well of your son.
Seathrift. Who? Timothy?
Believ't, a virtuous boy; and for his sister,
A very saint.
Warehouse. Mistake me not, I have
The like opinion of my nephew, sir;
Yet he is young, and so is your son, nor
Doth the church-book say they are past our fears.
Our presence is their bridle now; 'tis good
To know them well whom we do make our heirs.
Seathrift. It is most true.
Warehouse. Well; and how shall we know
How they will use their fortune, or what place
We have in their affection, without trial?
Some wise men build their own tombs; let us try,
If we were dead, whether our heirs would cry,

[2] *Philosophical madams*]. See *Ben Jonson's Silent Woman.* S. P.

Or wear [3] long cloaks. This plot will do't.
Seathrift. 'Twill make us
Famous upon the Exchange for ever. I'll home,
And take leave of my wife and son.
Warehouse. And I'll
Come to you at your garden-house (a). Within there.
[*Exit Seathrift.*

SCENE II.

Enter CYPHER.

Warehouse. Now, Cypher, where's my nephew?
Cypher. In the hall,
Reading a letter, which a footman brought
Just now to him from a lady, sir.
Warehouse. A lady!
Cypher. Yes, sir, a lady in distress: for I
Could overhear the fellow say, she must
Sell her coach-horses, and return again
To her needle, if your nephew don't supply her
With money.
Warehouse. This is some honourable seamstress.
I am now confirm'd: they say he keeps a lady,
And this is she. Well, Cypher, 'tis too late
To change my project now. Be sure you keep
A diary of his actions; strictly mark
What company comes to him; if he stir
Out of my house, observe the place he enters.
Watch him till he come out: follow him, disguis'd,
To all his haunts.
Cypher. He shall not want a spy, sir.
But, sir, when you are absent, if he draw not
A lattice to your door, and hang a bush out——
Warehouse. I hope he will not make my house a tavern.
Cypher. Sir, I am no Sibyl's son.
Warehouse. Peace, here he comes.

[3] *wear.*] All the editions read *their.*

(a) *Garden house.*] See extract from *Stubbes,* quoted in note 36 to *The Miseries of Inforced Marriage,* vol. V.

SCENE III.

Enter PLOTWELL, *in a sad posture.*

WAREHOUSE, PLOTWELL, CYPHER.

Warehouse. Good morrow, nephew. How now sad? how comes
This melancholy?

Plotwell. Can I chuse but wear
Clouds in my face, when I must venture, sir,
Your reverend age to a long-doubtful voyage,
And not partake your dangers?

Warehouse. Fie; these fears,
Though they become you, nephew, are ominous.
When heard you from your father?

Plotwell. Never since
He made the escape, sir.

Warehouse. I hear he is in Ireland:
Is't true, he took your sister with him?

Plotwell. So
Her mistress thinks, sir: one day she left th' Exchange
And has not since been heard of.

Warehouse. And, nephew,
How like you your new course; which place prefer you
The Temple, or Exchange? Where are, think you,
The wealthier mines; in the Indies, or
Westminster-hall?

Plotwell. Sir, my desires take measure
And form from yours.

Warehouse. Nay, tell me your mind plainly,
I'th' city-tongue. I'd have you speak like Cypher:
I do not like quaint figures; they do smell
Too much o'th' inns of court.

Plotwell. Sir, my obedience
Is ready for all impressions which——

Warehouse. Again!

Plotwell. Sir, I prefer your kind of life, a merchant.

Warehouse. 'Tis spoken like my nephew; now I like you,
Nor shall I e'er repent the benefits
I have bestow'd; but will forget all errors,

[*Exit Cypher.*

As mere seducements; and will not only be
An uncle, but a father to you; but then
—You must be constant, nephew.
Plotwell. Else I were blind
To my good fortune, sir.
Warehouse. Think, man, how it may
In time make thee o'th' city senate, and raise thee
To the sword and cap of maintenance.
Plotwell. Yes, and make me
Sentence light bread, and pounds of butter on horse-back. [*Aside.*
Warehouse. Have gates and conduits dated from thy year;
Ride to the spittle on thy free beast.
Plotwell. Yes,
Free of your company. [*Aside.*
Warehouse. Have the people vail
As low to his trappings, as if he thrice had fin'd
For that good time's employment.
Plotwell. Or as if
He had his rider's wisdom. [*Aside.*
Warehouse. Then the works
And good deeds of the city to go before thee,
Besides a troop of varlets.
Plotwell. Yes, and I
To sleep the sermon in my chain and scarlet. *Aside.*
Warehouse. How say you? Let's hear that!
Plotwell. I say, sir, I
To sit at sermon in my chain and scarlet.
Warehouse. 'Tis right; and be remembered at the Cross[4].
Plotwell. And then at sessions, sir, and all times else:
Master Recorder to save me the trouble,
And understand things for me.
Warehouse. All this is possible,
And in the stars and winds: therefore, dear nephew,
You shall pursue this course; and, to enable you,

[4] *At the Cross.*] At St. Paul's Cross, where sermons were then preached. S. P.

In this half year that I shall be away,
Cypher shall teach you French, Italian, Spanish,
And other tongues of traffic.
Plotwell. Shall I not learn
Arithmetic too, sir, and short-hand?
Warehouse. 'Tis well remembered; yes, and navigation.

Enter CYPHER.

Cypher. Sir, Mr. Seathrift says you will lose the tide;
The boat stays for you.
Warehouse. Well, nephew, at my return,
As I hear of your carriage, you do know
What my intentions are; and, for a token
How much I trust your reformation,
Take this key of my counting-house, and spend
Discreetly in my absence. Farewel. Nay,
No tears; I'll be here sooner than you think on't.
Cypher, you know what you have to do.
Cypher. I warrant you, sir. [*Exit Warehouse.*
Plotwell. Tears! yes, my melting eyes shall run, but it
Shall be such tears as shall increase the tide
To carry you from hence.
Cypher. Come, Mr. Plotwell, shall I
Read to you this morning?
Plotwell. Read! what? how the price
Of sugar goes; how many pints of olives
Go to a jar; how long wine works at sea;
What difference is in gain between fresh herrings
And herrings red?
Cypher. This is fine: ha' you
Forgot your uncle's charge?
Plotwell. Pr'ythee what was't?
Cypher. To learn the tongues, and mathematics.
Plotwell. Troth,
If I have tongue enough to say my prayers
I' th' phrase o' th' kingdom, I care not: otherwise,
I'm for no tongues but dry'd ones, such as will
Give a fine relish to my backrag;[5] and for mathematics,

[5] *Backrag.*] This was a wine which was brought from Germany,

I hate to travel by the map; methinks
'Tis riding post.

Cypher. I knew 'twould come to this,
Here be his comrades.

Plotwell. What, my Fleet-street friends?

[*Exit Cypher.*

SCENE IV.

Enter BRIGHT *and* NEWCUT.

Bright. Save you, merchant Plotwell!

Newcut. Mr. Plotwell, citizen and merchant, save you!

Bright. Is thy uncle
Gone the wish'd voyage?

Plotwell. Yes, he's gone; and, if
He die by th' way, hath bequeath'd me but some
Twelve hundred pound a year in Kent; some three-
Score thousand pound in money, besides jewels, bonds,
And desperate debts.

Newcut. And dost not thou fall down
And pray to th' winds to sacrifice him to
Poor John and Mackarel?

Bright. Or invoke some rock
To do thee justice?

Newcut. Or some compendious cannon
To take him off i' th' middle?

Plotwell. And why, my tender,
Soft-hearted friends?

Bright What, to thee from the Temple,
To make thee an old juryman, a Whittington?

Newcut. To transform thy plush to penny-stone; and scarlet
Into a velvet jacket, which hath seen

as appears from *Philo-cathonista*, 1635, p. 48. It is there mentioned along with *Rhenish*.

It is in Germany. Ray in his Travels, vol. i. p. 64, says: "Next we came to *Backarach*, a walled town on the right hand, having many towers, subject to the Prince Elector Palatine, *famous for the goodness of its wine*, as is also Rhincow, a town not far from Mentz." I. R.

Aleppo twice, is known to the great Turk,
Hath 'scapt three shipwrecks to be left off to thee,
And knows the way to Mexico as well as the map?
Bright. This jacket surely was employed in finding
The north-east passage out, or the same jacket
That Coryat[6] died in.
Plotwell. Very good.
Newcut. In Ovid
There is not such a metamorphosis
As thou art now. To be turned into a tree,
Or some handsome beast, is courtly to this.
But for thee, Frank? O transmutation!
Of satin chang'd to kersey hose I sing.
'Slid, his shoes shine too.[7]
Bright. They have the Gresham dye.
Dost thou not dress thyself by 'em? I can see
My face in them hither.
Plotwell. Very pleasant, gentlemen.
Bright. And faith, for how many years art thou bound?
Plotwell. Do you take me for a 'prentice?
Newcut. Why then, what office
Dost thou bear in the parish this year? Let's feel:
No batteries in thy head, to signify
Th' art constable?
Bright. No furious jug broke on it,
In the king's name?
Plotwell. Did you contrive this scene
By the way, gentlemen?
Newcut. No; but the news
Thou should'st turn tradesman, and this pagan dress,
In which if thou shouldst die, thou wouldst be damn'd

[6] *Coryat.*] See note 11 to *The Ordinary*, vol. X.

[7] *'Slid, his shoes shine too.*] The citizens of Charles the First's time, and earlier, were as famous for the brightness of their shoes, as some particular professions at present. In *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 2. S. 1. Kitely says.

"Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the fable,
Make their loose comments upon every word,
Gesture, or look, I use; mock me all over,
From my flat cap *unto my shining shoes.*"

For an usurer, is comical at the Temple.
We were about to bring in such a fellow
For an apostate, in our antimasque.
Set one to keep the door, provide half-crown rooms,
For I'll set bills up of thee. What shall I
Give thee for the first day?
Bright. I, or second?
For thou'lt endure twice or thrice coming in.
Plotwell. Well, my conceited Orient friends, bright offspring
O' th' female silk-worm, and tailor male; I deny not
But you look well in your unpaid-for glory;
That in these colours you set out the Strand,
And adorn Fleet-street; that you may laugh at me
Poor working-day o' th' city, like two festivals
Escap'd out of the Almanac.
Newcut. Sirrah, Bright,
Didst look to hear such language beyond Ludgate?
Bright. I thought all wit had ended at Fleet-bridge;
But wit that goes o' th' score, that may extend,
If't be a courtier's wit, into Cheapside.
Plotwell. Your mercer lives there, does he? I warrant you
He has the patience of a burnt heretic.
The very faith that sold to you these silks,
And thinks you'll pay for 'em, is strong enough
To save the infidel part o' th' world, or Antichrist.
Bright. W' are most mechanically abused.
Newcut. Let's tear his jacket off.
Bright. A match! take that side.
Plotwell. Hold, hold.
Bright. How frail a thing old velvet is! it parts
With as much ease and willingness as two cowards.
[*They tear off his jacket.*
Newcut. The tend'rest weed that ever fell asunder.
Plotwell. Ha' you your wits? What mean you?
Bright. Go, put on
One of thy Temple suits, and accompany us,
Or else thy dimity breeches will be mortal.
Plotwell. You will not strip me, will you?

Newcut. By thy visible ears, we will.
Bright. By this two-handed beaver; which is so thin
And light, a butterfly's wings put to't would make it
A Mercury's flying hat, and soar aloft.
Plotwell. But do you know to how much danger
You tempt me? Should my uncle know I come
Within the air of Fleet-street——
Newcut. Will you make
Yourself fit for a coach again, and come
Along with us?
Plotwell. Well, my two resolute friends,
You shall prevail. But whither now are your
Lewd motions bent?
Newcut. We'll dine at Roseclap's: there
We shall meet Captain Quartfield and his poet;
They shall shew us another fish.
Bright. But by the way, we have agreed to see
A lady, you mechanic.
Plotwell. What lady?
Newcut. Hast not thou heard of the new-sprung lady?
Bright. One
That keeps her coachman, footboy, woman, and spends
A thousand pounds a year by wit.
Plotwell. How? wit!
Newcut. That is her patrimony, sir. 'Tis thought,
The fortune she is born to, will not buy
A bunch of turnips.
Plotwell. She is no gamester, is she? Nor carries false dice?
Bright. No; but has a tongue,
Were't in a lawyer's mouth, would make him buy
All young heirs near him.
Plotwell. But does no man know from whence she came?
Bright. As for her birth, she may
Choose her own pedigree: it is unknown
Whether she be descended of some ditch
Or duchess.
Newcut. She's the wonder of the court,

And talk o' th' town.
Plotwell. Her name?
Newcut. Aurelia.
Plotwell. I've heard of her. They say she does fight duels,
And answers challenges in wit.
Bright. She has been thrice in the field.
Plotwell. I' th' field?
Newcut. Yes, in Spring garden;
Has conquer'd, with no second but her woman,
A Puritan, and has return'd with prizes.
Plotwell. And no drum beat before her?
Newcut. No, nor colours
Flourish'd. She has made a vow never to marry
'Till she be won by stratagem.
Plotwell. I long to see her.
Bright. I' th' name of Guildhall, who comes here?

SCENE V.

Enter TIMOTHY.

Timothy. By your leave, gentlemen.
Plotwell. Mr. Timothy!
Welcome from the new world. I look'd you should
Ha' past through half the signs in heaven by this,
And ha' convers'd with the dolphins. What! not gone
To sea with your father?
Timothy. No, faith, I do not love
To go to sea; it makes one lousy, lays him
In wooden sheets, and lands him a preservative
Against the plague: besides, my mother was
Afraid to venture me.
Plotwell. Believ't, she's wise.
Not to trust such a wit to a thin frail bark,
Where you had sail'd within three inches of
Becoming a Jonas. Besides the tossing, to have
All the fierce blust'ring faces in the map
Swell more tempestuously upon you than
Lawyers preferr'd, or trumpeters! And whither
Were you bound now?

Timothy. I only came to have
Your judgment of my suit.
Plotwell. Surely the tailor
Has done his part.
Timothy. And my mother has done her's;
For she has paid for't. I never durst be seen
Before my father out of duretta and serge:
But if he catch me in such paltry stuffs,
To make me look like one that lets out money,
Let him say, "Timothy was born a fool."
Before he went, he made me do what he list;
Now he's abroad, I'll do what I list. What
Are these two? Gentlemen?
Plotwell. You see they wear
Their heraldry.
Timothy. But I mean, can they roar,
Beat drawers, play at dice, and court their mistress?
I mean forthwith to get a mistress?
Plotwell. But
How comes this, Mr. Timothy? you did not
Rise such a gallant this morning.
Timothy. All's one for that.
My mother lost her maidenhead, that I
Might come first into the world; and by God's lid
I'll bear myself like the elder brother, I.
D' you think, I'll all days of my life frequent
Saint Antlins, like my sister? Gentlemen,
I covet your acquaintance.
Bright. Your servant, sir.
Newcut. I shall be proud to know you.
Timothy. Sir, my knowledge
Is not much worth. I'm born to a small fortune;
Some hundred thousand pound, if once my father
Held up his hands in marble, or kneel'd in brass.
What are you? inns of court-men?
Newcut. The Catechism
Were false, should we deny it.
Timothy. I shall shortly
Be one myself; I learn to dance already,
And wear short cloaks. I mean in your next masque

To have a part: I shall take most extremely.
Bright. You will inflame the ladies, sir: they'll strive
Who shall most privately convey jewels
Into your hand.
Newcut. This is an excellent fellow.
Who is't?
Plotwell. Rich Seathrift's son, that's gone to sea
This morning with my uncle.
Bright. Is this he
Whose sister thou shouldst marry? The wench that brings
Ten thousand pound.
Plotwell. My uncle would fain have me,
But I have cast her off.
Bright. Why?
Plotwell. Faith, she's handsome,
And had a good wit; but her school-mistress
Has made her a rank Puritan.
Newcut. Let's take him
Along with us, and Captain Quartfield shall show him.
Plotwell. 'Twill be an excellent comedy; and afterwards
I have a project on him.
Timothy. Gentlemen,
Shall we dine at an ordinary? You
Shall enter me among the wits.
Plotwell. Sir, I
Will but shift clothes, then we'll associate you,
But first you shall with us, and see a lady,
Rich as your father's chests and odd holes, and
Fresh as Pygmalion's mistress, newly waken'd
Out of her alabaster.
Timothy. Lead on:
I long to see a lady, and to salute her. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

AURELIA, DORCAS.

Aurelia. Why we shall have you get, in time the turn-
Up of your eyes, speak in the nose, draw sighs
Of an ell long, and rail at discipline.
Would I could hear from Bannswright! Ere I'll be tortur'd
With your preciseness thus, I'll get dry palms
With starching, and put on my smocks myself.
Dorcas. Surely you may, and air 'em too: there have been
Very devout and holy women that wore
No shift at all.
Aurelia. Such saints you mean as wore
Their congregations, and swarm'd with Christian vermin.
You'll hold clean linen heresy?
Dorcas. Surely, yes,
Clean linen in a surplice: that and powders
Do bring dry summers, make the sickness rage,
And the enemy prevail It was reveal'd
To Mrs. Scruple and her husband, who
Do verily ascribe the German war,
And the late persecutions, to curling,
False teeth, and oil of Talc.[8]

[8] *Oil of Talc.*] "*Talc*, in natural history, is a shining, squamous, fissile species of stone, easily separable into thin, transparent scales or leaves."---*Chambers's Dictionary*. It was anciently found only in Spain, but since, in several parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa. "Some chymists," (says the same writer) "and other empirics, have held, that *Talc* might be used for many important purposes; and pretend to draw from it that precious oil so much boasted of by the ancients, particularly the Arabs, called *Oil of Talc;* which is supposed a wonderful cosmetic, and preserver of the complexion: but the truth is, the word *Talc*, among them, signified no more than an equal disposition of the humours, which keeps the body in good temperament and perfect health. Now, as nothing contributes more than health to the preserving of beauty, this has given occasion to the chymists to search this *Oil of Talc*, which is to

Aurelia. Now she is in,
A lecturer will sooner hold his peace
Than she.
Dorcas. And surely, as master Scruple says——
Aurelia. That was her school-master; one that cools a feast
With his long grace, and sooner eats a capon
Than blesses it.
Dorcas. And proves it very well,
Out of a book that suffer'd martyrdom[9]
By fire in Cheapside; since amulets, and bracelets,
And love-locks were in use, the price of sprats,
Jerusalem artichokes, and Holland cheese,
Is very much increased: so that the brethren,
Botchers I mean, and such poor zealous saints
As earn five groats a week under a stall,
By singing psalms, and drawing up of holes,
Can't live in their vocation, but are fain
To turn——
Aurelia. Old breeches.
Dorcas. Surely, teachers and prophets.

maintain the body in this disposition, and to engage the ladies to be at the expence of the search."

Oil of Talc is mentioned in Ben Jonson's Forest, Song 8, and had its name (says Mr. Whalley) "from curing a malady incident to sheep, which was so called. Menage gives us this account of it: Nous appellons *talc* une espece d'huile de cedre et nous l'appellons de la sorte à cause qu'on s'en sert pour guerir le tac. Belon dans son traité *de medicamentis servandi cadaveris vim obtimentibus*, c. i. Id autem oleum, quo nostri hic in Gallia Celtica utuntur, quod tecum vocant, verius e lignis juniperorum perfici videtur: idque a morbo oveum cui mederi solet, nomen habet. With the ladies of Jonson's age it seems to have had the reputation of a cosmetic for the face and complexion." Note on Ben Jonson, vol. vi. 317.

[9] *Out of a book*, &c.] This was Prynne's celebrated work, entitled *Histriomastrix*, &c? which was by the sentence of the Star Chamber, ordered to be burnt.

SCENE II.

Enter BANNSWRIGHT.

Aurelia. Oh, Mr. Bannswright are you come! My woman
Was in her preaching-fit: she only wanted
A table's end.

Bannswright. Why, what's the matter?

Aurelia. Never
Poor lady had so much unbred holiness
About her person; I am never drest
Without a sermon; but am forc'd to prove
The lawfulness of curling-irons, before
She'll crisp me in a morning. I must show
Text for the fashions of my gowns. She'll ask
Where jewels are commanded? or what lady
I' th' primitive times wore ropes of pearl or rubies?
She will urge councils for her little ruff,
Call'd in Northamptonshire[10]; and her whole service
Is a mere confutation of my clothes.

Bannswright. Why, madam, I assure you, time hath been,
However she be otherwise, when she had
A good quick wit, and would have made to a lady
A serviceable sinner.

Aurelia. She can't preserve
The gift for which I took her; but, as though
She were inspir'd from Ipswich[11], she will make
The Acts and Monuments in sweet-meats, quinces
Arraign'd and burnt at a stake: all my banquets
Are persecutions, Dioclesian's days
Are brought for entertainment, and we eat martyrs.

[10] *Call'd in Northamptonshire.*] The county in which the celebrated *Robert Browne* (who may be esteemed the head of the Puritans) was beneficed, and afterwards died in gaol, at a very advanced age.

[11] *She were inspir'd from Ipswich.*] Alluding to the second publication for which Prynne was prosecuted, and sentenced to lose the remainder of his ears. It was entitled "The News from Ipswich, "and the Divine Tragedy, recording God's fearful Judgments "against Sabbath-Breakers. 4to. 1636."

Bannswright. Madam, she is far gone.
Aurelia. Nay, sir, she is a Puritan at her needle too.
Bannswright. Indeed!
Aurelia. She works religious petticoats[12]; for flowers
She'll make church-histories. Her needle doth
So sanctify my cushionets; besides,
My smock-sleeves have such holy embroideries,
And are so learned, that I fear, in time,
All my apparel will be quoted by
Some pure instructor. Yesterday I went
To see a lady that has a parrot: my woman,
While I was in discourse, converted the fowl;
And now it can speak nought but Knox's Works[13];
So there's a parrot lost.
Bannswright. Faith, madam, she
Was earnest to come to you: Had I known
Her mistress had so bred her, I would first
Have preferred her to New England[14].
Dorcas. Surely, sir,
You promised me, when you did take my money
To help me to a faithful service, a lady
That would be saved; not one that loves profane,
Unsanctified fashions.
Aurelia. Fly my sight
You goody Hofman, and keep your chamber till
You can provide yourself some cure, or I
Will forthwith excommunicate your zeal,
And make you a silent waiting-woman.
Bannswright. Mrs. Dorcas,
If you'll be usher to that holy, learned woman
That can heal broken shins, scald heads, and th' itch,
Your school mistress; that can expound, and teaches
To knit in Chaldee, and work Hebrew samplers,

[12] *She works religious petticoats, &c.*] It appears to have been the custom at this time, to work religious and other stories, in different parts of the dress then worn.---In *Beaumont and Fletcher's Custom of the Country*, A. 2. S. 1. vol. 2. p. 33. edition 1778, Rutilio says,

"Having a mistress, sure you should not be
"Without *a neat historical shirt.*"

[13] *Knox's Works.*] See note 94 to *The Ordinary*, vol. X.
[14] *New England.*] See note 105 to *The Ordinary*, vol. X.

I'll help you back again.
Dorcas. The motion sure is good,
And I will ponder of it. [*Exit Dorcas.*
Aurelia. From thy zeal,
The frantic ladies' judgments, and Histriomastix[15],
Deliver me! This was of your preferring;
You must needs help me to another.
Bannswright. How
Would you desire her qualified? deformed,
And crooked? like some ladies, who do wear
Their women like black patches, to set them off?
Aurelia. I need no foil, nor shall I think I'm white
Only between two moors; or that my nose
Stands wrong, because my woman's doth stand right.
Bannswright. But you would have her secret, able to keep
Strange sights from th' knowledge of your knight, when you
Are married, madam; of a quick-feigning head?
Aurelia. You wrong me, Bannswright: she whom I would have,
Must to her handsome shape have virtue too.
Bannswright. Well, madam, I shall fit you. I do know
A choleric lady, which, within these three weeks,
Has, for not cutting her corns well, put off
Three women; and is now about to part
With the fourth, just one of your description.
Next change o' th' moon, or weather, when her feet
Do ake again, I do believe I shall
Pleasure your ladyship.
Aurelia. Expect your reward. [*Exit Bannswright.*

SCENE III.

Enter BRIGHT, NEWCUT, TIMOTHY, PLOTWELL.

Timothy. Lady, let me taste the clysium of your lips.
Aurelia. Why, what are you? You will not leap me, sir?
Pray know your distance.

[15] *Histriomastix.*] Prynne's Book, mentioned before.

Timothy. What am I, sweet lady?
My father is an alderman's fellow; and I
Hope to be one in time.
Aurelia. Then, sir, in time
You may be remembered at the quenching of
Fir'd houses, when the bells ring backward, by
Your name upon the buckets.
Timothy. Nay, they say
You have a good wit, lady, and I can find it
As soon as another. I in my time have been
O' th' university, and should have been a scholar.
Aurelia. By the size of your wit, sir, had you kept
To that profession, I can foresee
You would have been a great persecutor of nature,
And great consumer of rush candles, with
As small success, as if a tortoise should
Day and night practice to run races. Having
Contemplated yourself into ill looks,
In pity to so much affliction,
You might ha' past for learned; and 't may be,
If you had fallen out with the Muses, and
'Scapt poetry, you might have risen to scarlet.
Timothy. Here's a rare lady with all my heart. By this
Light, gentlemen, now have I no more language
Than a dumb parrot. A little more, she'll jeer me
Into a fellow that turns upon his toe
In a steeple, and strikes quarters [16]!
Bright. And why should you
Be now so dainty of your lips? Verily,
They are not virgins: they have tasted man.
Aurelia. And may again; but then I'll be secur'd
For the sweet air o' th' patties. If you
Will bring it me confirm'd under the hands
Of four sufficient ladies, that you are

[16] *Into a fellow that turns upon his toe*
In a steeple, and strikes quarters.]
Alluding to an automaton, like those at St. Dunstan's Fleet-street. See notes on Shakspeare's *King Richard III.* edition 1778, p. 113. vol. 7., S.

Clean men, you may chance kiss my woman.
Newcut. Lady,
Our lips are made of the same clay that yours,
And have not been refused.
Aurelia. 'Tis right, you are
Two inns of court men.
Bright. Yes, what then?
Aurelia. Known Cladders
Through all the town.
Bright. Cladders?
Aurelia. Yes, catholic lovers,
From country madams to your glover's wife,
Or laundress; will not let poor gentlewomen
Take physic quietly, but disturb their pills
From operation with your untaught visits;
Or, if they be employ'd, contrive small plots
Below stairs with the chambermaid; commend
Her fragrant breath, which five yards off salutes,
At four deflowers a rose, at three kills spiders.
Newcut. What dangerous truths these are!
Aurelia. Ravish a lock
From the yellow waiting-woman; use stratagems
To get her silver whistle, and way-lay
Her pewter-knots or bodkin.
Newcut. Pretty, pretty!
Bright. You think you have abus'd us now?
Aurelia. I'll tell you:
Had I in all the world but forty mark,
And that got by my needle, and making socks,
And were that forty mark mil-sixpences,
Spur-royals, Harry-groats [17], or such odd coin
Of husbandry, as in the king's reign now
Would never pass, I would despise you.
Newcut. Lady,
Your wit will make you die a wither'd virgin.

[17] *Spur-royals, Harry-groats.*] In the third year of James the First rose-*rials* (or *royals*) of gold, were coined at 30s. apiece, and *spur-rials*, at 15s. each. For *Harry-groats*, see note 18 to *The Antiquary*, vol. X.

Bright. We shall in time, when your most tyrant tongue
Hath made this house a wilderness, and you
As unfrequented as a statesman fallen;
When you shall quarrel with your face and glass,
'Till from your pencil you have rais'd new cheeks;
See you beg suitors, write bills o'er your door,
"Here is an ancient lady to be let."
Newcut. You think you are handsome now, and that your eyes
Make star-shooting, and dart*.
Aurelia. 'T may be I do.
Newcut. May I not prosper, if I have not seen
A better face in signs, or gingerbread.
Timothy. Yes, I for two-pence oft have bought a better.
Bright. What a sweet innocent look you have!
Plotwell. Fie, gentlemen,
Abuse a harmless lady thus! I can't
With patience hear your blasphemies. Make me
Your second, madam.
Timothy. And make me your third.
Aurelia. O prodigy, to hear an image speak!
Why, sir, I took you for a mute i' th' hangings.
I'll tell the faces.
Timothy. Gentlemen, do I
Look like one of them Trojans?
Aurelia. 'Tis so; your face
Is missing here, sir; pray step back again
And fill the number. You, I hope, have more
Truth in you than to filch yourself away,
And leave my room unfurnish'd.
Plotwell. By this light
She'll send for a constable straight, and apprehend him
For thievery.
Timothy. Why, lady, do you think me

* S. Chapman, in his *Hymn to Hymen*, added to the Masque of *The Middle Temple, and Lincoln's Inn*, 1613,
"Lets such glances fly,
"As make stars shoot to imitate her eye." C.

Wrought in a loom? some Dutch piece weav'd at Mortlake*.

Aurelia. Surely you stood so simply, like a man
Penning of recantations, that I suspected
Y' had been a part of the monopoly.
But now I know you have a tongue, and are
A very man, I'll think you only dull,
And pray for better utterance.

Plotwell. Lady, you make
Rash judgment of him; he was only struck
With admiration of your beauty.

Timothy. Truly, and so I was.

Aurelia. Then you can wonder, sir?

Plotwell. Yes, when he sees such miracles as you.

Aurelia. And love me? can't you?

Timothy. Love you! By this hand,
I'd love a dog of your sweet looks: I am
Enamour'd of you, lady.

Aurelia. Ha, ha, ha! now surely
I wonder you wear not a cap; your case
Requires warm things: I'll send you forth a caudle.
[*Exit.*

Bright. The plague of rotten teeth, wrinkles, loud lungs,
Be with you, madam.

* The art of weaping tapestry was brought into England by William Sheldon, Esq. about the end of the reign of Henry VIII. (See Dugdale's Warwickshire, p. 584.) In the time of James I. a manufacture of tapestry was set up at Mortlack, in Surrey, and soon arrived at a high degree of excellence. King James gave 2000l. towards the undertaking; and Sir Francis Crane erected the house to execute the design in. Francis Cleyn painted for the workmen, and to such a pitch of perfection had the art been carried, that Archbishop Williams paid for the four Seasons, worked I suppose for hangings, 2500l. (See Walpole's Anecdotes, vol. 2. p. 21---128.) *Mortlake tapestry* continued long in repute, and is mentioned in Oldham's Satire, in imitation of the Third of Juvenal:

" ——— Here some rare piece
" Of Rubens or Vandyke presented is:
" There a rich suit of *Mortlack tapestry*,
" A bed of damask or embroidery."

Timothy. Had I now pen and ink,
If I were urg'd, I'd fain know whether I
In conscience ought, not to set down myself
No wiser than I should be?
Plotwell. Gentlemen, how like you her wit?
Timothy. Wit! I verily
Believe she was begotten by some wit;
And he that has her may beget plays on her.
Newcut. Her wit had need be good, it finds her house.
Timothy. Her house! 'tis able to find the court: if she
Be chaste to all this wit, I do not think
But that she might be shown.
Bright. She speaks with salt,
And has a pretty scornfulness, which now
I've seen, I'm satisfied.
Newcut. Come then away to Roseclap's.
Timothy. Lead on, let us dine. This lady
Runs in my head still.

Enter a FOOTMAN.

Footman. Sir, my lady prays
You would dismiss your company; she has
Some business with you.
Plotwell. Gentlemen, walk softly; I'll overtake you.
Bright. Newcut, 'slight! her wit
Is come to private meetings!
Newcut. I, I thought
She had some other virtues. Well, make haste,
We'll stay without; when thou hast done, inform us
What the rate is: if she be reasonable
We'll be her customers.
Plotwell. Y' are merry, sir.

[*Exit Bright, Newcut, Timothy.*

SCENE IV.

Enter AURELIA.

Plotwell. Nay, sister, you may enter; they are gone.
I did receive your ticket this morning. What!
You look the mine should run still?

Aurelia. O you are
A careful brother, to put me on a course
That draws the eyes o' th' town upon me, and makes me
Discourse for ordinaries, then leave me in't.
I will put off my ladyship, and return
To Mrs. Holland, and to making shirts
And bands again.

Plotwell. I hope you will not.

Aurelia. I repent I left th' Exchange.

Plotwell. Faith, I should laugh
To see you there again, and there serve out
The rest of your indentures, by managing
Your needle well, and making night-caps, by
A chafing-dish in winter mornings, to keep
Your fingers pliant. How rarely 'twould become you
To run over all your shop to passengers
In a fine sale-tune!

Aurelia. What would you have me do?
D'ye think I'm the Dutch virgin, that could live
By th' scent of flowers?[18] Or that my family

[18] *D'ye think I'm the Dutch virgin, that could live By th' scent of flowers?"*] The following seems to be the story here alluded to. "But the strangest I have met with in this kinde, is the historie of Eva Fleigen, out of the *Dutch* translated into English, and printed at London, Anno 1611: who being borne at Meurs, is said to have taken no kinde of sustenance by the space of fourteen yeeres together; that is, from the yeere of her age twenty-two to thirty-six, and from the yeere of our Lord, 1597 to 1611; and this we have confirmed by the testimony of the magistrate of the towne of Meurs, as also by the minister, who made tryall of her in his house thirteene days together, by all the meanes he could devise, but could detect no imposture. Over the picture of this maiden, set in the front of the Dutch copie, stand these Latin verses:

> "Mursæ hæc quem cernis decies ter sexque peregit
> Annos, bis septem prorsus non vescitur annis
> Nec potat, sic sola sedit, sic pallida vitam
> Ducit, *et exigui se oblectat floribus horti.*"

Thus rendred in the English copie:

> "This maid of Meurs thirty-six yeares spent,
> Fourteene of which she tooke no nourishment:

Are descended of cameleons,
And can be kept with air? Is this the way
To get a husband; to be in danger to be
Shut up for house-rent, or to wear a gown
Out a whole fashion, or the same jewels twice?
Shortly my neighbours will commend my clothes
For lasting well, give them strange dates, and cry,
"Since your last gorget and the blazing star."
Plotwell. Pr'ythee excuse me, sister, I can now
Rain showers of silver into thy lap again.
My uncle's gone to sea, and has left me
The key to th' golden fleece. Thou shalt be still
A madam, Pen; and to maintain thy honour,
And to new-dub thee, take this. But, sister, I
[*Gives her a purse.*
Expected you ere this, out of the throng
Of suitors that frequent you, should have been
Made a true lady; not one in type or show.
I fear you are too scornful, look too high.
Aurelia. Faith, brother, 'tis no age to be put off
With empty education; few will make jointures
To wit or good parts. I may die a virgin,
When some old widow, which at every cough
Resigns some of her teeth, and every night
Puts off her leg as duly as French hood,
Scarce wears her own nose, hath no eyes but such
As she first bought in Broad-street, and every morning
Is put together like some instrument,
Having full coffers, shall be woo'd, and thought
A youthful bride.
Plotwell. Why, sister, will you like

Thus pale and wan shee sits, sad and alone,
A garden's all shee lones to looke upon."
Hakewill's Apologie. Fol. 1635. p. 440.

In Davenant's *News from Plymouth*, A. 1. S. 1. the same person is mentioned.

"How? Do you think I bring you tidings of
The maid of Brabant, that liv'd by her smell;
That din'd on a rose, and supp'd on a tulip?"

A match of my projection? You do know
How ruinous our father's fortunes are.
Before he broke, you know, there was a contract
Between you and young Seathrift. What if I
Make it a wedding?

Aurelia. Marry a fool, in hope
To be a Lady Mayoress?

Plotwell. Why, sister, I
Could name good ladies that are fain o find
Wit for themselves and knights too.

Aurelia. I have heard
Of one, whose husband was so meek, to be
For need her gentleman-usher; and, while she
Made visits above stairs, would patiently
Find himself business at tre-trip [19] i' th' hall.

Plotwell. He's only city bred, one month of your
Sharp conversation will refine him; besides,
How long will't be ere your dissembled state
Meet such another offer?

[19] *Tre-trip.*] Or, as it was more frequently written, *tray-trip.* This game is mentioned very frequently in our ancient writers, but it is by no means clear what the nature of it was. Mr. Steevens considers it as a *game at cards*; and Mr. Tyrwhitt, as *a game at tables.* In opposition to both, Mr. Hawkins was of opinion, that it was the same play which is now called *Scotch Hop*, the amusement at present of the lower class of young people. In support of this idea, the above passage was quoted by that gentleman.——See notes on *Twelfth Night*, A. 2. S. 5.

The truth of Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture will be established by the following extract from *Machivell's Dogge*, 1617, 4to. Sign. B.

" But leaving cardes, lett's goe to dice a while,
To passage, *trei-trippe*, hazarde, or mum-chance,
But subtill mates will simple mindes beguile,
And blinde their eyes with many a blinking glaunce.

Oh cogges and stoppes, and such like devilish trickes,
Full many a purse of golde and silver pickes.

" And therefore, first for hazard, hee that list,
And passeth not, puts many to a blancke;
And *trippe without a treye* makes hard I wist,
To sitte and mourne among the sleepers ranke.
And for mum-chance howe'er the chance doe fall,
You must be mum for fear of marring all."

Aurelia. Well, brother, you shall dispose of my affections.

Plotwell. Then some time
This afternoon I'll bring him hither: do you
Provide the priest: your dining-room will serve
As well as the church.

Aurelia. I will expect you. [*Exeunt several ways.*

SCENE V.

Enter Captain QUARTFIELD *beating* ROSECLAP; SALEWIT *and* MILLICENT *labouring to part them.*

Quartfield. Sirrah, I'll beat you into air.

Roseclap. Good captain.

Quartfield. I will, by Hector.

Roseclap. Murder, murder, help!

Quartfield. You needy, shifting, cozening, breaking slave.

Millicent. Nay, Mr. Salewit, help to part 'em.

Salewit. Captain!

Quartfield. Ask me for money? dog!

Roseclap. Oh! I am kill'd!

Millicent. Help, help!

Salewit. Nay, captain.

Quartfield. Men of my coat pay!

Millicent. I'll call in neighbours. Murder, murder!

Quartfield. Rascal,
I'll make you trust, and offer me petitions
To go o' th' score.

Roseclap. Good: 'tis very good.

Millicent. How does thy head, sweetheart?

Roseclap. Away, be quiet, Millicent.

Salewit. Roseclap, you'll never leave this: I did tell you,
Last time the captain beat you, what a lion
He is, being ask'd for reckonings.

Millicent. So you did,
Indeed, good Mr. Salewit; yet you must
Ever be foolish, husband.

Salewit. What if we

Do owe you money, sir; is't fit for you
To ask it?
Roseclap. Well, sir, there is law. I say
No more, but there is law.
Quartfield. What law, you cur?
The law of nature, custom, arms, and nations,
Frees men of war from payments.
Roseclap. Yes, your arms, captain; none else.
Quartfield. No soldiers ought to pay.
Salewit. Nor poets:
All void of money are privileged.
Millicent. What would you have?
Captains and poets, Mr. Salewit says,
Must never pay.
Salewit. No, nor be ask'd for money.
Roseclap. Still, I say, there is law.
Quartfield. Say that again,
And, by Bellona, I will cut thy throat.
Millicent. You long to see your brains out.
Quartfield. Why you mungrel,
You John of all trades, have we been your guests
Since you first kept a tavern; when you had
The face and impudence to hang a bush
Out to three pints of claret, two of sack,
In all the world?
Salewit. After that, when you broke,
Did we here find you out, custom'd your house,
And help'd away your victuals, which had else
Lain mouldy on your hands.
Roseclap. You did indeed,
And never paid for't. I do not deny,
But you have been my customers these two years:
My jack went not, nor chimney smok'd without you.
I will go farther: your two mouths have been
Two as good eating mouths as need to come
Within my doors; as curious to be pleased
As if you still had eaten with ready money;
Had still the meats in season; still drank more
Than your ordinary came to.
Salewit. And your conscience now

Would have this paid for?
Roseclap. Surely, so I take it.
Salewit. Was ever the like heard?
Quartfield. 'Tis most unreasonable;
He has a harden'd conscience. Sirrah, cheater,
You would be question'd for your reckonings, rogue.
Roseclap. Do you inform.
Quartfield. I hear one o' th' sheriffs
Paid for the boiling of a carp a mark.
Salewit. Most unheard-of exactions!
Roseclap. Yet surely, captain,
No man had cheaper reckonings than yourself,
And Mr. Salewit here.
Quartfield. How cheap?
Roseclap. I say
No more, good captain; not to pay is cheap,
A man would think.
Quartfield. Sir, don't you reckon air,
And make it dear to breathe in your house, and put
The nose to charges?
Roseclap. Right; perfum'd air, captain.
Quartfield. Is not the standing of the salt an item,
And placing of the bread?
Roseclap. A new way, captain.
Quartfield. Is not the folding of your napkins brought
Into the bill?
Roseclap. Pinch'd napkins, captain, and laid
Like fishes, fowls, or faces.
Salewit. Then remember
How you rate sallads, Roseclap; one may buy
Gardens as cheap.
Roseclap. Yes, Mr. Salewit, sallads
Taken from Euclid, made in diagrams,
And to be eaten in figures.
Quartfield. And we must pay for your inventions, sir?
Roseclap. Or, you are damn'd:
Good captain, you have sworn to pay this twelvemonth.
Quartfield. Peace! you loud, bawling cur; do you disgrace me
Before these gallants? See if I don't kill you.

SCENE VI.

Enter BRIGHT, NEWCUT, TIMOTHY, PLOTWELL.

Bright. Save you, Captain Quartfield, and my brave wit,
My man of Helicon. Salute this gentleman,
He is a city wit.

Newcut. A corporation went to the bringing of him forth.

Quartfield. I embrace him.

Salewit. And so do I.

Timothy. You are a poet, sir,
And can make verses, I hear?

Salewit. Sir, I am
A servant to the Muses.

Timothy. I have made
Some speeches, sir, in verse, which have been spoke
By a green Robin Goodfellow from Cheapside conduit,[20]
To my father's company; and mean this afternoon
To make an epithalamium upon my wedding.
A lady fell in love with me this morning:
Ask Mr. Francis here.

Plotwell. 'Heart, you spoil all.
Did not I charge you to be silent?

Timothy. That's true;
I had forgot. You are a captain, sir?

Quartfield. I have seen service, sir.

Timothy. Captain, I love
Men of the sword and buff; and if need were,
I can roar too; and hope to swear in time,
Do you see, captain.

Plotwell. Nay, captain, we have brought you
A gentleman of valour, who has been
In Moorfields often: marry, it has been

[20] *A green* Robin Goodfellow *from* Cheapside conduit.] Alluding to the quaint speeches anciently delivered by fantastic characters during pageants and processions, such as that of the Lord Mayor, those at the entry of foreign princes, &c. The speakers were usually placed on *conduits, market crosses,* and other elevated situations. S.

To 'squire his sisters, and demolish custards
At Pimlico.[21]

Quartfield. Afore me, Mr. Plotwell,
I never hop'd to see you in silk again.

Salewit. I look'd the next Lord Mayor's day to see you o' th' livery,
Or one o' th' batchelor whifflers.[22]

Quartfield. What is your uncle dead?

Plotwell. He may in time: he's gone
To sea this morning, captain; and I am come
Into your order again. But hark you, captain,
What think you of a fish now?

Quartfield. Mad wags, mad wags.

Bright. By Heaven, it's true. Here we have brought one with us.

Newcut. Rich Seathrift's son: he'll make a rare sea-monster.

Quartfield. And shall's be merry, i'faith?

Bright. Salewit shall make a song upon him.

Newcut. And Roseclap's boy shall sing it.

Salewit. We have the properties of the last fish.[23]

Quartfield. And if I

[21] *At Pimlico.*] A place in or near Hogsdon, remarkable for selling ale. See "*Pimlyco, or Runne Red cap, 'tis a mad world at Hogsdon.*" B. L. 4to. 1609.

[22] *Batchelor whifflers.*] A whiffler is one who carries a flag at the processions on Lord Mayor's day. I believe this name is given to a number of children, who, in some of the companies, are still provided with small flags, which they bear on those occasions. See the notes of Mr. Warton on *Othello*, A. 3. S. 2. and Mr. Steevens on *King Henry V.* A. 5. Chorus.

Batchelors whifflers are not the children who *carry the flags*, but should properly be *young men* free of the company. They attend on the Lord Mayor's Day, and are supposed to be out of their apprenticeships the preceding year. They are not, as Mr. Warton says, "a light trivial character, a fellow hired to pipe at processions," but are considered, by the company they belong to, pretty nearly in the same point of view as a gentleman considers the upper servants he keeps *out of livery*. N.

It appears to me, that the term is now used so licentiously as not to have any particular appropriate meaning. In some companies, I am well informed, the children are named *The Whifflers*.

[23] *We have the properties of the last fish.*] See note 24 to this play.

At dinner do not give him sea enough,
And afterwards, if I and Salewit do not
Show him much better than he that shows the tombs,
Let me be turn'd into a sword-fish myself.
Plotwell. A natural change for a captain! How now, Roseclap,
Pensive, and cursing the long vacation?
Thou look'st as if thou mean'st to break shortly.
Roseclap. Ask the captain, why I am sad?
Quartfield. Faith, gentlemen,
I disciplin'd him for his rudeness.
Plotwell. Why these
Are judgments, Roseclap, for dear reckonings.
Timothy. Art thou the half-crown fellow of the house?
Roseclap. Sir, I do keep the ordinary.
Timothy. Let's have wine enough;
I mean to drink a health to a lady.
Plotwell. Still
Will you betray your fortune? One of them
Will go and tell her who you are, and spoil
The marriage.
Timothy. No; peace! Gentlemen, if you'll
Go in, we'll follow.
Roseclap. Please you enter, dinner
Shall straight be set upon the board.
Bright. We'll expect you. Come, gentlemen.
[*Exeunt Bright, Newcut, Salewit, Quartfield, and Roseclap.*
Timothy. But, Mr. Francis, was that
The business why she call'd you back?
Plotwell. Believe it;
Your mother's smock shin'd at your birth, or else
You wear some charm about you.
Timothy. Not I, truly.
Plotwell. It cannot be she should so strangely doat
Upon you else. 'Slight, had you stay'd, I think
She would have woo'd you herself.
Timothy. Now I remember,
One read my fortune once, and told my father
That I should match a lady.

Plotwell. How things fall out!
Timothy. And did she ask you who I was?
Plotwell. I told her you were a young knight.
Timothy. Good.
Plotwell. Scarce come to th' years of your discretion yet.
Timothy. Good still.
Plotwell. And that a great man
Did mean to beg you——for his daughter.
Timothy. Most rare: this afternoon's the time.
Plotwell. Faith, she
Looks you should use a little courtship first;
That done, let me alone to have the priest
In readiness.
Timothy. But were I not best ask my friends' consent?
Plotwell. How! Friends' consent? that's fit
For none but farmers' sons and milkmaids. You shall not
Debase your judgment. She takes you for a wit,
And you shall match her like one.
Timothy. Then I will.
Plotwell. But no more words to th' gallants.
Timothy. Do you think I am a sieve, and cannot hold?

Enter ROSECLAP.

Roseclap. Gentlemen, the company are sate.
Timothy. It shall be your's.
Plotwell. Nay, sir, your fortune claims precedency.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

WAREHOUSE, SEATHRIFT, CYPHER.

Warehouse. Fetch'd abroad by two gallants, say you?
Cypher. Yes, sir,
As soon as you were gone: he only staid
To put on other clothes.
Seathrift. You say, my son went with 'em too?
Cypher. Yes, sir.
Warehouse. And whither went they?

Cypher. I follow'd 'em to Roseclap's ordinary.
Warehouse. And there you left 'em?
Cypher. Yes, sir, just before
I saw some captains enter.
Seathrift. Well, I give
My son for lost, undone past hope.
Warehouse. There is
No more but this; we'll thither straight: you, Cypher,
Have your instructions.
Cypher. Sir, let me alone
To make the story doleful.
Warehouse. Go, make you ready then. [*Exit Cypher.*
Now, Mr. Seathrift, you may see, what these
Young men would do, left to themselves.
Seathrift. My son shall know he has a sister.
Warehouse. And my nephew,
That once he had an uncle. To leave land
Unto an unthrift, is to build on sand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

BRIGHT, NEWCUT, PLOTWELL, ROSECLAP, *hanging out the picture of a strange fish.*[24]

Bright. 'Fore Jove, the captain fox'd[25] him rarely.
Roseclap. O, sir,
He is used to it: this is the fifth fish now
That he hath shewn thus. One got him twenty pound.
Newcut. How, Roseclap?
Roseclap. Why, the captain kept him, sir,

[24] *A strange fish.*] Mr. Steevens observes, (note to *The Tempest*, A. 2. S. 2.) that it was formerly very common to exhibit fishes, either real or imaginary, in this manner; and that it appears from the books of Stationers'Hall, that in 1604 was published, "A strange reporte of a monstrous *fish*, that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward, seene in the sea."
Hence, probably, the custom of calling every person with a peculiarity, "*a strange fish.*" C.

[25] *Fox'd*] Made him drunk, or intoxicated him.

A whole week drunk, and shew'd him twice a-day.
Newcut. It could not be like this.
Roseclap. Faith, I do grant
This is the strangest fish. Yon I have hung
His other picture in the fields, where some
Say 'tis an o'ergrown porpoise; others say,
'Tis the fish caught in Cheshire; one, to whom
The rest agree, said 'twas a mermaid.
Plotwell. 'Slight,
Roseclap shall have a patent of him. The birds
Brought from Peru, the hairy wench,[26] the camel,
The elephant, dromedaries, or Windsor castle,
The woman with dead flesh, or she that washes,
Threads needles, writes, dresses her children, plays
O' th' virginals with her feet, could never draw
People like this.
Newcut. O, that his father were
At home to see him!
Plotwell. Or his mother come,
Who follows strange sights out of town, and went
To Brentford to a motion.
Bright. Bid the captain hasten,
Or he'll recover, and spoil all.
Roseclap. They're here!

SCENE II.

Enter QUARTFIELD *and* SALEWIT, *drest like two trumpeters, keeping the door:* MRS. SEATHRIFT *and* MRS. HOLLAND, *with a 'prentice before 'em, as comers-in.*

Quartfield. Bear back there!
Salewit. Pray you, do not press so hard.
Quartfield. Make room for the two gentlewomen.
Mrs. Seathrift. What is't?
Salewit. Twelve pence a-piece.
Mrs. Holland. We will not give't.

[26] *The hairy, wench.*] Probably the same mentioned by Sir Kenelm Digby. See note 49 to *The Ordinary*, vol. X.

Quartfield. Make room for them that will then.
Plotwell. O fortune, here's his mother!
Bright. And who's the other?
Plotwell. One Mrs. Holland, the
Great seamstress on the Exchange.
Mrs. Holland. We gave but a groat
To see the last fish.
Quartfield. Gentlewoman, that
Was but an Irish sturgeon.
Salewit. This came from
The Indies, and eats five crowns a day in fry,
Ox-livers, and brown paste.
Mrs. Seathrift. Well, there's three shillings.
Pray let us have good places now.
Quartfield. Bear back there!
Mrs. Holland. Look, Mrs. Seathrift, here be gentlemen.
Sure 'tis a rare fish.
Mrs. Seathrift. I know one of 'em.
Mrs. Holland. And so do I; his sister was my 'prentice.
Mrs. Seathrift. Let's take acquaintance with him.
Plotwell. Mrs. Seathrift,
Hath the sight drawn you hither?
Mrs. Seathrift. Yes, sir, I
And Mrs. Holland here, my gossip, pass'd
This way, and so call'd in. Pray, Mr. Plotwell,
Is not my son here? I was told he went
With you this morning.
Plotwell. You shall see him straight.
Mrs. Holland. When will the fish begin, sir?
Bright. 'Heart! she makes him a puppet-play.
Plotwell. Why, now, they only stay
For company, 't has sounded twice.*

* Meaning that the trumpet has been sounded twice, in imitation of the theatres, where, before the play begins, by the entrance of the prologue, there were what were called three soundings. See Malone's Shakspeare, by Boswell, iii. 114. C.

Mrs. Seathrift. Indeed
I long to see this fish. I wonder whether
They will cut up his belly; they say a tench
Will make him whole again.

Mrs. Holland. Look, Mrs. Seathrift, what claws he has!

Mrs. Seathrift. For all the world like crabs.

Mrs. Holland. Nay, mark his feet too.

Mrs. Seathrift. For all the world like plaice.

Bright. Was ever better sport heard?

Newcut. Pr'ythee, peace.

Mrs. Holland. Pray, can you read that? Sir, I warrant
That tells where it was caught, and what fish 'tis.

Plotwell. *Within this place is to be seen*
A wondrous fish. God save—the queen.

Mrs. Holland. Amen! she is my customer, and I
Have sold her bone-lace often.

Bright. Why the queen? 'Tis writ the king.

Plotwell. That was to make the rhime.

Bright. 'Slid, thou did'st read it as 'twere some picture of
An Elizabeth-fish.

Quartfield. Bear back there!

Salewit. Make room! you
Friend, that were going to cut a purse there, make
Way, for the two old gentlemen to pass.

Enter WAREHOUSE *and* SEATHRIFT, *disguis'd.*

Warehouse. What must we give?

Quartfield. We take a shilling, sir.

Salewit. It is no less.

Seathrift. Pray God your fish be worth it.
What is't, a whale, you take so dear.

Quartfield. It is a fish taken in the Indies.

Warehouse. Pray dispatch then, and show't us quickly.

Salewit. Pray forbear: you'd have your head broke, cobler.

Warehouse. Yonder is my nephew, in his old gallantry.

Seathrift. Who's there too? my wife,
And Mrs. Holland? Nay, I look'd for them.
But where's my wise son?

Warehouse. Mass, I see not him.

Quartfield. Keep out, sir.

Salewit. Waterman, you must not enter.

[*Cypher presses in like a waterman.*

Quartfield. This is no place for scullers.

Cypher. I must needs speak
With one Mr. Plotwell---

Quartfield. You must stay.

Salewit. Thrust him out.

Cypher. And one Mr. Seathrift,
On urgent business.

Salewit. They are yet employ'd
In weightier affairs. Make fast the door.

[*They thrust him out.*

Quartfield. There shall no more come in. Come in, boy.

Seathrift. Don't they speak as if my son were in the room?

Warehouse. Yes, pray observe and mark them.

Quartfield. Gentlemen,
And gentlewomen, you now shall see a sight,
Europe never show'd the like. Behold this fish!

[*Draws a curtain; behind it Timothy asleep like a strange fish.*

Mrs. Holland. O strange, look how it sleeps!

Bright. Just like a salmon upon a stall in Fish-street.

Mrs. Seathrift. How it snorts too! just like my husband.

Warehouse. 'Tis very like a man.

Seathrift. 'T has such a nose and eyes.

Salewit. Why, 'tis a man-fish;
An ocean centaur, begot between a siren
And a he stock-fish.

Seathrift. Pray, where took ye him?
Quartfield. We took him strangely in the Indies, near
The mouth of Rio de la Plata, asleep
Upon the shore just as you see him now.
Mrs. Holland. How say ye? asleep!
Warehouse. How! Would he come to land?
Seathrift. 'Tis strange a fish should leave his element!
Quartfield. Askhim what things the country told us.
Salewit. You
Will scarce believe it now. This fish would walk you
Two or three mile o' th' shore sometimes; break houses,
Ravish a naked wench or two, (for there
Women go naked) then run to sea again.
Quartfield. The country has been laid,* and warrants granted
To apprehend him.
Warehouse. I do suspect these fellows:
They lie as if they had patent for it.
Seathrift. The company
Should every one believe his part, would scarce
Have faith enough among us.
Warehouse. Mark again.
Salewit. The States of Holland would have bought him of us,
Out of a great design.
Seathrift. Indeed!
Salewit. They offer'd a thousand dollars.
Quartfield. You cannot enter yet. [*Some knock.*
Warehouse. Indeed! so much? Pray, what to do?
Salewit. Why, sir,
They were in hope, in time, to make this fish
Of faction 'gainst the Spaniard, and do service
Unto the State.

* "The country has been *laid*," means that the country has been *way-laid* for the purpose of catching him. This was the common mode of expression at the time, as appears from Middleton's *Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, 1630, and other authentics,

"*Lay* the water side—she's gone for ever else!"

Again, in the same play,

"My mother's gone to *lay* the common staires." C.

Seathrift. As how?

Salewit. Why, sir, next plate-fleet;
To dive, bore holes i' th' bottom of their ships,
And sink them. You must think a fish like this
May be taught Machiavel, and made a state-fish.

Plotwell. As dogs are taught to fetch.

Newcut. Or elephants to dance on ropes.

Bright. And, pray, what honour would
The States have given him for the service?

Quartfield. That, sir, is uncertain.

Salewit. Ha' made him some sea-count; or 't may be admiral.

Plotwell. Then, sir, in time,
Dutch authors that writ *Mare Liberum* [27],
Might dedicate their books to him?

Salewit. Yes, being
A fish advanc'd, and of great place. Sing, boy!
You now shall hear a song upon him.

Bright. Listen.

Newcut. Do they not act it rarely?

Plotwell. If 'twere their trade, they could not do it better.

Seathrift. Hear you that, sir?

Warehouse. Still I suspect.

Mrs. Holland. I warrant you, this fish
Will shortly be in a ballad.

Salewit. Begin, boy.

SONG.

We show no monstrous crocodile,
Nor any prodigy of Nile;
No Remora that stops your fleet [28],
Like serjeants gallants in the street;
No sea-horse which can trot or pace,
Or swim false gallop, post, or race:

[27] *Dutch authors that writ* Mare Liberum.] *Mare Liberum* was the title of a book written by the celebrated *Grotius*, to prove that the sea was free to every nation, in opposition to those who wished to circumscribe the Dutch trade. It was printed in 1609; and, among other answers which appeared to it, was one by *Selden*, which he entitled *Mare Clausum*.

[28] *No* Remora *that stops your fleet.*] The *echineis*, a fish, which by

For crooked dolphins we not care,
Though on their back a fidler were:
The like to this fish, which we shew,
Was ne'er in Fish-street, old, or new;
Nor ever serv'd to th' sheriff's board,
Or kept in souse for the Mayor Lord.
Had old astronomers but seen
This fish, none else in heaven had been.

Mrs. Holland. The song has waken'd him; look, he stirs!

Timothy. Oh, captain, pox—take—you—captain.

Mrs. Seathrift. Hark, he speaks!

Timothy. Oh---my---stomach—

Warehouse. How's this?

Seathrift. I'll pawn my life, this is imposture.

Timothy. Oh, oh---

Plotwell. 'Heart, the captain did not give him his full load.

Warehouse. Can your fish
Speak, friends? The proverb says they're mute.

Quartfield. I'll tell you,
You will admire how docile he is, and how
He'll imitate a man: tell him your name,
He will repeat it after you; he has heard me
Call'd captain, and my fellow curse sometimes,
And now you heard him say, pox-take-you, captain.

Salewit. And yesterday, I but complain'd my stomach
Was overcharg'd, and how he minds it!

Newcut. Strange!

Bright. Ay, is it not?

Plotwell. The towardness of a fish!

Salewit. Would you think, when we caught him, he should speak,
Drake, Drake[29].

adhering to the bottoms of ships, was supposed to retard their course. So Lucan, lib. vi. v. 674.

" —— puppim retinens, Euro tendente rudentes,
" In mediis *echineis* aquis." S.

[29] *Drake, Drake.*] Sir Francis Drake.

Bright. And did he?
Quartfield. Yes, and Hawkins[30];
A sign he was a fish that swam there, when
These two compass'd the world.
Newcut. How should he learn their names, I wonder?
Salewit. From the sailors.
Newcut. That may be.
Quartfield. He'll call for drink, like me, or anything
He lacks.
Timothy. O Gad, my head—
Quartfield. D' you hear him?
Timothy. Oh, hostess, a bason—
Plotwell. 'Slid, he'll spew.
Bright. No matter.
Quartfield. Nay, I have seen him fox'd, and then maintain
A drunken dialogue.
Mrs. Holland. Lord, how I long
To hear a little! Pray try him with some questions;
Will you, my friend?
Quartyeld. Sometimes he will be sullen,
And make no answers.
Salewit. That is, when he's anger'd,
Or kept from drink long.
Quarfield. But I'll try him.
Mrs. Seathrift. To see what creatures may be brought to!
Quartfield. Tim, you are drunk.
Timothy. Plague take you, captain. Oh—Lord you made me—
Seathrift. 'Sdeath, my son's name! Tim, do you call him?
Salewit. He'll answer to no name but that.
Quartfield. And, Tim, what think you of a wench now?
Timothy. Oh, I'm sick; where is she? oh—

[30] *Hawkins.*] There were two of that name, father and son, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, both eminent navigators. See their lives in *Biographia Britannica.*

Seathrift. I'll lay my life, this fish is some confederate rogue.
Quartfield. I drink to you, Timothy, in sack.
Timothy. Oh, oh!
Quartfield. A health, Tim.
Timothy. I can drink no more,—oh!
Salewit. What, not pledge your mistress!
Timothy. Oh, let me alone.
Salewit. He is not in the mood now;
Sometimes you'd wonder at him.
Quartfield. He is tired
With talking all this day. That, and the heat
Of company about him, dull him.
Warehouse. Surely,
My friends, it is to me a miracle.
To hear a fish speak thus.
Quartfield. So, sirs, 't has been
To thousands more.
Salewit. Come now next Michaelmas,
'Tis five year we have shown him in most courts
In Christendom; and you will not believe,
How with mere travelling and observation
He has improved himself, and brought away
The language of the country.
Seathrift. May not I ask him
Some questions?
Quartfield. Sir, you may, but he
Will answer none but one of us.
Mrs. Seathrift. He's used, and knows their voices.
[*Knocking at door*
Salewit. He is so, mistress. Now we'll open door.
Warehouse. Well, my belief doth tell me,
There is a mist before our eyes.
Mrs. Seathrift. I mar'l
My wise son miss'd this show.
Quartfield. Good people, we
Do show no more to-day: if you desire
[*They draw the curtain before him.*
To see, come to us in King's-street to-morrow.

Mrs. Holland. Come, gossip, let us go; the fish is done.

Mrs. Seathrift. By your leave gentlemen. Truly, 'tis a dainty fish.*

[*Exit Mrs. Seathrift, Mrs. Holland, and 'Prentice.*

SCENE III.

Enter CYPHER, *like a Waterman.*

Cypher. Pray, which is Mr. Plotwell?

Plotwell. I am he, friend,
What is your business?

Cypher. Sir, I should speak,
With young Mr. Seathrift too.

Plotwell. Sir, at this time,
Although no crab like you, to swim backward, he is
Of your element.

Cypher. Upon the water?

Plotwell. No,
But something that lives in 't. If you but stay
Till he have slept himself a land-creature, you may
Chance see him come ashore here.

Timothy. Oh—my head—
Oh—Captain—Mr, Francis—Captain—Oh—

Plotwell. That is his voice, sir.

Seathrift. Death o' my soul! my son!

Cypher. He is in drink, sir, is he?

Plotwell. Surely, friend, you are a witch; he is so.

Cypher. Then I must tell the news to you: 'tis sad.

Plotwell. I'll hear 't as sadly.

Cypher. Your uncle, sir, and Mr. Seathrift, are
Both drown'd, some eight miles below Greenwich.

Plotwell. Drown'd!

Cypher. They went i' th' tilt-boat, sir, and I was one
O' th' oars that rowed 'em: a coal-ship did o'er-run us
I 'scap'd by swimming; the two old gentlemen
Took hold of one another, and sunk together.

* There is an incident of this kind, where a man is shewn for a fish against his will and thrust under water whenever he attempts to speak, in the *Vida de Lazarillo de Tormes*. C.

Bright. How some men's prayers are heard! We did invoke
The sea this morning, and see the Thames has took 'em.
Plotwell. It cannot be: such good news, gentlemen,
Cannot be true.
Warehouse. 'Tis very certain, sir.
'Twas talk'd upon th' Exchange.
Seathrift. We heard it too
In Paul's now as we came.
Plotwell. There, friend, there is
A fare for you. I'm glad you 'scap'd; I had
Not known the news so soon else. [*Gives him money.*
Cypher. Sir, excuse me.
Plotwell. Sir, it is conscience; I do believe you might
Sue me in chancery.
Cypher. Sir, you show the virtues of an heir.
Warehouse. Are you rich Warehouse's heir, sir?
Plotwell. Yes, sir, his transitory pelf,
And some twelve hundred pound a year in earth,
Is cast on me. Captain, the hour is come,
You shall no more drink ale, of which one draught
Makes cowards, and spoils valour; nor take off
Your moderate quart-glass. I intend to have
A musket for you, or glass-cannon, with
A most capacious barrel, which we'll charge
And discharge with the rich valiant grape
Of my uncle's cellar. Every charge shall fire
The glass, and burn itself i' th' *filling*, and look
Like a piece going off.
Quartfield. I shall be glad
To give thanks for you, sir, in pottle-draughts,
And shall love Scotch coal for this wreck the better,
As long as I know fuel.
Plotwell. Then my poet
No longer shall write catches, or thin sonnets,
Nor preach in verse, as if he were suborn'd
By him that wrote the Whip[31], to pen lean acts,
And so to overthrow the stage for want

[31] *By him that wrote the Whip*]. Prynne and his *Histriomastrix*, so often noticed in this play.

Of salt or wit. Nor shall he need torment
Or persecute his Muse; but I will be
His God of wine t' inspire him. He shall no more
Converse with the five-yard butler; who, like thunder,
Can turn beer with his voice, and roar it sour;
But shall come forth a Sophocles, and write
Things for the buskin. Instead of Pegasus,
To strike a spring with's hoof, we'll have a steel
Which shall but touch a butt, and straight shall flow
A purer, higher, wealthier Helicon.
Salewit. Frank, thou shalt be my Phœbus. My next poem
Shall be thy uncle's tragedy, or the life
And death of two rich merchants.
Plotwell. Gentlemen,
And now i'faith what think you of the fish?
Warehouse. Why as we ought, sir, strangely.
Bright. But d' you think it is a very fish.
Salewit. Yes.
Newcut. 'Tis a man.
Plotwell. This valiant captain, and this man of wit,
First fox'd him, then transform'd him. We will wake him,
And tell him the news. Ho, Mr. Timothy!
Timothy. Plague take you, captain.
Plotwell. What does your sack work still?
Timothy. Where am I?
Plotwell. Come, y' have slept enough.
Bright. Mr. Timothy!
How in the name of fresh-cod came you chang'd
Into a sea-calf thus?
Newcut. 'Slight, sir, here be
Two fishmongers to buy you; bate the price,
Now y' are awake, yourself.
Timothy. How's this? my hands
Transmuted into claws? my feet made flounders?
Array'd in fins and scales? Are n't you
Asham'd to make me such a monster? Pray
Help to undress me.
Plotwell. We have rare news for you.

Timothy. No letter from the lady, I hope.
Plotwell. Your father,
And my grave uncle, sir, are cast away.
Timothy. How?
Plotwell. They by this have made a meal
For jacks and salmon: they are drown'd.
Bright. Fall down,
And worship sea-coals; for a ship of them
Has made you, sir, an heir.
Plotwell. This fellow here
Brings the auspicious news: and these two friends
Of ours confirm it.
Cypher. 'Tis too true, sir.
Timothy. Well,
We are all mortal; but in what wet case
Had I been now, if I had gone with him!
Within this fortnight I had been converted
Into some pike, you might ha' cheapen'd me
In Fish-street; I had made an ordinary,
Perchance at the Mermaid[32]. Now could I cry
Like any image in a fountain which
Runs lamentations. O my hard misfortune!
[*He feigns to weep.*

[32] *At the Mermaid.*] A tavern, which used to be frequented by Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, and other wits of the times, and often mentioned in their works. From the following enumeration of taverns, in an old poem called, *Newes from Bartholmew Fayre*, printed in 4to. B. L. the title page of which is lost, we find it was situate in Cornhill.

" There hath beene great sale and utterance of wine,
" Besides beere and ale, and ipocras fine,
" In every country, region, and nation;
" Chefely at Billingsgate, at *the Salutation*,
" And *Bores Head*, neere London Stone,
" *The Swan* at Dowgate, a taverne well knowne,
" *The Miter* in Cheape, and then *the Bull Head*,
" And many like places that make noses red;
" *The Bores Head* in Old Fish-street, *three Cranes* in the Vintree,
" And now of late, St. Martin's in the Sentree;
" *The Wind-mill* in Lothbury, *the Ship* at the Exchange,
" *King's Head* in New Fish-streete, where roysters do range;
" THE MERMAID IN CORNHILL; *Red Lion* in the Strand,
" *Three Tuns* Newgate Market, Old Fish-street, at *the Swan*.

Seathrift. Fie, sir! good truth, it is not manly in you
To weep for such a slight loss as a father.
Timothy. I do not cry for that.
Seathrift. No?
Timothy. No, but to think,
My mother is not drown'd too.
Seathrift. I assure you,
And that's a shrewd mischance.
Timothy. For then might I
Ha' gone to th' counting-house, and set at liberty
Those harmless angels, which for many years
Have been condemn'd to darkness.
Plotwell. You'd not do
Like your penurious father, who was wont
To walk his dinner out in Paul's, whilst you
Kept Lent at home, and had, like folk in sieges,
Your meals weigh'd to you.
Newcut. Indeed they say he was
A monument of Paul's.
Timothy. Yes, he was there
As constant as Duke Humphrey [33]. I can show
The prints where he sate, holes i' th' logs.
Plotwell. He wore
More pavement out with walking than would make
A row of new stone-saints, and yet refused
To give to th' reparation [34].

[33] *As constant as Duke Humphrey.*] In the ancient church of St. Paul, one of the ailes was called, *Duke Humfrey's Walk*, in which those who had no means of procuring a dinner affected to loiter. See Mr. Steevens's note on *King Richard III.* vol. 7. p. 124. edit. 1778.

[34] ——— *refused*
To give to th' reparatim.] About the year 1631, Archbishop Laud, under the patronage of Charles I. undertook the repairing and rebuilding of St. Paul's. On this occasion, the King went to the cathedral, and after divine service was performed, solemnly promised to exert his best endeavours to repair the ruins, which time, or the casualties of weather, had made therein. In consequence of this scheme, many applications were made to noblemen and gentlemen for their assistance, and on their refusal to contribute, some were very severely censured, and even fined.

Bright. I'ye heard
He'd make his jack go empty, to cozen neighbours.
Plotwell. Yes, when there was not fire enough to warm
A mastich-patch t' apply to his wife's temples,
In great extremity of tooth-ach. This is
True, Mr. Timothy, is 't not?
Timothy. Yes: then linen
To us was stranger than to Capuchins.
My flesh is of an order with wearing shirts
Made of the sacks that brought o'er cochineal,
Copperas, and indigo. My sister wears
Smocks made of currant-bags.
Seathrift. I'll not endure it:
Let's show ourselves.
Warehouse. Stay, hear all first.
Newcut. Thy uncle was such another.
Plotwell. I have heard
He still last left th' Exchange; and would commend
The wholesomeness o' th' air in Moor-fields, when
The clock struck three sometimes.
Plotwell. Surely myself,
Cypher, his factor, and an ancient cat
Did keep strict diet, had our Spanish fare,
Four olives among three. My uncle would
Look fat with fasting; I ha' known him surfeit
Upon a bunch of raisins, swoon at sight
Of a whole joint, and rise an Epicure
From half an orange. [*They undisguise.*
Warehouse. Gentlemen, 'tis false.
Cast off your cloud. D'ye know me, sir?
Plotwell. My uncle!
Seathrift. And do you know me, sir?
Timothy. My father!
Warehouse. Nay,
We'll open all the plot; reveal yourself.
Plotwell. Cypher, the waterman!
Quartfield. Salewit, away!
I feel a tempest coming. [*Exit Quartfield and Salewit.*
Warehouse. Are you struck

With a torpedo, nephew?
Seathrift. Ha' you seen too
A Gorgon's head, that you stand speechless? or
Are you a fish in earnest?
Bright. It begins to thunder.
Newcut. We will make bold to take our leaves.
Warehouse. What, is your captain fled?
Seathrift. Nay, gentlemen, forsake your company!
Bright. Sir, we have business.
[*Exeunt Bright and Newcut.*
Seathrift. Troth, it is not kindly done.
Warehouse. Now, Mr. Seathrift,
You see what mourners we had had, had we
Been wreck'd in earnest. My griev'd nephew here,
Had made my cellar flow with tears, my wines
Had charg'd glass-ordnance, our funerals had been
Bewail'd in pottle-draughts.
Seathrift. And at our graves
Your nephew and my son had made a panegyric,
And open'd all our virtues.
Warehouse. Ungrateful monster!
Seathrift. Unnatural villain!
Warehouse. Thou enemy to my blood!
Seathrift. Thou worse than parricide!
Warehouse. Next my sins, I do repent I am thy uncle.
Seathrift. And I thy father.
Warehouse. Death o' my soul! Did I, whenfirst thy father
Broke in estate, and then broke from the compter,
Where Mr. Seathrift laid him in the hole
For debt, among the ruins of the city
And trades like him blown up, take thee from dust,
Give thee free education, put thee in
My own fair way of traffic, nay, decree
To leave thee jewels, land, my whole estate;
Pardon'd thy former wildness; and could'st thou sort
Thyself with none but idle gallants, captains,
And poets, who must plot before they eat,
And make each meal a stratagem? Then could none

But I be subject of thy impious scoffs?
I swoon at sight of meat! I rise a glutton
From half an orange! Wretch, forgetful wretch!
'Fore Heaven, I count it treason in my blood
That gives thee a relation. But I'll take
A full revenge. Make thee my heir! I'll first
Adopt a slave brought from some galley; one
Which laws do put into the inventory,
And men bequeath in wills with stools and brass-pots,
One who shall first be household stuff, then my heir.
Or, to defeat all thy large aims, I'll marry.
Cypher, go find me Bannswright; he shall straight
Provide me a wife: I will not stay to let
My resolution cool. Be she a wench
That every day puts on her dowry, wears
Her fortunes, has no portion so she be
Young, and likely to be fruitful, I'll have her:
By all that's good, I will; this afternoon!
I will about it straight.

Seathrift. I follow you. [*Exeunt Warehouse, Cypher.*

And as for you, Tim, mermaid, triton, haddock,
The wond'rous Indian fish caught near Peru,
Who can be of both elements, your sight
Will keep you well. Here I do cast thee off,
And in thy room pronounce to make thy sister
My heir: it would be most unnatural
To leave a fish land. 'Las! sir, one of your
Bright fins and gills must swim in seas of sack,
Spout rich canaries up like whales in maps:[35]
I know you'll not endure to see my jack
Go empty, nor wear shirts of copperas-bags,
Nor fast in Paul's, you. I do hate thee now,
Worse than a tempest, quick-sand, pirate, rock,
Or fatal lake, ay, or a privy-seal.[36]

[35] *Like whales in maps.*] Most of our ancient maps will sufficiently illustrate this image. The vacant spaces, occasioned by tracts of sea, are usually ornamented with these monsters spouting water. S.

[36] *Ay, or a privy-seal.*] Among the illegal modes of raising money adopted by Charles the First, after he determined to govern without a parliament, the borrowing of money by writs of privy-seal

Go, let the captain make you drunk, and let
Your next change be into some ape, ('tis stale)
To be a fish twice) or some active baboon:
And, when you can find money out betray
What wench i' th' room has lost her maidenhead;
Can mount to th' king, and can do all your feats,
If your fine chain and yellow coat come near
Th' Exchange, I'll see you. So I leave you.
[*Exit Seathrift.*

Plotwell. Now,
Were there a dext'rous beam, and two-pence hemp,
Never had man such cause to hang himself.

Timothy. I have brought myself to a fine pass too. Now
Am I fit only to be caught, and put
Into a pond to leap carps, or beget
A goodly race of pickrel.

SCENE IV.

Enter QUARTFIELD *and* SALEWIT.

Quartfield. How now, mad lads; what! is the storm broke up?

Salewit. What sad, like broken gamesters! Mr. Timothy,
'Slight, who would think your father should lay wheels[37]
To catch you thus?

Timothy. If ever I be drunk with captains more—

Plotwell. Where's Bright and Newcut?

Salewit. They were sent for to the Temple, but left word
They would be here at supper.

Plotwell. They are sure friends, to leave us in distress.

was one not the least burdensome and oppressive. The manner was to direct these writs to particular persons by name, requiring the loan of money, or plate to the amount of the money, to be paid or delivered to a particular person, for the king's use. The form of the writs may be seen in *The Parliamentary History*, vol. 13, p. 84, where one of them is printed.

[37] *Lay wheels.*] Alluding to a method of catching pikes. S. P.

Quartfield. What a mad plot
These two old merchants had contriv'd, to feign
A voyage, then to hunt you out disguised,
And hear themselves abused?

Salewit. We heard all.

Quartfield. If I had staid, they had paid me for a captain.

Salewit. They had a fling at me. But do you think
Your uncle in this furious mood will marry?

Plotwell. He deeply swore it: if he do, the sleight
Upon the cards, the hollow die, Park Corner
And Shooter's Hill, are my revenue.

Timothy. Yes: and as for me, my destiny will be
To fight by th' day, carry my kitchen and
Collation at my back, wear orderly
My shirt in course, after 't has been the shift
Of a whole regiment in the Low Countries;
And, after all, return with half a leg,
One arm, perchance my nose shot off, to move
Compassion in my father: who, in pity
To so much ruin, may be brought to buy
Some place for me in an hospital, to keep me
From bridges, hill-tops, and from selling switches.

Enter ROSECLAP.

Roseclap. Yonder's your uncle at the field-door, talking
With Bannswright, as hot and earnest for a wench,
As a recover'd Monsieur.

Quartfield. What is this Bannswright?

Salewit. A fellow much employ'd about the town,
That contrives matches: one that brings together
Parties that never saw or never met,
Till't be for good and all; knows to a penny
Estates and jointures: I'll undertake, he has
Now lying by him, unprovided, some twenty
Widows of all fortunes that want husbands,
And men that want wives; and, at an hour's warning,
Can make things ready for the priest.

Quartfield. Let us
Devise to get him hither and cross the match.

Plotwell. I have great interest in him; the fellow loves me.
Could I speak with him, and draw him to be
An actor in't, I have a stratagem
That can redeem all, and turn the plot
Upon these sage heads.

Enter BANNSWRIGHT.

Salewit. By Minerva, look! here's Bannswright!
Plotwell. Mr. Bannswright!
Bannswright. Save you, gallants.
Plotwell. You are employ'd, I hear, to find a wife out
For my young sprightly uncle.
Bannswright. Sir, he has
Retain'd me to that purpose: I just now
Came from him.
Plotwell. And do you mean the match
Shall then proceed?
Bannswright. I have a lieger wench
In readiness: he's gone to put himself
Into fit ornaments for the solemnity.
I'm to provide the priest and licence: we go
Some two hours hence to church.
Quartfield. Death! you pander,
Forbid the banns, or I will cut your wizzel[38],
And spoil your 'squiring in the dark. I've heard
Of your lewd function, sirrah! you prefer
Wenches to bawdy-houses, rascal!
Bannswright. Good sir,
Threaten me not in my vocation.
Plotwell. Why, Banswright, you can be but paid
Say I
Procure the wench, a friend of mine; and double
Your bargain: such a fair reward, methinks,
Should make thee of my project. Thou dost know
My fortunes are engaged, and thou may'st be
The happy instrument to recover 'em.
Be my good angel once! I have a plot
Shall make thee famous.

[38] *Wizzel.*] A corruption probably of *wizand*, or *weazon*. S.

Quartfield. By Mars, deny, and I
Will act a tragedy upon thee.
Bannswright. Gentlemen,
I am a friend to wit; but more to you, sir,
Of whose misfortunes I will not be guilty.
Though, then, your uncle has employ'd me, and
Has deeply sworn to wed this afternoon
A wife of my providing, if you can
O'er-reach the angry burgess, sir, and bring
His wisdom to the gin, show me the way,
I'll help to lay the trap.
Quartfield. Now thou art
An honest-hearted pimp: thou shalt for this
Be drunk in Vine-dee[39], rascal; I'll begin
A runlet to thee.
Plotwell. Gentlemen, let's in,
I'll tell you my design. You, Salewit, must
Transform yourself to a French deacon: I
Have parts for Bright and Newcut too. Mischief
Upon their absence!
Salewit. We'll send for 'em.
Plotwell. And for Mr. Timothy, I have a project
Shall make his father everlastingly
Admire his wit, and ask him blessing.
Quartfield. Come,
Let's in and drink a health to our success.
Timothy. I'm for no healths, unless the glass be less.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SEATHRIFT, MRS. SEATHRIFT, MRS. HOLLAND, MRS. SCRUPLE.

Seathrift. I did commit her to your charge, that you
Might breed her, Mrs. Scruple, and do require
Her at your hand. Here be fine tricks indeed!

[39] *Vine-dee.*] Perhaps he means to say *Vin de Dieu*; i. e. *Lacrymæ Christi.* S.

My daughter Susan to be stol'n a week,
And you conceal it. You were of the plot,
I do suspect you.
Mrs. Scruple. Sir, will you but hear me meekly?
Seathrift. No, I'll never trust again
A woman with white eyes, that can take notes,
And write a comment on the catechism:
All your devotion's false. Is't possible
She could be gone without your knowledge?
Mrs. Scruple. Will you
Attend me, Mrs. Seathrift? If my husband,
To wean her from love-courses, did not take
More pains with her than with his Tuesday lectures,
And if I did not every day expound
Some good things to her 'gainst the sin o' th' flesh,
For fear of such temptations, to which frail girls
Are very subject, let me never more
Be thought fit t' instruct young gentlewomen,
Or deal in tent-stitch. Whoe'er 'twas that seduced her,
She took my daughter Emlin's gown and ruff,
And left her own clothes; and my scholars say,
She often would write letters.
Seathrift. Why 'tis right:
Some silenc'd minister has got her. That I
Should breed my daughter in a conventicle!
Mrs. Seathrift. Pray, husband, be appeas'd.
Seathrift. You are a fool.
Mrs. Seathrift. You hear her mistress could no help it.
Seathrift. Nor your son help being a fish.
Mrs. Holland. Why, sir, was he
The first that was abus'd by captains?
Seathrift. Go, you talk like prating gossips.
Mrs. Holland. Gossips! 'slight, what gossips, sir!
Mrs. Seathrift. What gossips are we? speak.
Seathrift. I'll tell you, since you'd know. My wife and you,
Shrill Mrs. Holland, have two tongues, that when
They're in conjunction, are busier, and make
More noise than country-fairs, and utter more tales

Than blind folks, midwives, nurses. Then no show,
Though 't be a juggler, 'scapes you: you did follow
The Elephant so long, and King of Sweden,
That people at last came in to see you. Then
My son could not be made a fish, but who
Should I find there, much taken with the sight,
But you two! I may now build hospitals,
Or give my money to plantations. [*Exit Seathrift.*

Mrs. Seathrift. Let's follow him. Come, Mrs. Scruple.

Mrs. Holland. Just as your Sue left her school-mistress,
My Pen left me.

Mrs. Scruple. They'll come again, I warrant you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

PLOTWELL, AURELIA.

Plotwell. Sister, 'tis so projected, therefore make
No more demurs: the life of both our fortunes
Lies in your carriage of things well. Think therefore
Whether you will restore me, and advance
Your own affairs; or else within this week
Fly this your lodging, like uncustom'd sinners
And have your coach-horses transform'd to rent;
Have your apparel sold for properties[40],
And you return to cut-work. By this hand,
If you refuse, all this must happen.

Aurelia. Well, sir,
Necessity, which hath no law, for once
Shall make me o' th' conspiracy; and, since

[40] *For properties.*] *i. e.* To make some of the lesser necessaries of a theatre, *properties* being the usual term for them. So *Bottom*, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"I will draw a bill of *properties*."

See a note on this passage. S.

Mr. Steevens in his note upon Midsummer Night's Dream (Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, v 198.) says, that *dresses* were not included in the *properties* of theatres. Maine's authority is to the contrary, if Aurelia's apparel were to be used for the apparel of the actors. C.

We are left wholly to our wits, let's show
The power and virtue of 'em. If your Bannswright
Can but persuade my uncle, I will fit
Him with a bride.

Plotwell. The scene is laid already:
I have transform'd an English poet into
A fine French teacher, who shall join your hands
With a most learned legend out of Rablais.

Aurelia. But for my true groom, who you say comes hither
For a disguis'd knight, I shall think I wed
His father's counting-house, and go to bed
To so much bullion of a man. Faith, I've
No mind to him: brother, he hath not wit enough
To make't a lawful marriage.

Plotwell. Y' are deceiv'd:
I'll undertake, by one week's tutoring,
And carrying him to plays and ordinaries,
Engaging him in a quarrel or two, and making
Some captain beat him, to render him a most
Accomplish'd gallant. Or say he be born, sister,
Under the city-planet, pray what wise lady
Desires to match a wise knight? You'd marry some
Philosopher now, that should every night
Lie with you out of Aristotle, and lose
Your maidenhead by demonstration.
Or some great statesman, before whom you must sit
As silent and reserv'd, as if your looks
Had plots on foreign princes; and must visit
And dress yourself by Tacitus. What he wants
In naturals, his fortunes will make up
In honours, Pen. When he's once made a lord,
Who'll be so saucy as to think he can
Be impotent in wisdom? She that marries
A fool, is an Hermaphrodite; the man
And wife too, sister. Besides, 'tis now too late;
He'll be here presently, and comes prepar'd
For Hymen. I took up a footman for him,
And left him under three tiremen's hands, besides
Two barbers.

Aurelia. 'Well, sir, I must then accept him
With all his imperfections. I have
Procured a Sir John yonder.
Plotwell. Who is't?
Aurelia. One that preaches the next parish once a week
Asleep, for thirty pounds a year.
Enter a FOOTMAN.
Footman. Here is a knight
Desires your ladyship will give him audience.
Aurelia. 'Tis no knight ambassador?
Footman. He rather looks like a knight o' th' Sun.
Plotwell. 'Tis he.
Aurelia. Let him come in.
Plotwell. If you be coy now, Pen, [*Exit Footman.*
You spoil all.
Aurelia. Well, sir, I'll be affable.

SCENE III.

Enter TIMOTHY *fantastically drest, and a* FOOTMAN.
Plotwell. Here he comes!
Timothy. Sirrah, wait me in the hall,
And let your feet stink there: your air 's not fit
To be endur'd by ladies.
Plotwell. What! quarrel with your footman, sir?
Timothy. Hang him, he casts a scent
That drowns my perfumes, and is strong enough
To cure the mother or palsy. Do I act
A knight well?
Plotwell. This imperiousness becomes you,
Like a knight newly dubb'd, sir.
Timothy. What says the lady?
Plotwell. Speak lower. I have prepar'd her; shew yourself
A courtier: now she's your's!
Timothy. If that be all,
I'll court her as if some courtier had begot me
I' th' gallery at a masque.
Plotwell. Madam, this gentleman
Desires to kiss your hands.

Timothy. And lips too, lady.
Aurelia. Sir, you much honour both.
Timothy. I, I know that,
Else I'd not kiss you. Yesterday I was
In company with ladies, and they all
Long'd to be touch'd by me.
Aurelia. You cannot cure
The evil, sir; nor have your lips the virtue
To restore ruins, or make old ladies young?
Timothy. Faith, all the virtue that they have, is that
My lips are knighted. I am born, sweet lady,
To a poor fortune, that will keep myself
And footman, as you see, to bear my sword
In cuerpo* after me. I can at court,
If I would, show my gilt[41] i' th' presence; look
After the rate of some five thousands
Yearly, in old rents; and, were my father once
Well wrapt in sear-cloth, I could fine for sheriff.
Plotwell. 'Heart! you spoil all.
Timothy. Why?
Plotwell. She verily believ'd y' had neer a father.
Aurelia. Lives your father then, sir?
That gentleman told me he was dead.
Timothy. 'Tis true,
I had forgot myself: he was drown'd lady,
This morning, as he went to take possession
Of a summer-house and land, in the Canaries.
Plotwell. Now y' have recovered all.
Timothy. D' you think I have
Not wit enough to lie?
Plotwell. Break your mind to her;
She does expect it.
Timothy. But, lady, this is not

* *Cuerpo* is an undress: the Spaniards, from whom we borrowed the word, apply it to a person in a light jacket without his cabot or cloak. Mr. Gifford's note on the Fatal Dowry, iii. 390. Cuerpo is the *body*, and *in cuerpo* means in body clothing. C.

[41] *Show my* gilt ———] *i. e.* The gold on my apparel. So in *King Henry V.*

"Our gayness and our *gilt* are all besmerch'd."

See a note on this passage, vol. 6. p. 128. Edit. 1778. S.

The business which I came for.
Aurelia. I'm at leisure
To hear your business, sir.
Plotwell. Mark that!
Timothy. Indeed,
Sweet lady, I've a motion which was once
Or twice this morning in my mouth, and then
Slipt back again for fear.
Aurelia. Cowards ne'er won
Ladies or forts, sir.
Timothy. Say then I should feel
Some motions, lady, of affection; might
A man repair Paul's with his heart, or put it
Into a tinder-box?
Aurelia. How mean you, sir?
Timothy. Why, is your heart a stone or flint?
Aurelia. Be plain, sir, I understand you not.
Timothy. Not understand me?
Y' are the lady that e'er put a man
To speak plain English: some would understand
Riddles and signs. Say, I should love you, lady.
Aurelia. There should be no love lost, sir.
Timothy. Say you so?
Then, by this air, my teeth e'en water at you:
I long to have some offspring by you. We
Shall have an excellent breed of wits:
I mean my youngest son shall be a poet; and
My daughters, like their mother, every one
A wench o' th' game. And for my eldest son,
He shall be like me, and inherit. Therefore
Let's not defer our joys, but go to bed
And multiply.
Aurelia. Soft, sir, the priest must first
Discharge his office. I do mean to marry,
Enter DORCAS, *out of her Puritan dress.*
Like ladies in New England, where they couple
With no more ceremony than birds choose their mate
Upon St. Valentine's day.
Dorcas. Madam, the preacher
Is sent for to a churching, and doth ask

If you be ready: he shall lose, he says,
His chrysome[42] else.
Aurelia. O miracle! out of
Your little ruff, Dorcas, and in the fashion!
Dost thou hope to be saved?
Dorcas. Pray, madam, do not
Abuse me; I will tell you more anon.
Plotwell. Tell him she's coming.
Aurelia. Sir, please you, partake
Of a slight banquet? [*Exit Dorcas.*
Plotwell. Just as you are sate
I'll steal the priest in.
Timothy. Do.
Plotwell. When you are join'd.
Be sure you do not oversee, but straight
Retire to bed: she'll follow.
Timothy. 'Tis not three o'clock i' th' afternoon.
Plotwell. 'Tis but drawing
Your curtains, and you do create your night.
All times, to lovers and new-married folks,
May be made dark.
Timothy. I will then. By this room,
She's a rare lady! I do almost wish
I could change sex, and that she might beget
Children on me.
Plotwell. Nay, will you enter?
Timothy. Lady,
Pray will you show the way?
Plotwell. Most city-like!
'Slid, take her by the arm, and lead her in.
Timothy. Your arm, sweet lady. [*Exeunt.*

[42] *His chrysome.*] The chrysome was the white cloth thrown over the new-baptized child. This perhaps was the perquisite of the officiating clergyman. The child itself, however, was sometimes called a *chrysome*. See a note on *King Henry V.* vol. 6. p. 52. Edit. 1778. S.

SCENE IV.

BRIGHT, NEWCUT.

Bright. But are you sure they're they?
Newcut. I'll not believe
My treacherous eyes again, but trust some dog
To guide me, if I did not see his uncle
Coming this way, and Bannswright with him.
Bright. Who?
The fellow that brings love to banns, and banns
To bare thighs 'bout the town?
Newcut. The very same, sir;
The City-Cupid, that shoots arrows betwixt
Party and party. All the difference is,
He has his eyes, but they he brings together
Sometimes do not see one another till
They meet i' th' church.
Bright. What say you now, if Warehouse
Should in displeasure marry?
Newcut. 'Tis so; this fellow
In's company confirms me. 'Tis the very business
Why Plotwell has sent for us.
Bright. Here they come:
Pr'ythee, let's stand and overhear 'em.
Newcut. Stand close then.

SCENE V.

Enter WAREHOUSE, BANNSWRIGHT.

Warehouse. Madam Aurelia is her name?
Bannswright. Her father
Was, sir, an Irish baron, that undid
Himself by house-keeping.
Warehouse. As for her birth,
I could wish it were meaner: as many knights
And justices of peace as have been of
The family are reckoned into the portion.
She'll still be naming of her ancestors,
Ask jointure by the herald's book, and I

That have no coat, nor can shew azure lions,
In fields of argent, shall be scorn'd; she'll think
Her honour wrong'd, to match a man that hath
No 'scutcheons but them of his company,
Which once a year do serve to trim a lighter
To Westminster and back again.

Bannswright. You are mistaken, sir. This lady, as she is
Descended of a great house, so she hath
No dowry but her arms: she can bring only
Some libbards'[43] heads, or strange beasts; which, you know,
Being but beasts, let them derive themselves,
From monsters in the globe, and lineally
Proceed from Hercules' labours, they will never
Advance her to a husband equal to
Herself in birth, that can give beasts too. She
Aims only to match one that can maintain
Her some way to her state. She is possest
What streams of gold you flow in, sir.

Warehouse. But can she
Affect my age?

Bannswright. I ask'd her that, and told her
You were about some ihreescore, sir, and ten;
But were as lusty as one of twenty, (or
An aged eunuch.) [*Aside.*

Warehouse. And what replied she?

Bannswright. She,
Like a true Lucrece, answer'd it was fit
For them to marry by the church-book, who
Came there to cool themselves; but to a mind
Chaste, and endued with virtue, age did turn
Love into reverence.

Bright. Or sir-reverence.

Newcut. Pr'ythee observe.

Warehouse. Is she so virtuous then?

Bannswright. 'Tis all the fault she has: she will out-pray

[43] *libbards,*] *i. e.* leopards.

A preacher at St. Antlin's; and divides
The day in exercise. I did commend
A great Precisian to her for her woman,
Who tells me that her lady makes her quilt
Her smocks before for kneeling.
Warehouse. Excellent creature!
Bannswright. Then, sir, she is so modest.
Warehouse. Too.
Bannswright. The least
Obscene word shames her; a lascivious figure
Makes her do penance, and she maintains the law,
Which forbids fornication, doth extend
To kissing too.
Warehouse. I think the time an age
Till the solemnity be past.
Bannswright. I have
Prepar'd her, sir, and have so set you out!
Besides, I told her how you had cast off
Your nephew; and, to leave no doubt that you
Would e'er be reconcil'd, before she went
To church, would settle your estate on her,
And on the heirs of her begotten.
Warehouse. To make all sure,
We'll call upon my lawyer by the way,
And take him with us.
Bannswright. You must be married, sir,
At the French church: I have bespoke the priest;
One that will join you i' th' right Geneva form,
Without a licence.
Warehouse. But may a man
Wed in a strange tongue?
Bannswright. I have brought together
Some in Italian, sir; the language doth
Not change the substance of the match: you know
No licence will be granted; all the offices
Are before-hand brib'd by your nephew.
Warehouse. Well,
Let's to the lady straight. To cross him, I
Would marry an Arabian, and be at charge
To keep one to interpret, or be married

In China language, or the tongue that's spoke
By the Great Cham.

[*Exeunt Warehouse and Bannswright.*

Bright. Now, Newcut, you perceive
My divination's true; this fellow did
Portend a wedding.

Newcut. Plague o' th' prognostication!
Who'd think that madam were the party?

Bright. Oh, sir,
She'll call this wit to wed his bags, and lie
With some Platonic servant.

Newcut. What if we,
Before we go to Plotwell, went to her,
And strived to dissuade her?

Bright. Let's make haste,
They'll be before us, else. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter TIMOTHY *unbuttoning himself*, AURELIA, PLOTWELL, DORCAS, FOOTMAN.

Timothy. By this hand, lady, you shall not deny me
Since we are coupled, I shall think the priest
Has not done all, as long as I'm a virgin.

Aurelia. Will you not stay till night, sir?

Timothy. Night! No faith;
I've sworn to get my first child by day, you may
Be quick by night.

Plotwell. Madam, your knight speaks reason.

Timothy. I will both speak, and do it.

Aurelia. Well, sir, since
There is no remedy, your bed's prepar'd;
By that time you are laid, I'll come. Mean time,
I'll pray that gentleman to conduct you. There's
My footman to pluck off your stockings.

Plotwell. Come, sir.

Timothy. Sweet lady, stay not long.

Plotwell. I'll promise for her.

[*Exeunt Timothy, Plotwell, and Footman.*

Dorcas. Faith, I admire your temperance, to let

Your bridegroom go to bed, and you not follow.
Were I in your case, I should ha' gone first,
And warm'd his place.

Aurelia. Well, wench; but that thou hast
Reveal'd thyself unto me, I'd admire
To hear a saint talk thus. To one that knows not
The mystery of thy strange conversion, thou
Would'st seem a legend.

Dorcas. Faith, I've told you all,
Both why I left my school-mistress, who taught me
To confute curling-irons, and why I put
Myself on this adventure.

Aurelia. Well, wench, my brother
Has had his plots on me, and *I'll* contribute
My help to work thy honest ones on him:
Do but perform thy task well, and thou winn'st him.

Dorcas. Let me alone; never was man so fitted
With a chaste bride, as I will fit his uncle.

Enter FOOTMAN.

Footman. Madam, your knight doth call most fiercely for you. [*Exit.*

Aurelia. Pr'ythee, go tell him some business keeps me yet,
And bid him stay himself with this kiss.

SCENE VII.

As they kiss, enter BRIGHT, NEWCUT.

Bright. By your leave, madam, what for practice sake
Kissing your woman? Lord, how a lady's lips
Hate idleness, and will be busied, when
The rest lies fallow! and rather than want action
Be kind within themselves, an't be t' enjoy
But the poor pleasure of contemplation.

Newcut. And how do you find her, madam?

Aurelia. Stay, wench.

Newcut. Lord!
Does it not grieve you now, and make you sigh,
And very passionately accuse Nature,
And say she was too hard to make your woman

Able to kiss you only, and do no more?
Bright. Is it not pity, but, besides the gift
Of making candles, and using of her pencil,
She had the trick o' th' other sex?
Aurelia. Methinks
Your own good breeding might instruct you that
My house is not a new foundation, where
You might, paying the rate, approach, be rude,
Give freedom to your unwash'd mouths.
Dorcas. My lady
Keeps no poor nuns that sin for victuals for you,
With whom this dead vocation you may trade
For old silk stockings and half-shirts. They say
You do offend o' th' score, and sin in chalk,
And the dumb walls complain you are behind
In pension; so that your distressed vestals
Are fain to foot their stockings, pay the brewer,
And landlord's rent in woman-kind, and long
More earnestly for the term than Norfolk lawyers.
Bright. Why, you have got a second, lady: your woman
Doth speak good country language.
Newcut. Offers at wit, and shews teeth for a jest.
Bright. We hear you are to marry an old citizen.
Aurelia. Then surely you were not deaf.
Newcut. And do you mean his age,
Which hath seen all the kingdom buried thrice,
To whom the heat of August is December,
[*Exit Dorcas.*
Who, were he but in Italy, would save
The charge of marble vaults, and cool the air
Better than ventiducts, shall freeze between
Your melting arms? Do but consider, he
But marries you as he would do his furs,
To keep him warm.
Aurelia. But he is rich, sir.
Bright. Then,
In wedding him, you wed more infirmities
Than ever Galen wrote of: he has pains
That put the doctors to new experiments.

Half his diseases in the city bill
Kill hundreds weekly: a lone hospital
Were but enough for him.
Newcut. Besides,
He has a cough that nightly drowns the bell-man;
Calls up his family; all his neighbours rise,
And go by it, as by the chimes and clock.
Not four loam walls, nor saw-dust put between,
Can dead it.
Aurelia. Yet he is still rich.
Bright. If this
Cannot affright you, but that you will needs
Be blind to wholesome counsel, and will marry
One, who by th' course of nature ought t' have been
Rotten before the Queen's time, and in justice
Should now have been some threescore years a ghost,
Let pity move you. In this match you quite
Destroy the hopes and fortunes of a gentleman,
For whom had his penurious uncle starv'd
And pin'd himself his whole life, to increase
The riches he deserves t' inherit, it
Had been his duty.
Aurelia. You mean his nephew Plotwell;
A prodigal young man: one whom the good
Old man, his uncle, kept to th' inns of court,
And would in time ha' made him barrister,
And rais'd him to his sattin cap and biggon,[44]
In which he might ha' sold his breath far dearer,
And let his tongue out at a greater price,
Than some their manors. But he did neglect
These thriving means, followed his loose companions,
His Brights and Newcuts; two, they say, that live
By the new heresy, Platonic love;
Can take up silks upon their strengths, and pay
Their mercer with an infant.
Bright. Newcut!

[44] ——— *and* biggon.] A *biggon* was a kind of quoif formerly worn by men. It is now only in use for children. See a note on *King Henry IV. Part II.* page 570.

Newcut. I, I do observe her character. Well, then,
You are resolved to marry?
Aurelia. Were the man
A statue, so it were a golden one,
I'd have him.
Bright. Pray, then, take along to church
These few good wishes. May your husband prove
So jealous, to suspect that when you drink
To any man, you kiss the place where his
Lips were before, and so pledge meetings: let him
Think you do cuckold him by looks; and let him
Each night, before you go to rest, administer
A solemn oath, that all your thoughts were chaste
That day, and that you sleep with all your hairs.
Newcut. And, which is worse, let him forget he lay
With you himself; before some magistrate
Swear 'twas some other, and have it believ'd
Upon record.

Enter PLOTWELL.

Plotwell. Sister, I've left your bridegroom
Under this key lock'd in, t' embrace your pillow.
Sure he has eat eringoes, he's as hot—
He was about to fetch you in his shirt.
Bright. How's this? His sister!
Newcut. I conceive not this.
Plotwell. My noble friends, you wonder now to hea
Me call her sister.
Bright. Faith, sir, we wonder more,
She should be married.
Newcut. If't be your sister, we
Have labour'd her she should not match her uncle,
And bring forth riddles—children that should be
Nephews to their father, and to their uncle, sons.
Plotwell. I laugh now at your ignorance: why these
Are projects, gentlemen; fine gins and projects.
Did Roseclap's boy come to you?
Bright. Yes.
Plotwell. I have
A rare scene for you.
Newcut. The boy told us you were

Upon a stratagem.

Plotwell. I've sent for Roseclap,
And Captain Quartfield, to be here: I have
Put Salewit into orders; he's inducted
Into the French Church: you must all have parts.

Bright. Pr'ythee speak out of clouds.

Plotwell. By this good light
'Twere justice now to let you both die simple,
For leaving us so scurvily.

Newcut. We were
Sent for in haste by th' Benchers, to contribute
To one of 'em that's Reader.[45]

Plotwell. Come with me,
I'll tell you then. But first I'll show you a sight
Much stranger than the fish.

Enter DORCAS.

Dorcas. Madam, here's Bannswright,
And an old merchant, do desire access.

Aurelia. Bid 'em come in. [*Exit Dorcas.*

Plotwell. Gentlemen, fall off:
If we be seen, the plot is spoil'd. Sister,
Now, look you do your part well.

Aurelia. I am perfect.

[*Exeunt Plotwell, Bright, Newcut.*

[45] *Sent for in haste by th' Benchers, to contribute*
To one of 'em that's Reader.] From *Dugdale's Origines Juridiciales*, p. 207, &c. we learn that the office of a Reader at the Middle Temple was held at a great charge to the person who executed it. "His expences," says that author, "during this time of *reading* are very great; insomuch, as some have spent above six hundred pounds in two dayes less than a fortnight, which now is the usual time of *reading*." It appears also that many gentlemen, who were put by their *reading*, were removed from the Bar-table, unto a table called, The Auncients Table; "And it is no disgrace," says the same author, "for any man to be removed hither; for by reason of the excessive chardge of *Readings*, many men of great learning and competent practise, as well as others of less learning, but great estates, have refused to Read, and are here placed." To relieve the gentlemen who undertook this expensive office, it seems to have been usual to call upon the students for their assistance; and this circumstance is alluded to in the text.

SCENE VIII.

Enter BANNSWRIGHT, WAREHOUSE, DORCAS.

Bannswright. Madam, this is the gentleman I mention'd,
I've brought him here, according to my function,
To give you both an interview: if you
Be ready, the church and priest are.

Aurelia. Is this, sir,
The wealthy merchant?

Bannswright. Madam, this is he,
That if you'll wear the price of baronies,
Or live at Cleopatra's rate, can keep you.

Aurelia. Come you a suitor, sir, to me?

Warehouse. Yes, lady,
I did employ my speaker there, who hath,
I hope, inform'd you with my purpose.

Aurelia. Surely,
Your speaker then hath err'd; I understood
Him for my woman: if you can like her, sir,
It being, for aught I hear, all one to you,
I've woo'd her for you. But for myself, could you
Endow me with the stream that ebbs and flows
In waves of gold, I hope you do not think
I'd so much stain my birth, as to be bought
To match into a company. Sir, plainly,
I'm match'd already.

Warehouse. Bannswright, did not you
Tell me she'd have me?

Bannswright. Faith, sir, I have ears
That might deceive me; but I did dream waking,
If she were not the party. Madam, pray you
One word in private.

Aurelia. I'll prevent you. 'Tis true,
My brother laid the scene for me; but since
We've chang'd the plot, and 'tis contriv'd, my woman
Shall undertake my part.

Bannswright. I am instructed.
I was mistaken, sir; indeed the lady

Spoke to me, for her gentlewoman. How
Do you affect her, sir? you see she is
As handsome as her lady; and her birth
Not being so high, she will more size with you.
Warehouse. I say, I like her best. Her lady has
Too much great house in her.
Bannswright. 'Tis right; this you
May govern as you list: I'll motion't. Lady,
Pray pardon our mistake; indeed our errand
Was chiefly to your gentlewoman.
Aurelia. Sir,
She's one, whose fortune I so much intend;
And your's, sir, are so fair, that though there be
Much disproportion in your age, yet I
Will over-rule her, and she shall refer
Herself to be dispos'd by me.
Warehouse. You much oblige me, madam.
Aurelia. Dorcas, this is the merchant
I have provided for you: he is old;
But he has that will make him young, much gold.
Dorcas. Madam, but that I should offend against
Your care, as well as my preferment, I'd
Have more experience of the man I mean
To make my husband. At first sight to marry,
Must argue me of lightness.
Aurelia. Princes, Dorcas,
Do woo by pictures and ambassadors,
And match in absent ceremonies.
Dorcas. But
You look for some great portion, sir?
Warehouse. Fair mistress,
Your virtues are to me a wealthy dowry;
And if you love me, I shall think you bring
More than the Indies.
Dorcas. But, sir, 't may be
You'll be against my course of life. I love
Retirement, must have times for my devotion,
Am little us'd to company, and hate
The vanity of visits.
Warehouse. This makes me

Love you the more.
Dorcas. Then I shall never trust you
To go to sea, and leave me: I shall dream
Of nought but storms and pirates; every wind
Will break my sleep.
Warehouse. I'll stay at home.
Dorcas. Sir, there
Is one thing more: I hear you have a nephew,
You mean to make your heir; I hope you will
Settle some jointure on me.
Warehouse. He's so lost
In my intents, that to revenge myself,
I take this course. But, to remove your doubts,
I've brought my lawyer with blank deeds:
He shall put in your name; and I, before
We go to church, will seal 'em.
Dorcas. On these terms,
Where is your priest, sir?
Warehouse. He expects me at
The French church, mistress.
Aurelia. Come, when you have seal'd, sir:
I'll bear a part in the solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

PLOTWELL, AURELIA, BRIGHT, NEWCUT, QUARTFIELD, ROSECLAP, *two* FOOTMEN, CYPHER.

Plotwell. Well, sister, by this hand I was afraid
You had marr'd all; but I am well content
You have outreach'd me. If she do act it well now,
By Jove I'll have her.
Aurelia. She hath studied all
Her cues already.
Plotwell. Gentlemen, how do
You like the project?
Bright. Theirs was dull and cold,
Compar'd to ours.
Newcut. Some poet will steal from us,
And bring 't into a comedy.

Quartfield. The jest
Will more inspire than sack.
Plotwell. I have got Cypher
Over to our side too: he has been up and down
To invite guests to th' wedding.
Enter SALEWIT *like a Curate.*
How now, Salewit, are they gone home?
Salewit. Yes, faith, for better for worse.
I've read a fiction out of Rablais to 'em,
In a religious tone, which he believes
For good French liturgy. When I had done,
There came a christening.
Plotwell. And didst thou baptize
Out of thy Rablais too?
Salewit. No, faith; I left 'em
In expectation of their pastor.
Bright. Newcut,
Who does he look like in that dress?
Newcut. Hum! why
Like a Geneva weaver, in black; who left[46]
The loom, and enter'd into th' ministry
For conscience sake.
Plotwell. Well, gentlemen, you all
Do know your parts: you Captain, and Bannswright,
Go get your properties. For you two, these
Two mules shall carry you in greater state,
And more ease than the fistula. You, sister,
We'll leave unto your knight, to come anon.
Roseclap and I will thither straight. You, Cypher,
Know what you have to do.
Salewit. And as for me,
I'm an invited guest, and am to bless
The venison in French, or in a grace
Of broken English.,

[46] *Like a Geneva weaver, &c.*] Dr. Warburton observes (note to 1*st Part Henry IV.* A. 2. S. 4.) that in the persecutions of the Protestants in Flanders under Philip II. those who came over into England on that occasion, brought with them the woollen manufactory. These being Calvinists were joined by those of the same persuasion from other countries, and amongst the rest from *Geneva*.

Quartfield. Before we do divide
Our army, let us dip our rosemaries [47]
In one rich bowl of sack to this brave girl,
And to the gentleman that was my fish.
All. Agreed, agreed.
Plotwell. Captain, you shall dip first. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

WAREHOUSE, DORCAS.

Warehouse. My dearest Dorcas, welcome. Here you see
The house you must be mistress of, which with
This kiss I do confirm unto you.
Dorcas. Forbear, sir.
Warehouse. How! wife, refuse to kiss me?
Dorcas. Yes, unless
A sweeter air came from you; y' have turn'd my stomach.
I wonder you can be so rude to ask me,
Knowing your lungs are perish'd.
Warehouse. This is rare,
That I should live to this great age, and never
Till now know I was rotten!
Dorcas. I shall never
Endure your conversation: I hope you have
Contriv'd two beds, two chambers, and two tables.
It is an article, that I should live
Retir'd; that is apart.
Warehouse. But pray you, wife, are you in earnest?
Dorcas. D' you think I'll jest with age?
Warehouse. Will you not lie with me then?
Dorcas. Did ever man
Of your hairs ask such questions? I do blush
At your unreasonableness.
Warehouse. Nay, then——
Dorcas. Is't fit I should be buried?

[47] ——— *our* rosemaries.] *Rosemary* was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory and was therefore distributed at marriages and funerals. See a note on *Hamlet*, vol. 10. p. 355. Edit. 1778.

Warehouse. I reach you not.
Dorcas. Why, to lie with you, were a direct emblem
Of going to my grave.
Warehouse. I understand you.
Dorcas. I'll have your picture set in my wedding-ring
For a Death's head.
Warehouse. I do conceive you.
Dorcas. I'd
Rather lie with an ancient tomb, or embrace
An ancestor than you. D' you think I'll come
Between your winding-sheets? For what? To hear you
Depart all night, and fetch your last groan; and
I' th' morning find a deluge on the floor;
Your entrails floating, and half my husband spit
Upon the arras.
Warehouse. I am married—
Dorcas. Then,
For your abilities, should twelve good women
Sit on these reverend locks, and on your heat,
And natural appetite, they would just you find
As youthful as a coffin, and as hot
As th' sultry winter that froze o'er the Thames.
They say the hard time did begin from you.
Warehouse. Good, I am made the curse of watermen.
Dorcas. Your humours come frost from you, and your nose
Hath icicles in June.
Warehouse. Assist me, patience!
Why, hear you, mistress; you that have a fever,
And dog-days in your blood; if you knew this,
Why did you marry me?
Dorcas. Ha, ha, ha!
Warehouse. She laughs.
Dorcas. That your experienc'd ach[47*], that hath felt springs
And falls this forty years, should be so dull
To think I have not them that shall supply
Your cold defects!

[47*] *ach*] So all the editions. Mr. Dodsley reads *age*.

Warehouse. You have your servants then,
And I am fork'd? hum!
Dorcas. Do you think
A woman young, h'gh in her blood——
Warehouse. And hot
As goats or marmosites——
Dorcas. Apt to take flame at
Every temptation——
Warehouse. And to kindle at
The picture of a man——
Dorcas. Would wed dust, ashes,
A monument, unless she were——
Warehouse. Crack'd, tried, and broken up?——
Dorcas. Right, sir, or lack'd a cloak?
Warehouse. Mischief, and hell! and was there non
to make
Your cloak but I?
Dorcas. Not so well lin'd.
Warehouse. O you
Staid for a wealthy cuckold; your tame beast
Must have his gilded horns?
Dorcas. Yes, sir; besides,
Your age being impotent, you would, I knew,
In conscience wink at my stol'n helps, if I
Took comfort from abroad.
Warehouse. Yes, yes, yes, yes!
You shall be comforted: I will maintain
A stallion for you.
Dorcas. I will have friends come to me.
So you'll conceal——
Warehouse. Alas! I'll be your pander;
Deliver letters for you, and keep the door.
Dorcas. I'll have a woman shall do that.
Warehouse. O impudence!
Unheard-of impudence!
Dorcas. Then, sir, I'll look
Your coffers shall maintain me at my rate.
Warehouse. How's that?
Dorcas. Why, like a lady; for I do mean
To have you knighted.

Warehouse. I shall rise to honour.
Dorcas. D' you think I'll have your factor move before me,
Like a device stirr'd by a wire, or like
Some grave clock wound up to a regular pace?
Warehouse. No, you shall have your usher, dame, to stalk
Before you, like a buskin'd prologue[48], in
A stately, high, majestic motion, bare.
Dorcas. I do expect it: yes, sir, and my coach,
Six horses and postillion; four are fit
For them that have a charge of children: you
And I shall never have any.
Warehouse. If we have,
All Middlesex is father.
Dorcas. Then I'll have
My footman to run by me when I visit,
Or take the air sometimes in Hyde-park.
Warehouse. You,
Besides being chaste, are good at races too:
You can be a jockey for a need?
Dorcas. Y' are pleasant, sir.
Warehouse. Why, hark you, hark you, mistress; you told me
You lov'd retirement, loved not visits, and bargain'd
I should not carry you abroad.
Dorcas. You! no.
Is't fit I should be seen at court with you?
Such an odd sight as you, would make the ladies
Have melancholy thoughts.
Warehouse. You bound me too
I should not go to sea: you lov'd me so,
You could not be without me.
Dorcas. Not if you staid
Above a year; for should I, in a long voyage,

[48] *Before you* &c.] The stately step and pompous manner used by the prologue speakers of the times, are still retained in delivering the few lines used as a prologue in *Hamlet*. These particularities seem to have been delivered traditionally to the present race of actors, from their brethren in the last century.

Prove fruitful, I should want a father to
The infant.

Warehouse. Most politicly kind,
And, like a whore, perfect i' th' mystery!
It is beyond my sufferance.

Dorcas. Pray, sir, vex:
I'll in, and see your jewels, and make choice
Of some for every day, and some to wear
At masques. [*Exit.*

Warehouse. 'Tis very good. Two days
Of this I shall grow mad; or, to redeem
Myself, commit some outrage——O—O—O!

SCENE III.

Enter PLOTWELL *and* ROSECLAP.

Plotwell. Sir, I am sorry such a light offence
Should make such deep impressions in you: but that
Which more afflicts me than the loss of my
Great hopes, is that y' are likely to be abused, sir;
Strangely abused, sir, by one Bannswright. I hear
You are to marry——

Warehouse. Did you hear so?

Plotwell. Madam Aurelia's woman.

Warehouse. What of her, sir?

Plotwell. Why, sir, I thought it duty to inform you,
That you were better match a ruin'd bawd;
One ten times cured by sweating, and the tub[49],
Or pain'd now with her fiftieth ach, whom not
The pow'r of usquebagh, or heat of fevers
Quickens enough to wish; one of such looks
The judges of assize, without more proof,
Suspect, arraign, and burn for witchcraft.

Warehouse. Why, pray?

Plotwell. For she being past all motions, impotence
Will be a kind of chastity, and you
Might have her to yourself: but here is one
Knows this to be ——,

Warehouse. An arrant whore?

[49] ——— *and the tub.*] See a note on *Timon of Athens*, edition 1778, vol. 8. p. 409. S.

Roseclap. I'see
You have heard of her, sir. Indeed she has
Done penance thrice.
Warehouse. How say you, penance?
Roseclap. Yes, sir; and should have suffer'd—
Warehouse. Carting, should she not?
Roseclap. The marshal had her, sir.
Warehouse. I sweat, I sweat!
Roseclap. She's of known practice, sir: the clothes she wears
Are but her quarter's sins: she has no linen,
But what she first offends for.
Warehouse. O bless'd Heaven,
Look down upon me!
Plotwell. Nay, sir, which is more,
She has three children living; has had four.
Warehouse. How! children! Children, say you?
Plotwell. Ask him, sir.
One by a Frenchman.
Roseclap. Another by a Dutch.
Plotwell. A third by a Moor, sir; born of two colours,
Just like a serjeant's man.
Warehouse. Why, she has known, then
All tongues and nations?
Roseclap. She has been lain with farther
Than ever Coryat travell'd, and lain in
By two parts of the map, Afrique and Europe,
As if the state maintain'd her, to allay
The heat of foreigners.
Warehouse. O, O, O, O!
Plotwell. What ail you, sir?
Warehouse. O nephew, I am not well, I am not well.
Plotwell. I hope you are not married.
Warehouse. It is too true.
Roseclap. God help you, then.
Warehouse. Amen. Nephew, forgive me.
Roseclap. Alas! good gentleman!
Plotwell. Would you trust Bannswright, sir?
Warehouse. Nephew, in hell,

There's not a torment for him. O that I could
But see that cheating rogue upon the rack now!
I'd give a thousand pound for every stretch
That should enlarge the rogue through all his joints,
And but just shew him hell, and then recal
His broking soul, and give him strength to suffer
His torture often. I would have the rascal
Think hanging a relief, and be as long
A dying as a chopt eel, that the devil
Might have his soul by pieces. Who's here? a sailor?

SCENE IV.

Enter CYPHER, *like a sailor.*

Cypher. Are you, sir, Warehouse, the rich merchant?
Warehouse. Sir, my name is Warehouse.
Cypher. Then you are not, sir,
So rich by two ships as you were.
Warehouse. How mean you?
Cypher. Your two ships, sir, that were now coming home
From Ormus, are both cast away: the wreck
And burden on the place was valued at
Some forty thousand pound. All the men perish'd
By th' violence of the storm, only myself
Preserv'd my life by swimming, till a ship
Of Bristol took me up, and brought me home
To be the sad reporter.
Warehouse. Was nothing sav'd?
Cypher. Two small casks; one of blue figs, the other
Of pickled mushrooms, which serv'd me for bladders,
And kept me up from sinking. 'Twas a storm,
Which, sir, I will describe to you. The winds
Rose of a sudden with that tempestuous force—
Warehouse. Pr'ythee, no more, I've heard too much.
Would I
Had been i' th' tempest.
Cypher. Good your worship, give
A poor sea-faring man your charity,
To carry me back again. I'm come above

A hundred mile to tell you this.
Warehouse. Go in,
And let my factor, if he be come in,
Reward thee: stay and sup too.
Cypher. Thank your worship. [*Exit Cypher.*
Warehouse. Why should I not now hang myself? Or, if
It be a fate that will more hide itself,
And keep me from discredit, tie some weight
About my neck to sink me to the bottom
O' th' Thames, not to be found, to keep my body
From rising up and telling tales. Two wrecks,
And both worth forty thousand pound there! Why,
That landed here, were worth an hundred. I
Will drown myself. I nothing have to do
Now in this world but drown myself.
Plotwell. Fie, these
Are desperate resolutions. Take heart, sir,
There may be ways yet to relieve you.
Warehouse. How?
Plotwell. Why, for your lost ships, say, sir, I should bring
Two o' th' Assurance-office that should warrant
Their safe return? 'Tis not known yet: would you
Give three parts to secure the fourth?
Warehouse. I'd give ten to secure one.
Plotwell. Well, sir, and for your wife,
Say I should prove it were no lawful match,
And that she is another man's: you'd take
The piece of service well?
Warehouse. Yes, and repent
That when I had so good an heir begot
Unto my hand, I was so rash to aim
At one of my own dotage.
Plotwell. Say no more, sir;
But keep the sailor that he stir not. We'll
About it straight. [*Exeunt Plotwell and Roseclap.*
Warehouse. How much I was deceiv'd,
To think ill of my nephew! In whose revenge
I see the heavens frown on me: seas and winds

Swell and rage for him against me; but I will
Appease their furies, and be reconciled.

SCENE V.

Enter SEATHRIFT, *Mrs.* SEATHRIFT, *Mrs.* HOLLAND, *Mrs.* SCRUPLE.

Mrs. Seathrift. Much joy to you, sir; you have made quick dispatch.
I like a man that can love, woo, and wed,
All in an hour. My husband was so long
A getting me, so many friends' consents
Were to be ask'd, that when we came to church,
'Twas not a marriage, but our times were out,
And we were there made free of one another.

Mrs. Holland. I look'd to find you a-bed, and a young sheriff
Begot by this. My husband, when I came
From church, by this time had his caudle: I
Had not a garter left, nor he a point.

Mrs. Scruple. Surely, all that my husband did the first
Night we were married, was to call for one
Of his wrought caps more, to allay his rheum.

Mrs. Holland. We hear y' have match'd a courtier, sir, a gallant;
One that can spring fire in your blood, and dart
Fresh flames into you.

Mrs. Seathrift. Sir, you are not merry:
Methinks you do not look as you were married.

Mrs Holland. You rather look as you had lost your love.

Mrs. Scruple. Or else, as if your spouse, sir, had rebuk'd you.

Seathrift. How is it, sir? You see I have brought along
My fidlers with me; my wife and Mrs. Holland
Are good wind-instruments. 'Tis enough for me
To put on sadness.

Warehouse. You, sir, have no cause.

Seathrift. Not I! Ask Mrs. Scruple. I have lost
My daughter, sir, she's stol'n. Then, sir, I have
s pendthrift to my son.
Warehouse. These are felicities
o mpar'd to me. You have not match'd a whore, sir,
Nor lost two ships at sea.
Seathrift. Nor you, I hope.
Warehouse. Truth is, you are my friends; I am
abus'd,
Grossly fetch'd over. I have match'd a stew;
The noted'st woman o' th' town.
Mrs. Seathrift. Indeed, I heard
She was a chambermaid.
Mrs. Holland. And they by their place
Do wait upon the lady, but belong
Unto the lord:
Seathrift. But is this true?
Warehouse. Here was
My nephew just now, and one Roseclap, who tell me
She has three children living; one dapple-grey,
Half Moor, half English: knows as many men
As she that sinned by th' kalendar, and divided
The nights o' th' year with several men.
Seathrift. Bless me, goodness!
Warehouse. Then, like a man condemn'd to all mis-
fortunes,
I have estated her in all I have.
Seathrift. How!
Warehouse. Under hand and seal, sir, irrecoverably.

SCENE VI.

Enter SALEWIT.

Mrs. Holland. Look, Mrs. Scruple, here's your hus-
band.
Salewit. Be the leave of the fair companée.
Mrs. Scruple. My husband!
His cold keeps him at home. Surely I take
This to be some Dutch elder.
Salewit. Where is

The breed an breedgroom ? Oh, monsieur, I'm com't
To give you zhoy, and bless your capòn; where
Is your fair breed ?
Warehouse. O, Monsieur, you have join'd me
To a chaste virgin. Would when I came to you
Y' had used your ceremonies about my funeral.
Salewit. Fooneral ? Is your breed dead ?
Warehouse. Would she were,
I'd double your fee, Monsieur, to bury her.
Salewit. Ee can but leetle English.
Warehouse. No, I see you are but new come over.
Salewit. Dover ! Tere Ee landed.
Warehouse. I, sir, pray walk in; that door
Will land you in my dining-room.
Salewit. Ee tank you. [*Exit.*
Warehouse. This is the priest that married us.
Seathrift. This is a Frenchman, is't not ?
Warehouse. 'Twas at the French church.

SCENE VII.

Enter two FOOTMEN, *bearing the frame of a great picture. Curtains drawn.*

1*st Footman.* Set 'em down gently; so.
2*d Footman.* They make me sweat.
Pictures, quoth you ; 'slight, they have weight enough
To be the parties.
1*st Footman.* My lady, sir, has sent
A present to your wife.
Warehouse. What lady, pray ?
1*st Footman.* Madam Aurelia, sir.
Warehouse. Oh——
2*d Footman.* Sir, they are
A brace of pictures, with which my lady prays
She will adorn her chamber.
Warehouse. Male pictures, pray,
Or female ?
1*st Footman.* Why d' you ask ?
Warehouse. Because, methinks,
It should be Mars and Venus in a net;

Aretine's postures,* or a naked nymph
Lying asleep, and some lascivious satyr
Taking her lineaments. These are pictures which
Delight my wife.

2d Footman. These are night-pieces, sir.

Mrs. Holland. Lord, how I long to see 'em! I have at home
The finest ravish'd Lucrece.

Mrs. Scruple. So have I
The finest fall of Babylon! There is
A fat monk spewing churches, save your presence.

Mrs Holland. Pray, will you open 'em?

1st Footman. My lady charged us
None should have sight of 'em, sir, but your wife.

Warehouse. Because you make so dainty, I will see 'em.

[*Draws the curtain, within are discovered Bright and Newcut.*

2d Footman. 'Tis out of our commission.

Warehouse. But not of mine. Hell and damnation!

1st Footman. How do you like 'em, sir?

Mrs. Holland. Look, they are pictur'd in their clothes!

Mrs. Seathrift. They stir too.

2d Footman. Sir, they are drawn to life; a master's hand
Went to 'em, I assure you.

Warehouse. Out varlets, bawds!
Panders avoid my house! O devil! are you
My wife's night-pieces? [*They come out.*

Bright. Sir, you are rude, uncivil,
And would be beaten.

Newcut. We cannot come in private
On business to your wife, but you must be
Inquisitive. Sir, thank God 'tis in your own house;
The place protects you.

Bright. If such an insolence

* See note 21 to *The Muse's Looking-Glass.* Aretine's *pictures*, there mentioned were in fact Aretine's pictures of postures here alluded to. C.

Scape unreveng'd, henceforth no ladies shall
Have secret servants.
Newcut. Here she comes, we'll ask
If she gave you commission to be so bold.
Warehouse. Why this is far beyond example rare.
Now I conceive what is Platonick love:
'Tis to have men like pictures, brought disguised,
To cuckold us with virtue. [*They whisper.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter DORCAS.

Dorcas. He would not offer't, would he?
Bright. We have been
In danger to be search'd: hereafter we
Must first be question'd by an officer,
And bring it under hands we are no men,
Or have nought dangerous about us, before
We shall obtain access.
Newcut. We do expect
In time, your husband, to preserve you chaste,
Should keep you with a guard of eunuchs; or
Confine you, like Italians, to a room
Where no male beast is pictur'd, lest the sight
Of aught that can beget, should stir desires.
Dorcas. I mar'l, sir, who did license you to pry,
Or spy out any friends that come to me;
It shews an unbred curiosity,
Which I'll correct hereafter. You will dare
To break up letters shortly, and examine
My taylor, lest when he brings home my gown,
There be a man in't. I'll have whom I list,
In what disguise I list, and when I list,
And not have your sour eyes so saucy, to peep,
As if you, by prevention, meant to kill
A basilisk.
Warehouse. Mistress, do what you list,
Send for your couch out, lie with your gallants there
Before us all: or, if you have a mind

To fellows that can lift weights, I can call
Two footmen too.
Seathrift. You are too patient, sir:
Send for the Marshal, and discharge your house.
Mrs. Seathrift. Truly, a handsome woman! what pity 'tis
She is not honest!
Mrs. Holland. Two proper gentlemen, too.
Lord, that such pictures might be sent to me!

SCENE IX.

Enter PLOTWELL *and* ROSECLAP, *with* BANNSWRIGHT *and* QUARTFIELD *disguised.*

Warehouse. O nephew, welcome to my ransom! here
My house is made a new erection; gallants
Are brought in varied forms. Had I not look'd
By providence into that frame, these two
Had been convey'd for night-pieces and landskips
Into my chaste bride's chamber. Till now, she took
And let herself out; now she will be able
To hire, and buy offenders.
Plotwell. I'll ease you, sir;
We two have made a full discovery of her.
Roseclap. She's married to another man, sir.
Warehouse. Good nephew, thou art my blessed angel.
Who are these two?
Plotwell. Two that will secure your ships,
Sent by the office. Seal you, sir: th' have brought
Th' assurance with 'em.
Warehouse. Nephew, thou wer't born
To be my dear preserver.
Plotwell. It is duty, sir,
To help you out with your misfortunes. Gentlemen,
Produce your instruments. Uncle, put your seal,
And write your name here; they will do the like
To the other parchment. So, now deliver.
[*They subscribe, seal, and deliver interchangeably.*
Warehouse. I do deliver this as my act and deed.

Bannswright, Quartfield. And we this, as our act and deed.

Plotwell. Pray, gentlemen,
Be witness here. Upon a doubtful rumour
Of two ships wreck'd as they return'd from Ormus,
My uncle covenants to give three parts
To have the fourth secured. And these two here,
[*Seathrift, Roseclap, Bright, and Newcut subscribe as witnesses.*
As delegates of the office, undertake
At that rate to assure them. Uncle, now
Call forth the sailor, and send for the priest
That married you.

Enter SALEWIT *and* CYPHER.

Warehouse. Look, here they come.

Plotwell. First then,
Not to afflict you longer, uncle; since
We now are quiet, know, all this was my project.

Warehouse. How!

Plotwell. Your two ships are richly landed: if
You'll not believe me, here's the sailor, who
[*Cypher undisguises.*
Transform'd to Cypher, can tell you.

Cypher. 'Tis very true, sir.
I hired this travelling case of one o' th' sailors
That came in one of 'em: they lie at Blackwall.
'Troth, I in pity, sir, to Mr. Plotwell,
Thought it my duty to deceive you.

Warehouse. Very well, sir;
What are these maskers too?

Plotwell. Faith, sir, these [*Exit Cypher.*
Can change their forms too. They are two friends
[*They undisguise.*
Worth threescore thousand pounds, sir, to my use.

Warehouse. Bannswright, and Captain Quartfield!

Quartfield. Nay, old boy,
Th' hast a good penny-worth on't. The jest is worth
Three parts of four.

Bannswright. Faith, sir, we hope you'll pay
Tonnage and poundage into th' bargain.

Warehouse. O you are a precious rogue! you ha' preferr'd me
To a chaste Lucrece, sirrah!
Bannswright. Your nephew, sir,
Hath married her with all her faults. They are
New come from church.
Warehouse. How!
Plotwell. Wonder not, sir: you
Were married but in jest. 'Twas no church-form
But a fine legend out of Rablais.
Salewit. 'Troth,
This reverend weed cast off, I'm a lay poet,
[*Salewit undisguises.*
And cannot marry, unless 't be in a play,
In the fifth act or so; and that's almost
Worn out of fashion too.
Mrs. Seathrift. These are the two
That show'd my son.
Mrs. Holland. Let's have our money back.
Plotwell. But, uncle, for the jointure you have made her,
I hope you'll not retract. That, and three parts
Of your two ships, besides what you will leave
Us at your death, will make a pretty stock
For young beginners.
Warehouse. Am I o'er-reach'd so finely!
Seathrift. But are you married, sir, in earnest?
Plotwell. Troth
We have not been a-bed yet, but may go,
And no law broken.
Seathrift. Then I must tell you, sir,
Y' have wrong'd me; and I look for satisfaction.
Plotwell. Why, I beseech you, sir?
Seathrift. Sir, were not you
Betroth'd once to my daughter?
Mrs. Seathrift. And did not I,
And Mrs. Holland, help to make you sure?
Plotwell. I do confess it.
Seathrift. Bear witness, gentlemen, he doth confess it.
Plotwell. I'll swear it too, sir.

Seathrift. Why,
Then, have you match'd this woman?
Plotwell. Why! because
This is your daughter, sir. I'm her's by conquest,
For this day's service.
Seathrift. Is't possible I should
Be out in my own child so?
Mrs. Seathrift. I told you, husband.
Mrs. Scruple. Surely my spirit gave me it was she;
And yet to see, now you have not your wire,
Nor city ruff on, mistress Sue, how these
Clothes do beguile! In truth, I took you for
A gentlewoman.
Seathrift. Here be rare plots, indeed!
Why, how now, sir, these young heads have outgone us.
Was my son o' th' plot too?
Plotwell. Faith, sir, he
Is married too. I did strike up a wedding
Between him and my sister.
Enter TIMOTHY *and* AURELIA.
Look, sir!
They come without their maidenheads.*
Seathrift. Why, this
Is better still. Now, sir, you might have ask'd
Consent of parents.
Timothy. Pray, forgive me, sir.
I thought I had match'd a lady, but she proves—
Seathrift. Much better, sir: I'd chide you as a fish,
But that your choice pleads for you,
Timothy. Mother, pray
Salute my wife, and tell me if one may not
Lie with her lips: nay, you too, Mrs. Holland,
You taught her to make shirts and bone-lace; she's
Out of her time now.
Mrs. Holland. I release her, sir.

* In the old copies the name of Penelope (i. e. Aurelia) is placed before this line, but it seems to belong to Plotwell, and to be a continuation of what he has just before said. C.

Warehouse. I took your sister for a lady, nephew.
Plotwell. I kept her like one, sir. My Temple scores
Went to maintain the title out of hope
To gain some great match for her; which you see
Is come to pass.
Warehouse. Well, Mr. Seathrift,
Things are just fallen out as we contriv'd 'em:
I grieve not I'm deceiv'd. Believe me, gentlemen,
You all did your parts well; 'twas carried cleanly;
And though I could take some things ill of you,
Fair mistress, yet 'twas plot, and I forget it.
Let's in and make 'em portions.
Seathrift. Lead the way, sir.
Bannswright. Pray, stay a little.
Warehouse. More revelations yet?
Bannswright. I all this while have stood behind the curtain.
You have a brother, sir, and you a father.
Plotwell. If he do live, I have.
Bannswright. He in his time
Was held the wealthiest merchant on th' Exchange.
Warehouse. 'Tis true, but that his shipwrecks broke him.
Bannswright. And
The debt for which he broke, I hear you have
Compounded.
Seathrift. I am paid it.
Bannswright. Then I thank you.
[*Bannswright undisguises.*
Warehouse. My brother Plotwell!
Bannswright. Son, I wish you joy.
Plotwell. O my bless'd stars! my father!
Bannswright. And to you, fair mistress,
Let it not breed repentance that I have,
For my security, to 'scape your father,
A while descended from myself to this
Unworthy shape. Now I can cast it off,
And be my true self. I have a ship, which fame
Gave out for lost, but just now landed too,
Worth twenty thousand pounds, towards your match.

Seathrift. Better and better still.
Warehouse. Well; what was wanting
Unto our joys, and made these nuptials
Imperfect, brother, you by your discovery
Have fully added.

Enter CYPHER.

Cypher. Sir, the two sheriffs are
Within, and have both brought their wives.
Warehouse. The feast
Intended for my wedding shall be your's.

To which I add—May you so love, to say
When old, your time was but one marriage-day.

THE

EPILOGUE AT WHITEHALL.

The Author was deceiv'd; for, should the parts,
And play, which you have seen, plead rules and arts,
Such as strict critics write by, who refuse
T' allow the buskin to the Comic Muse;
Whose region is the people, every strain
Of royalty being tragic, though none slain;
He'd now, Great Sir, hold all his rules untrue,
And think his best rules are the Queen and You.
He should have search'd the stories of each age,
And brought five acts of princes on the stage;
He should have taken measure, and rais'd sport
From persons bright and glorious as your court,
And should have made his argument to be
Fully as high, and great as they that see.
Here, he confesseth, you did nothing meet
But what was first a comedy i' th' street:
Cheapside brought into verse; no passage strange
To any here, that hath been at th' Exchange.
Yet, he hopes none doth value it so low,
As to compare it with my Lord Mayor's Show.
'Tis so unlike, that some, he fears, did sit,
Who, missing pageants, did o'ersee the wit.
Since then his scene no pomp or highness boasts,
And low things grac'd, shew princes princes most,
Your royal smiles will raise't, and make him say,
He only wrote—your liking made the play.

THE

EPILOGUE AT BLACK-FRIARS.

Once more the Authour, ere you rise, doth say,
Though he have public warrant for his play,
Yet he to the King's command needs the King's writ
To keep him safe, not to be arraign'd for wit.
Not that he fears his name can suffer wrack
From them who sixpence pay and sixpence crack,
To such he wrote not; though some parts have been
So like here, that they to themselves came in.
To them who call't reproof to make a face,
Who think they judge, when they frown i' th' wrong place,
Who, if they speak not ill o' th' poet, doubt
They lose by the play, nor have their two shillings out;
He says, he hopes they'll not expect he'd woo,
The play being done, they'd end their sour looks too.
But, before you, who did true hearers sit,
Who singly make a box, and fill the pit,
Who to his comedy read, and unseen,
Had thronged theatres, and Black-Friars been.
He for his doom stands: your hands are his bays
Since they can only clap who know to praise.

EDITIONS.

(1.) "The Citye Match: a Comœdye. Presented "to the King and Queene, at Whitehall. Acted since "at Black-Friers, by his Majesties Servants. Horat. "de Arte Poet. *Versibus exponi Tragicis res Comica "non vult.*

"Oxford: printed by Leonard Lichfield, Printer to "the University. Anno Dom. MDCXXXIX." Folio.

(2.) "Two Plaies: The City Match, a Comœdy; "and the Amorous Warre, a Tragy Comœdy: both "long since written. By J. M. of Ch. Ch. in Oxon. "Oxford: reprinted by Hen. Hall, for Ric. Davis, "1658." 4to.

(3.) "The City Match: a Comœdy. Presented to "the King and Queene at White-Hall. Acted since "at Black Friers, by his Majesties Servants. Horat. "de Arte Poet. *Versibus exponi Tragicis res Comica "non vult.* By J. M. St. of Ch. Ch. in Oxon. Ox-"ford: printed by Henry Hall, Printer to the Univer-"sity, for Rich. Davis. 1659." 8vo.

THE

QUEEN OF ARRAGON.

WILLIAM HABINGTON, the son of Thomas Habington*, of Hendlip, in the county of Worcester, Esq. was born at the seat of his father, on the 4th, or, as others say, the 5th of November, 1605 †. He received his education at St. Omers and Paris; and at the former of these places was earnestly solicited to become one of the order of the Jesuits. On his return from Paris, being then at man's estate, he was instructed at home in matters of history, by his father, and became an accomplished gentleman. He married Lucia, daughter of William Lord Powis, and is charged by *Wood* with run-

* This Thomas Habington was born 26th October, 1560, and married Mary, the sister of Lord Mounteagle, the lady who is supposed to have written that letter to her brother, which occasioned the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. For harbouring Garnet and Alchorne, two Popish priests, he is said to have been condemned to die, but by the intercession of Lord Mounteagle, he was reprieved and pardoned. He lived many years afterwards, not dying until the 8th of October, 1647, at the advanced age of 87 years. Wood says, he surveyed the county of Worcester, and made a collection of most of its antiquities. He also translated *The Epistle of Gildas, the most ancient British author*, 12mo. 1638, and had a considerable hand in the *History of Edward the 4th*, published by his son.

† In a poem, on p. 104 of his *Castara*, 1640, Habington claims alliance with several noble families:

" Now I resolve, in triumph of my verse,
" To bring great *Talbot* from that foreign herse
" Which yet doth to her fright his dust enclose:
" Then to sing *Herbert*, who so glorious rose
" With the fourth Edward, that his faith doth shine
" Yet in the faith of noble *Pembroke's* line.
" Sometimes my swelling spirits I prepare
" To speak the mighty *Percy*, nearest heir
" In merits, as in blood, to Charles the Great:
" Then *Derby's* worth and greatness to repeat;
" Or *Morley's* honour, or *Mounteagle's* fame,
" Whose valour lives eterniz'd in his name:
" But while I think to sing those *of my blood*,
" And my *Castaras*," &c. C.

ning with the times, and being not unknown to Oliver Cromwell. He died the 30th of November, 1654, and was buried in the vault at Hendlip, by the bodies of his father and grandfather.

Besides the play now republished, he was the author of—

1. "*Poems*, under the title of *Castara*, 1635, "12mo*." They are divided into three parts, under a different title, suitable to the subject: the first, written when he was suitor to his wife, is ushered in by a character of a mistress, written in prose: the second contains verses written to her after marriage; after which is a character of a friend, before several funeral elegies: and the third consists of Divine Poems, preceded by the portrait of a holy man †.

2. "Observations upon history." 8vo. 1641.

3. "History of Edward the 4th, King of England,' fo. 1640; written and published at the desire of King Charles the First ‡.

Wood observes, that the MSS. which our author and his father left §, were then in the hands of the former's

* Mr. Park, in a MS. note to a copy of these poems, in 1640, observes, "The first and second parts of these poems were printed "in 1684, 4to.: again (with additions) in 1635, 12mo.; and the "third part was added in 1640. He is said to have entitled his "collection, *Castara*, in compliment to his mistress, Lucia, daugh-"ter of Lord Powis, who became his wife." This is evident from a poem on p. 102 of the edition of 1640, addressed to Lord Powis, where he speaks of his daughter as *Castara*. C.

† Phillips speaking of Habington, (*Theatrum Poetarum*, 1675,) says, "that he may be ranked with those who deserve neither the highest "nor the lowest seat in the theatre of fame." Mr. Park is of opinion "that this character of him is rather below par; for he appears "(as an amatory poet) to have possessed a superior degree of unaf-"fected tenderness and delicacy of sentiment, to either Carew or "Waller, with an elegance of versification very seldom inferior to his "more fam'd contemporaries" Perhaps Habington's "amiable "piety," rendered him a peculiar favourite with Mr. Park. C.

‡ Phillips, in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, complains that this work is written in a style "better becoming a poetical than a historical "subject." C.

§ The collections he made of the antiquities, &c. of Worcestershire, formed the foundation of Dr. Nash's History of that County. C.

son, and might be made useful for the public, if in the possession of any other person *.

* The following is from *Wit's Recreations*, 1640.

"To Mr. William Habington, on his Castara, a Poem.

"Thy Muse is chaste, and thy Castara too;
"'Tis strange at Court: and thou hadst power to woo
"And to obtain what others were denied,
"The fair Castara for thy virtuous bride.
"Enjoy what you dare wish, and may there be
"Fair issues branch from both to honour thee." O. G.

THE

PROLOGUE AT COURT.

Had not obedience o'er-rul'd the author's fear,
And judgment too, this humble piece had ne'er
Approach'd so high a majesty: not writ
By the exact and subtile rules of wit,
Ambitious for the splendour of this night,
But fashion'd up in haste for his own delight.
This, by my lord, with as much zeal as e'er*
Warm'd the most loyal heart is offer'd here,
To make this night your pleasure, although we,
Who are the actors, fear 'twill rather be
Your patience; and if any mirth, we may
Sadly suspect, 'twill rise quite the wrong way.
But you have mercy, sir; and from your eye,
Bright madam, never yet did lightning fly;
But vital beams of favour, such as give
A growth to all, who can deserve to live.
Why should the author tremble then, or we
Distress our hopes, and such tormentors be
Of our own thoughts? since in those happy times
We live, when mercy's greater than the crimes.

* Meaning, most likely the Earl of Pembroke, at whose instance the play was represented before the King and Queen at Court. C.

THE

PROLOGUE AT THE FRIARS.

Ere we begin, that no man may repent
Two shillings and his time, the Author sent
The prologue, with the errors of his play,
That who will may take his money and away.
First, for the plot, it's no way intricate
By cross deceits in love, nor so high in state,
That we might have given out in our play-bill,
This day's the Prince, *writ by* Nick Machiavil.
The language too is easy, such as fell
Unstudied from his pen: not like a spell
Big with mysterious words, such as inchant
The half-witted, and confound the ignorant.
Then what must needs afflict the amorist,
No virgin here in breeches casts a mist
Before her lover's eyes: no ladies tell
How their blood boils, how high their veins do swell.
But, what is worse, no bawdy mirth is here,
(The wit of bottle-ale, and double-beer)
To make the wife of citizen protest,
And country-justice swear 'twas a good jest.
Now, sirs, you have the errors of his wit:
Like, or dislike, at your own perils be't.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE QUEEN OF ARRAGON.
DECASTRO, *General of the Forces of Arragon, in love with the Queen.*
OSSUNA, *friend to Decastro.*
FLORENTIO, *General of the Forces of Castile, enamour'd of the Queen.*
VELASCO, *a great Commander under Florentio.*
ASCANIO, *the King of Castile disguis'd.*
LERMA, *a Nobleman privy to his disguise.*
ONIATE, *a sober Courtier.*
SANMARTINO, *a half-witted Lord.*
BROWFILDORA, *Dwarf to Sanmartino.*

FLORIANA, *Wife to Sanmartino.*
CLEANTHA, *a witty Court-lady.*

CAPTAIN.
SERVANTS.
Several SOLDIERS.

THE

QUEEN OF ARRAGON.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter SANMARTINO *and* CLEANTHA.

Cleantha. My lord, let's change the subject: love is worn
So thread-bare out of fashion, and my faith
So little leans to vows——

Sanmartino. The rage of time,
Or sickness, first must ruin that bright fabric
Nature took pride to build.

Cleantha. I thank my youth then
For the tender of your service; 'tis the last
Good turn it did me. But by this, my fears
Instruct me, when the old bald man, call'd Time,
Comes stealing on me, and shall steal away
What you call beauty; my neglected face
Must be enforc'd to go in quest for a new
Knight-errant.

Sanmartino. Slander not my constant faith,

* This play being by the author communicated to Philip Earl of Pembroke, Lord Chamberlain of the household to King Charles the First, he caused it to be acted at court, and afterwards published, against the author's consent. It was revived at the Restoration, when a Prologue and Epilogue, written by the author of Hudibras, were spoken. See *Butler's Remains*, vol. I. p. 185.

Nor doubt the care Fate hath to stop the motion
Of envious Time, might it endanger so
Supreme a beauty.
Cleantha. Sure, my lord, Fate hath
More serious business, or divines make bold
T' instruct us in a schism. But grant I could
Induce myself, (which I despair I shall)
To hear and talk that empty nothing, Love,
Is't now in season, when an army lies
Before our city-gates, and every hour
A battery expected? Dear, my lord,
Let's seal our testament, and prepare for heaven;
And, as I am inform'd by them who seem
To know some part o' th' way, Love's not the nearest
Path that leads thither.
Sanmartino. Madam, he is but
A coward lover, whom or death or hell
Can fright from 's mistress: and, for danger now
Threat'ning the city, how can I so arm
Myself, as by your favour, proof against
All stratagems of war?
Cleantha. Your lordship then
Shall walk as safe, as if a Lapland witch
(You will not envy me the honour of
The metaphor) preserv'd you shot-free. But
Who is your confessor? Yet spare his name;
His function will forgive the glory of it:
Sure he's ill read in cases, to allow
A married lord the freedom of this courtship.
Sanmartino. Can you think, madam, that I trust my sins
(But virtues are those loves I pay your beauty)
To th' counsel of a cassock? Who hath art
To judge of my confession, must have had
At least a privy chamberer to his father.
We of the court commit not, as the vulgar,
Dull ignorant sins: then that I'm married, madam,
Is rather safety to our love.
Cleantha. My heart!
How sick am I o' th' sudden! Good, my lord,

Call your dwarf hither.

Sanmartino. Garagantua! boy.

Enter BROWFILDORA.

Cleantha. Pr'ythee, thy pedigree?

Sanmartino. Madam, what mean you?

Cleantha. O any thing, but to divert from love:
Another word of courtship, and I swoon.

Browfildora. My ancestors were giants, madam; giants
Pure Spanish, who disdain'd to mingle with
The blood of Goth or Moor. Their mighty actions
In a small letter, nature printed on
Your little servant.

Cleantha. How so very little?

Browfildora. By the decay of time, and being forc'd
From fertile pastures to the barren hills
Of Biscay: even in trees you may observe
The wonder, which, transplanted to a soil
Less happy, lose in growth. Is not the once
Huge body of the Roman empire, now
A very pigmy?

Cleantha. But why change you not
That so gigantic name of Browfildora?

Browfildora. Spite of malignant nature, I'll preserve
The memory of my forefathers: they shall live
In me contracted.

Sanmartino. Madam, let's return
To the love we last discours'd on.

Cleantha. This, my lord,
Is much more serious. What coarse thing is that?

Enter ONIATE *and* FLORIANA.

Floriana. I owe you, sir, for the pleasure of this walk.

Oniate. Madam, it was to me the highest honour.

[*Exit Oniate.*

Cleantha. Welcome, O welcome, to redeem me!—
What
Can the best wit of woman fancy we
Have been discoursing of?

Floriana. Sure not of love?

Cleantha. Of that most ridiculous hobby-horse, love;

That fool that fools the world; that spaniel love,
That fawns the more 'tis kick'd!

Sanmartino. Will you betray me?

Cleantha. Thy lord hath so protested, Floriana,
Vowed such an altar to my beauty, swore
So many oaths, and such prophane oaths too,
To be religious in performing all
That's impious towards Heaven, and to a lady
Most ruinous.

Floriana. Good Cleantha, all your detraction
Wins no belief on my suspicion.

Cleantha. Be credulous, and be abus'd. Floriana,
There's no vice so great as to think him virtuous.
Go mount your milk-white steed, Sir Lancelot,
Your little 'squire attends you there: in suburbs
Inchanted castles are, where ladies wait
To be deliver'd by your mighty hand;
Go and protest there.

Sanmartino. I thank your favour, madam.
[*Exit Sanmartino.*

Cleantha. It is not so much worth, sir. Come, we'll follow.

Floriana. But stay, Cleantha. Pr'ythee what begot
That squeamish look, that scornful wry o' th' mouth,
When Oniate parted?

Cleantha. Why, thou had'st
So strange a fellow in thy company,
His garb was so uncourtly, I grew sick.

Floriana. He is a gentleman; and, add to that,
Makes good the title.

Cleantha. Haply he may so,
And haply he's enamour'd of thy beauty.

Floriana. On mine, Cleantha?

Cleantha. Yes, dear Floriana;
Yet neither danger to thy chastity,
Nor blemish to thy fame: custom approves it.
But I owe little to my memory,
If I e'er saw him 'mong the greater ladies:
Sure he's some suburb courtier.

Floriana. He's noble,

And hath a soul; a thing is question'd much
In most of the gay youths, whom you converse with.
Cleantha. But how disorderly his hair did hang.
Floriana. Yet 'twas his own.
Cleantha. How ill turn'd up his beard;
And for his clothes———
Floriana. Though not fresh every morning,
Yet in the fashion.
Cleantha. Yes, i' th' sober fashion,
Which courtiers wear, who hope to be employ'd,
And aim at business. But he's not genteel;
Not discomposed enough to court a lady.
Floriana. His thoughts are much more serious.
Cleantha. Guard me, Fortune!
I would not have the court take notice that
I walked one hour with that state-aphorism,
Each autumn to renew my youth. Let us
Discourse with lords, whose heads and legs move more
Than do their tongues, and to as good a sense;
Who, snatching from my hand a glove, can sigh,
And print a kiss, and then return it back;
Who on my busk[1], even with a pin, can write
The anagram of my name, present it humbly,
Fall back, and smile.
Floriana. Cleantha, I perceive
There is small hope of thy conversion;
Thou art resolv'd to live in this heresy.
Cleantha. Yes; since 'tis the religion of our sex:
Sweet Floriana, I will not yet suffer,
For unregarded truth, court persecution.
Enter OSSUNA *and* ONIATE, *with divers soldiers.*
But, what are they appear there?
Floriana. We'll away.
[*Exeunt Floriana and Cleantha.*
Ossuna. This is the place for interview. You, who are
Deputed for this service from the lord
Florentio, use such caution as befits
Your charge. Howe'er, your general's person's safe,
The lord Decastro having pass'd his word.

[1] *busk.*] See note to Lingua, A. 2. S. 2. vol. V.

Oniate. Yet 'tis my wonder that Florentio,
A soldier so exact, practis'd in all
The mysteries of war and peace, should trust
Himself where th' enemies' faith must best secure him.
Ossuna. The great Decastro, sir, whom our late King
Deputed regent at his death, and whom
The kingdom judgeth fit to marry with
His only heir the present Queen (though she
Disdain his love and our desires) hath proved
To time and fortune, that he fears no danger
But what may wound his honour. How can then
Florentio (though he now sit down before
Our city with so vast an army) choose
A place for interview, by art and nature
So fortified, as where Decastro's faith
Makes it impregnable.
Oniate. Distrust, my lord,
Is the best counsellor to great designs:
Our confidence betrays us. But between
These two, are other seeds of jealousy;
Such as would almost force religion break
Her tying vows, authorise perjury,
And make the scrupulous casuist say, that fait h
Is the fool's virtue. They both love the Queen:
Decastro building on his high deserts,
And vote of Arragon; Florentio, on
The favour he gain'd from her majesty,
When here he lived employed by his great master
King of Castile.
Ossuna. Such politic respects
May warrant the bad statesman to dark actions;
But both these generals by a noble war
Resolve to try their fate.
Oniate. But here, my lord,
Enter SANMARTINO.
Is a full period to all serious thought.
This lord is so impertinent, yet still
Upon the whisper.
Ossuna. He's a mischief, sir,
No court is safe from.

Oniate. What fine tricks he shews
Each morning on his jennet, but to gain
A female vision from some half-op'd window:
And if a lady smile by accident,
Or but in scorn of him, yet he, kind soul,
Interprets it as prophecy to some
Near favour to ensue at night.
Ossuna. I wonder
What makes him thought a wit?
Oniate. A copper wit,
Which fools let pass for current: so false coin,
Such very alchymy, that who vents him
For aught but parcel-ass, may be in danger.
Look on him, and in little there see drawn
The picture of the youth is so admired
Of the spruce sirs, whom ladies and their women
Call the fine gentleman.
Ossuna. What are those papers,
With such a sober brow he looks upon?
Oniate. Nor platform, nor intelligence; but a prologue
He comes to whisper to one of the maids
I' th' privy chamber, after supper.
Ossuna. I praise the courage of his folly yet,
Whom fear cannot make wiser.
Sanmartino. My good lord,
Brave Oniate, saw you not the general?
Oniate. He's upon entrance here. And how, my lord,
I saw your lordship turning over papers:
What's the discovery?
Sanmartino. It may import
Decastro's knowledge. Never better language,
Or neater wit: a paper of such verses,
Writ by th' exactest hand.
Ossuna. In time of business
As serious as our safety, to intrude
The dreams of madmen!
Sanmartino. My judicious lord,
It, with the favour of your lordship, may
Concern the general: such high rapture,
In admiration of the Queen, whom he

Pretends to love! How will her majesty
Smile on his suit, when in the heat of business
He not neglects this amorous way to woo her?

Enter DECASTRO.

Decastro. No man presume t' advance a foot. My lord
Ossuna, I desire your ear.

Sanmartino. My lord,
I have a piece here of such elegant wit.

Decastro. Your pardon, good my lord; we'll find an hour
Less serious to advise upon your papers,
And then at large we'll whisper.

Sanmartino. As you please,
My lord: you'll pardon the error of my duty.

[*Exit Sanmartino.*

Ossuna. The Queen, my lord, gave free access to what
I spoke o' th' public; but when I began
To mention love———

Decastro. How? did she frown, or with
What murdering scorn heard she Decastro named?
Love! of thy labyrinth of art, what path
Left I untrodden? Humbly I have labour'd
To win her favour; and when that prevail'd not,
The kingdom, in my quarrel, vow'd to empty
The veins of their great body.

Ossuna. Sir, her heart
Is mightier than misfortune. Though her youth,
Soft as some consecrated virgin wax,
Seem easy for impression, yet her virtue,
Hard as a rock of diamond, breaks all
The battery of the waves.

Decastro. Unkind, and cruel!

Ossuna. She charg'd me tell you, that a faithless Moor,
Who had gain'd honour only by the ruin
Of what we hold religious, sooner she
Would welcome to her bed, than who t' his Queen,
And Love, had been a rebel.

Decastro. How? a rebel?
The people's suffrage, which inaugurates princes,
Hath warranted my actions.
Ossuna. But she answers,
The subtle arts of faction, not free vote,
Commanded her restraint.
Decastro. May even those stars
Whose influence made me great, turn their aspects
To blood and ruin, if ambition rais'd
The appetite of love. Her beauty hath
A power more sovereign than the Eastern slave
Acknowledg'd ever in his idol king.
To that I bowed a subject: but when I
Discover'd that her fancy fix'd upon
Florentio, (General now of th' enemy's army)
I let the people use their severe way,
And they restrain'd her.
Ossuna. But, my lord, their guilt
Is made your crime. Yet all this new affliction
Disturbs her not to anger, but disdain.
Decastro. She hath a glorious spirit. Yet the world,
The envious world itself, must justify,
That howsoever fortune yielded up
The scepter to my power, I did but kiss it,
And offer'd it again into her hand.

Enter FLORENTIO, VELASCO, *and others.*

Oniate. My lord, the general of Castile, Florentio.
Decastro. He's safely welcome. Now let each man keep
At a due distance. I have here attended
Your lordship's presence.
Florentio. O my lord, are we,
Whom love obligeth to the same allegiance,
Brought hither on these terms?
Decastro. They're terms of honour,
And I yet never knew to frame excuse
Where that begot the quarrel.
Florentio. Yet methinks
We might have found another way to it.
We might have sought out danger, where the proud

Insulting Moor prophanes our holy places.
The noise of war had been no trouble then;
But now, too much 'twill fright the gentle ear
Of her we both are vow'd to serve.
Decastro. That love
Which arms us both, bears witness, that I had
Much rather have encounter'd lightning, than
Create the least distraction to her peace.
But, since the vote of Arragon decrees,
That my long service hath the justest claim
To challenge her regard, thus I must stand
Arm'd, to make good the title.
Florentio. This vain language
Scarce moves my pity. What desert can rise
So high to merit her? Were each short moment
O' th' longest-liv'd commander lengthen'd to
An age, and that exposed to dangers mighty,
As cowards frame them, can you think his service
Might challenge her regard? Like th' heavenly bounty
She may distribute favour; but 'tis sin,
To say our merits may pretend a title.
Decastro. You talk, sir, like a courtier.
Florentio. But, my lord,
You'll find a soldier in this arm; which, strengthen'd
By such a cause, may level mountains high
As those the giants (emblems of your thoughts)
Piled up to have scaled heaven.
Decastro. That must be
Decided by the sword: and if, my lord,
Our interview hath no more sober end,
Than a dispute so froward, let us make
The trumpet drown the noise.
Florentio. You shall not want
That music. But before we yielded up
Our reason unto fury, I desired
We might expostulate the ground of this
So fatal war, and bring you to that low
Obedience nature placed you in.
Decastro. My ear attends you.
Florentio. Where is then that humble zeal

You owe a mistress, if you can throw off
That duty which you owe her as your Queen?
What justice (that fair rule of human actions)
Can you pretend for taking arms?

Decastro. Pray, forward.

Florentio. I'll not deny (for from an enemy
I'll not detract) during her nonage, when
The public choice, and her great father's will
Enthron'd you in the government, you manag'd
Affairs with prudence equal to the fame
You gain'd: and when your sword did fight her quarrel,
'Twas crown'd with victory.

Decastro. I thank your memory.

Florentio. But hence ambition and ingratitude
Drew only venom: for by these great actions
You labour'd not t' advance her state or honour,
But subtly wrought upon the people's love:
A love begot by error, following still
Apparency, not truth.

Decastro. You construe fairly.

Florentio. The sun is not more visible, when not
One cloud wrinkles the brow of heaven; for
On that false strength you had i' th' multitude,
You swell'd to insolence, dared court your Queen,
Boasting your merit, like some wanton tyrant
I' th' vanity of a new conquest. And,
When you perceiv'd her judgment did instruct her
To frown on the attempt, prophanely 'gainst
All laws of love and majesty, you made
The people in your quarrel seize upon
The sacred person of the fairest Queen
Story e'er boasted.

Decastro. Have you done, my lord?

Florentio. Not yet. This injury provok'd my master
To raise these mighty forces for her rescue;
And named me general; whose aim is not
A vain ambition, but t' advance her service,
Ere we begin to punish, take this offer:
Restore the Queen to liberty, with each

Due circumstance that such a majesty
May challenge, freely to make choice of whom
She shall advance to th' honour of her bed.
If your deserts bear that high rate you mention,
Why should you doubt your fortune? On these terms
The king, King of Castile, may be induced
To pardon th' error of your ruin.

Decastro. Thus,
In short, my answer. How unlimited
Soe'er my power hath been, my reason and
My love have circumscrib'd it. True, the Queen
Stands now restrain'd; but 'tis by the decree
Of the whole kingdom, lest her error should
Persuade her to some man less worthy.

Florentio. How!

Decastro. Less worthy than myself; for so they judge
The proudest subject to a foreign prince.
But when you mention love, where are your blushes?
What can you answer for the practising
The Queen's affection, when embassador
You lay here from Castile; pretending only
Affairs importing both the kingdoms? Nor
Can you, my lord, be tax'd by your discretion,
That by the humblest arts of love, you labour
To win so bright a beauty, and a Queen
So potent. Your affection looks not here,
Without an eye upon your profit.

Florentio. Witness, Love!

Decastro. No protestation. If you will withdraw
Your forces from our kingdom, and permit
Us to our laws and government, that peace
Which hath continued many ages sacred,
Stands firm between us. But if not ———

Florentio. To arms!

Decastro. Pray stay, my lord. Doth not your lordship see
Th' advantage I have in the place? With how
Much ease I may secure my fortune from
The greatest danger of your forces?

Florentio. Ha! ——
'Twas inconsiderate in me: but I trusted
To th' honour of your word, which you'll not violate.
Decastro. Go safely off, my lord. And now be dumb
All talk of peace: we'll parley in the drum.
[*Exeunt several ways, the drum beating.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter SANMARTINO, CAPTAIN, SOLDIER, *and* BROWFILDORA.

Captain. Come on, you Atlases of Arragon:
You, by whose powers the Castilian cloud
Was forc'd to vanish. We have ferk'd Florentio,
In the right arm; made the enamour'd Don
Retire to doleful tent.
Sanmartino. We sallied bravely.
Captain. Thou didst i' th' sally fight like lightning, Conde;
Let the air play with thy plume, most puissant peer.
No Conde Sanmartino now, but Conde
St. George, that Cappadocian man at arms.
Thou hast done wonders, wonders big with story,
Fit to be sung in lofty Epic strain;
For writing which, the poet shall behold,
That which creates a Conde, gold; gold, which
Shall make him wanton with some suburb muse,
And Hippocrene flow with Canary billow.
Th' art high in feat of arms.
Sanmartino. Captain, I think I did my part.
Captain. Base is the wight that thinks *,
Let Condes small in spirit drink harsh sherry,
Then quarrel with promoting knights, and fine for't:
Thou art in metal mighty, tough as steel,

* A sort of parody on the exclamation of *Pistol*, in *Henry V.* A. 2. S. 1.:
" Base is the slave that pays!"
Mr. Steevens, in a note on the passage, points out a similar expression in Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West.* C.

As Bilbo or Toledo steel. Fight on,
Let acres sink, and bank of money melt;
Forsake thy lady's lap, and sleep with us
Upon the bed of honour, the chill earth.
'Tis that will make thee held a potent peer,
'Mong men o' th' pike, of buff, and bandelier.

Sanmartino. Thou speak'st brave language, Captain.

Captain. I'll maintain
'Tis Arragonian, Conde.

Browfildora. Captain Cedar,
Though in thy language lofty, give a shrub
Leave to salute thee. Sure we two are near
In blood and great attempt. Don Hercules
Was, as I read in Chaldean chronicle,
Our common ancestor; Don Hercules,
Who rifled nymph on top of Apennine.

Captain. Small imp, avaunt!

Browfildora. Stout sturdy oak, that grows
So high in field of Mars, O let no tempest
Shake thee from hence! And now I have with labour
Attain'd thy language, I'll thy truchman[2] be.
Interpret for thee to those smaller souls,
Who wonder when they understand not: souls!
Whom courtiers' gaudy outside captivates,
And plume of coronel.

Captain. I must expire,
Not talk to fish. Seest thou that man of match?
Though small in stature, mighty he's in soul,
And rich in gifts of mind, though poor in robes:
Reward, like Philip's heir, his daring arm,
Which fetch'd thee off from danger. Once again,
Most doughty Don, adieu.

[2] *I'll thy* truchman *be.*] *i. e.* thine interpreter. *Trucheman*, Fr. See Cotgrave. S.

The word is not very common in our old writers; but it is found in a passage quoted in *England's Parnassus*, 1600, and assigned to R. Greene:

" Seld speaketh love, but sighes his secret paines;
" Teares are his *truch-men*; words do make him tremble."

Again, in Whetstone's *Heptameron*, 158?.—" For he that is the " *Troucheman* of a stranger's tongue, may well declare his meaning, " but yet shall marre the grace of his tale." C.

Browfildora. Great Don Saltpetre,
I am the servant of thy fam'd caliver.
Sanmartino. These are strong lines. Now friend art thou o' th' garrison?
Soldier. If 't please your lordship.
Sanmartino. It doth not please me,
It is indifferent: I care not what thou art.
Art thou extremely poor?
Soldier. If 't please your lordship.
Sanmartino. No, not that neither. Why should I malign
So far thy fortune, as to wish thee poor?
'Twere safer for my purse, if thou wert rich;
Then all reward were base.
Soldier. If 't please your lordship.
Sanmartino. O, no more prologue! Pr'ythee, the first scene:
To the business, man.
Soldier. Then I must tell your lordship,
I scorn that wealth makes you thus wanton, and
That wit which fools you. Did the royal favour
Shine but on you, without enlarging warmth
To any other, I in this torn outside
Should laugh at you, if insolent.
Sanmartino. This is saucy.
Soldier. I tell thee, petulant lord, I'll cut thy throat,
Unless thou learn more honour.
Sanmartino. What shall I do?
Enter FLORIANO *and* CLEANTHA.
But see Cleantha! Not to be made Grandee,
Would I she should discover me in parley
With such coarse clothes. There, fellow, take that gold,
And let me see thy face no more. Away!
Soldier. There 'tis again. I will not owe one hour
[*Throws back the money.*
Of mirth to such a bounty: I can starve
At easier rate, than live beholden to
The boast of any giver. Lord? I scorn
Thee, and that gold which first created thee.
[*Exit Soldier.*

Floriana. That soldier seem'd to carry anger in
His look, my lord.
Sanmartino. What should his anger move me?
Cleantha. O no, my lord: the world speaks wonders of
Your mighty puissance.
Floriana. 'Tis my joy y'are safe.
But why adventured you into this quarrel? *
Cleantha. The Queen will hardly thank your valour, since
They of Castile profess'd themselves her soldiers.
Sanmartino. The Queen must pardon courage: men who are
Of daring spirit, so they may but fight,
Examine not the cause.
Floriana. She doth expect us.
Cleantha. I will attend her here, for here she gives
Decastro audience. I must not lose
This lord yet, it so near concerns my mirth.
Sanmartino. Madam, I wonder with what confidence
You, after such an injury, dare endanger
Discourse with me.
Cleantha. I injure you, my lord,
Whose favour I have courted with more zeal
Than well my sex can warrant? triumph not
Too much upon my weakness, 'cause you have
Got victory o'er my heart; take not delight
To make my grief your sport.
Sanmartino. Be witty still,
And keep me for a trophy of your pride.
I hope to see that beauty at an ebb;
Where will be then your overflow of servants?
You'll then repent your pride.
Cleantha. O never, never;
If you'll particularize your vows to me.
You who to th' title of the courtly lord,
Have added that of valiant; and beshrew me,
She's no good housewife of her fame, that wants

* This question, by an error of the press, Dodsley and Reed both allowed to be given to Florentio. C.

A daring servant.

Sanmartino. This perhaps may work. [*Aside.*

Cleantha. If she live single, he preserves her name,
And scarce admits a whisper, that the jealous
May construe points at her; and if she marry,
He awes the husband, if by chance or weakness
She have offended.

Sanmartino. This cannot be fiction. [*Aside.*

Cleantha. Then, if she use but civil compliment
To a courtier bachelor, he straight bespeaks
The licence, and the favours, and calls in
Some wit into his counsel for the poesy;
While I feel no temptation to such folly
But with a married lord.

Sanmartino. How, gentle madam?

Cleantha. Our walks are privileg'd, our whispers safe,
No fear of laying contracts to my charge,
Nor much of scandal: and if there be cause,
Who is so fond a gamester of his life,
As merely out of spleen to stake it? But,
My lord, I now suspect you constru'd ill
That language I used to your lady, when
I told her of your love: but I presume
You were not so dull-sighted as in that
Not to discern the best disguise for love.

Sanmartino. What a suspicious ass was I? How captious?
I ne'er mistrusted my own wit before.
Mischief, how dull was I!

Cleantha. Pray turn your face
Away. Now know, when worth and valour are
Led on by love, to win my favour——But
The Queen!

Enter QUEEN, DECASTRO, OSSUNA, FLORIANA, *&c.*

Sanmartino. Divine Cleantha! Noblest lady!

Decastro. Ossuna, let me beg thy care: though we
Bravely repuls'd the enemy, they seem
To threaten a new assault.

Ossuna. Command your servant.

Decastro. Bear then a vigilant eye, and by your scouts
Learn if they any new attempt prepare. [*Exit Ossuna.*
May 't please your Majesty, command these many
Ears from your presence.
Queen. Good, my lord, you who
Have power to guide your Queen, may make our presence
Or full or empty as you please.
Decastro. Then with
Your licence, madam, they may all withdraw.
Queen. Not with our licence. If your usurped greatness
Will banish all attendance from our person,
I must remain alone; but not a man
Stir hence with our good liking.
Decastro. If your will
(Averse from sober counsel) would submit
To safe advice——
Queen. You have instructed it
To more obedience, than I guess my birth
Did e'er intend. But pray, my lord, teach me
To know my fault, and I will find amendment,
If not repentance for it.
Decastro. Then, great madam,
I must acquaint you, that the supreme law
Of princes is the people's safety; which
You have infring'd, and drawn thereby into
The inward parts of this great state, a most
Contagious fever.
Queen. Pray, no metaphor.
Decastro. You have invited war to interrrupt,
With its rude noise, the music of our peace:
A foreign enemy gathers the fruit,
The sweat and labour of your subjects planted:
In the cool shadow of the vine we prun'd
He wantonly lies down, and roughly bids
The owner press the grape, that with the juice
His blood may swell up to lascivious heats.

Queen. My lord, I answer not th' effects of war;
But I must pay Castile all thankful service
For his fair charity.
Decastro. Do you then, madam,
Reckon on mischief as a charity?
Queen. Yes, such a mischief as is merciful,
And I a queen oppress'd. But how dares he,
Whose duty ought with reverence obey,
And not dispute the counsels of his princess,
Question my actions? Whence, my lord, springs this
Ill-tutor'd privilege?
Decastro. From the zeal I owe
The honour of our nation; over which
Kings rule but at the courtesy of time.
Queen. You are too bold; and I must tell your pride,
It swells to insolence: for, were your nature
Not hood-wink'd by your interest, you would praise
The virtue of his courage, who took arms
To an injur'd lady's rescue.
Decastro. 'Twas ambition,
Greedy to make advantage of that breach
Between you and your people, arm'd Castile.
Unpitied else you might have wept away
The hours of your restraint.
Queen. Poor erring man!
Could thy arts raise a tempest blacker yet,
Such as would fright thyself, it could not for
One moment cloud the splendour of my soul.
Misfortune may benight the wicked; she
Who knows no guilt, can sink beneath no fear.
Decastro. Your majesty mistakes the humble aim
Of my address. I come not to disturb
Th' harmonious calm your soul enjoys: may pleasure
Live there enthron'd, till you yourself shall woo
Death to enlarge it! May felicities,
Great as th' ideas of philosophy,
Wait still on your delight! May fate conspire
To make you rich, and envied!
Queen. Pray, my lord,
Explain the riddle. By the cadence of

Your language, I could guess you have intents
Far gentler than your actions.
Decastro. If your care,
Great madam, would convey into your heart
The story of my love: my love, a flame——
Queen. Leave off this history of love and flame,
And honestly confess your fears, my lord,
Lest Castile should correct you.
Decastro. Correct me!
No, madam, I have forc'd them t' a retreat,
And given my fine young general cause to wish
He had not left his amorous attempts
On ladies, to assault our city.
Queen. But he is not wounded?
Decastro. *Not to death, perhaps;*
But certainly w' have open'd him a vein,
Will cure the fever of his blood.
Queen. O stay!
Decastro. Torment! And doth she weep? I might have fall'n
Down from some murdering precipice to dust,
And miss'd the mercy of one tear, though it
Would have redeem'd me back to life again.
Accurs'd be that felicity, that must
Depend on woman's passion.
Queen. Florentio!
If in my quarrel thou too suddenly
Art lost i' th' shades of death, O let me find
The holy vault where thy pale earth must lie,
There will I grow and wither.
Decastro. This is strange!
My heart swells much too big to be kept in.
Queen. But if that providence, which rules the world,
Hath, to preserve the stock of virtue, kept
Thee yet alive—
Decastro. And what, if yet alive?
Pray recollect your reason, and consider
My long and faithful service to your crown;
The fame of my progenitors, and that
Devotion the whole kingdom bears me. How

Hath nature punish'd me, that bringing all
The strength of argument to force your judgment,
I cannot move your love?
Queen. My lord, you plead
With so much arrogance, and tell a story
So gallant for yourself, as if I were
Exposed a prize to th' cunning'st orator.
Decastro. No, madam, humbler far than the tann'd slave
Tied to th' oar, I here throw down myself, [*Kneels.*
And all my victories. Dispose of me
To death; for what hath life merits esteem?
What tie, alas, can I have to the world,
Since you disdain my love?
Floriana. Will you permit
The general kneel so long?
Queen. Fear not, Floriana;
My lord knows how to rise, though I should strive
To hinder it.
Decastro. Here, statue-like, I'll fix
For ever, till your pity (for your love
I must despair) inforce a life within me.
Alarum, and enter OSSUNA.
Ossuna. O, my lord!
To arms, to arms! The enemy, encouraged
By a strange leader, wheel'd about the town,
And desperately surpriz'd the careless guard.
One gate's already theirs.
Decastro. Have I your licence?
Queen. To augment your own command, and keep me still
An humble captive.
Decastro. Madam, your disdain
Distracts me more than all th' assaults of fortune!
[*Exeunt all but the Queen, Floriana, and Cleantha.*
Queen. My fate! O whither dost thou lead me? Why
Is my youth destin'd to the storms of war?
What is my crime, you heavenly Powers, that it
Must challenge blood for expiation?
Cleantha. Madam!

Queen. Fortune! O cruel! for, which side soe'er
Is lost, I suffer; either in my people,
Or slaughter of my friends. No victory
Can now come welcome: the best chance of war
Makes me howe'er a mourner.
Cleantha. Madam, you
Have lost your virtue, which so often vow'd
A clear aspect, what cloud soever darken'd
Your present glory.
Queen. I had thoughts, Cleantha,
But they are vanish'd. What shall we invent
To take off fear and trouble from this hour?
Poor Floriana! thou art trembling now
With thought of wounds and death, to which the courage
Of thy fierce husband, like a headstrong jade,
May run away with him. But clear thy sorrows:
If he fall in this quarrel, thou shalt have
Thy choice 'mong the Castilian lords; and give
My judgment faith, there be brave men among them.
Floriana. Madam, I have vowed my life to a cloister,
Should I survive my lord.
Queen. And thou art fearful
Thou shalt be forc'd to make thy promise good.
Alas, poor soul! inclosure and coarse diet,
Much discipline and early prayer will ill
Agree with thy complexion. There's Cleantha,
She hath a heart so wean'd from vanity,
To her a nunnery would be a palace.
Cleantha. Yes, if your majesty were abbess, madam:
But cloister up the fine young lords with us,
And ring us up each midnight to a masque,
Instead of matins, and I stand prepar'd
To be profess'd without probation. [*Drum beats.*
Floriana. Hark! what noise is that?
Queen. 'Tis that of death and mischief.
My griefs! but I'll dissemble them.—Yet why,
Cleantha, being the sole beauteous idol
Of all the superstitious youth at court,
Remain'st thou yet unmarried?

Cleantha. Madam, I
Have many servants, but not one so valiant,
As dares attempt to marry me.
Queen. There's not a wit, but under some feign'd name
Implores thy beauty: sleep cannot close up
Thy eyes, but the sad world benighted is,
Or else their sonnets are apocryphal:
And when thou wak'st the lark salutes the day,
Breaking from the bright east of thy fair eyes.
And if 'mong thy admirers there be some
Poor drossy brain, who cannot rhyme thy praise,
He wooes in sorry prose.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Half of the city
Already is possess'd by th' enemy!
Our soldiers fly from the assailants, who
With moderation use their victory.
So far from drawing blood, th' abstain from spoil.
Queen. My comforts now grow charitable. This
Is the first dawning of some happier fortune.
Floriana. Where did you leave my lord?
Servant. Retiring hither.
Queen. And your good-nature will in time, Cleantha,
Believe all flattery for truth.
Cleantha. In time
I shall not: but, for the present, madam, give
Leave to my youth to think I may be prais'd,
And merit it. Hereafter, when I shall
Owe art my beauty, I shall grow perhaps
Suspicious there's small faith in poetry.
Queen. Can'st thou think of hereafter? Poor Cleantha!
Hereafter is that time th' art bound to pray
Against: hereafter is that enemy,
That without mercy will destroy thy face;
And what's a lady then?
Cleantha. A wretched thing!
A very wretched thing! So scorn'd and poor,
'Twill scarce deserve man's pity; and I'm sure

No alms can e'er relieve it.

Queen. Floriana,
You yield too much to fear: misfortune brings
Sorrow enough; 'tis envy to ourselves,
T' augment it by prediction.

Enter SANMARTINO.

Cleantha. See, your lord!

Sanmartino. Fly, madam, fly! The army of Castile,
Conducted by an unknown leader, masters
The town. Decastro, yielding up his fate
To the prevailing enemy, is fled.

Cleantha. And shall the Queen fly from her friends, my lord?

Sanmartino. You have reason, madam. I begin to find
Which way the gale of favour now will blow.
I will address to the most fortunate. [*Exit Sanmartino.*

Queen. Some music, there! my thoughts grow full of trouble.
I'll recollect them.

Cleantha. May it please you, madam,
To hear a song presented me this morning?

Queen. Play any thing.

SONG*.

Not the Phœnix in his death,
Nor those banks where violets grow,
And Arabian winds still blow,
Yield a perfume like her breath.
But O! Marriage makes the spell:
And 'tis poison if I smell.

The twin-beauties of the skies,
(When the half-sunk sailors haste
To rend sail, and cut their mast,)
Shine not welcome as her eyes.
But those beams, than storms more black,
If they point at me, I wrack.

* In the old folio, 1640, this song, and another sung in Act 4. are, as was not unusual at the time, appended at the conclusion of the play. They are here inserted in their right places. C.

Then; for fear of such a fire,
Which kills worse than the long night
Which benumbs the Muscovite,
I must from my life retire.
But, O no! For if her eye
Warm me not, I freeze, and die.

During the song, enter ASCANIO, LERMA, SANMARTINO, *&c.*

Ascanio. Cease the uncivil murmur of the drum!
Nothing sound now, but gentle; such as may not
Disturb her quiet ear. Are you sure, Lerma,
Th' obedient soldier hath put up his sword?

Lerma. The citizen and soldier gratulate
Each other, as divided friends new meeting:
Nor is there execution done, but in pursuit
Of th' enemy without the walls.

Ascanio. 'Tis very well. My lord, is that your Queen?

Sanmartino. It is the Queen, sir.

Ascanio. Temper'd like the orbs,
Which, while we mortals weary life in battle,
Move with perpetual harmony. No fear
Eclipseth the bright lustre of her cheek,
While we, who infants were swath'd up in steel,
And in our cradle lull'd asleep by th' cannon,
Grow pale at danger.

Sanmartino. I'll acquaint her, sir,
That you attend here.

Ascanio. Not for a diamond
Big as our Apennine. She's heavenly fair;
And, had not nature plac'd her in a throne,
Her beauty yet bears so much majesty,
It would have forc'd the world to throw itself
A captive at her feet. But see, she moves!
I feel a flame within me, which doth burn
Too near my heart; and 'tis the first that ever
Did scorch me there.

Sanmartino. Madam, hero's that brave soldier
Which reinforc'd the army of Castile:
His name as yet unknown.

Ascanio. And must be so.
Nor did I merit name before this hour
In which I serve your majesty. Enjoy
The fortune of my sword, your liberty;
And, since your rebel subjects have denied
Obedience, here receive it from us strangers.
Queen. I know not, sir, to whom I owe the debt,
But find how much I stand oblig'd.
Ascanio. You owe it
To your own virtue, madam, and that care
Heaven had to keep part of itself on earth
Unruin'd. When I saw the soldier fly,
Sent hither from Castile to force your rescue,
Their general hurt almost to death, I urg'd
Them with the memory of their former deeds,
Deeds famed in war; and so far had my voice
(Speaking your name) power to confirm their spirits,
That they return'd with a brave fury, and
Yield you up now your own humbled Arragon.
Queen. My ignorance doth still perplex me more:
And to owe thanks, yet not to know to whom,
Nor how to express a gratitude, will cloud
The glory of your victory, and make
Me miserable however.
Ascanio. I must penance
My blood with absence, for it boils too high. [*Aside.*
When we have order'd your affairs, my name
Shall take an honour from your knowledge, madam.
Queen. You have corrected me. Sir, we'll expect
The hour yourself shall name, when we may serve.
Ascanio. I'm conquer'd in my victory! But I'll try
A new assault, and overcome, or die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter VELASCO, *and* ONIATE.

Oniate. My lord, it shews a happy discipline,
Where the obedient soldier yields respect

To such severe commands, now when victory
Gives licence to disorder.

Velasco. Sir, our general,
The lord Florentio, is a glorious master
In th' art of war: and though time makes him not
Wise at th' expence of weakness or diseases; yet
I have beheld him, by the easy motion
But of his eye, repress sedition,
When it contemn'd the frown of majesty;
For never he, who by his prince's smile
Stood great at court, attain'd such love and awe
With that fierce viper, the repining people.

Oniate. Our kingdom owes its safety to that power.
For how dejected look'd our magistrates
When conquest gave admittance to the soldier!
But how their fears forsook them, when they saw
Your entry with such silence!

Velasco. Sir, Castile
Aim'd not at spoil or ruin in this war,
But to redress that insolence, your Queen
Did suffer under in Decastro's pride.

Oniate. And yet auxiliaries oft turn their swords
To ruin, whom they come to rescue.

Velasco. The barbarous keep no faith in vows: but we,
We of Castile, though flattering advantage
Persuade to perjury, have still observ'd
Friendship inviolate; no nation suffering,
To which we give our oath.

Oniate. You speak, my lord,
Your glories nobly. And it is our joy,
Your general's wound but frighted us.

Velasco. The surgeons
Affirm there is no danger, and have licensed
His visit to the Queen.

Oniate. 'Tis thought, howe'er,
His love had not obey'd such a restraint,
Though death had threaten'd him. But in his health
Consists the common safety, since those forces
Decastro in the morning did expect,

Ere you the town assaulted, are discover'd,
To which he fled, expell'd the city.

Velasco. Sir,
We shall contemn, and with ease break that army,
Whose general we have vanquish'd, having won
The city and your Queen into our power.

Enter SANMARTINO.

Sanmartino. Save you, my lord. Sir, your most obedient.
And how likes your good lordship the great acts
Of the strange cavalier? Was not his conduct
Most happy for you, in the late assault?

Velasco. He happily supplied the office of
Our general: howe'er, your city had
Been ours; for though our Spanish forces may
At first seem beaten, and we to retreat
A while, to animate a giddy enemy,
Yet we recover by our art and patience
What fortune gives away. This unknown leader
(I know not how to stile him) press'd among
Our soldiers, as they were returning back
After a small repulse; encouraged them,
(Though it was much superfluous) and got honour
Perhaps not so deservingly; but 'twas well.

Oniate. Your soldiers speak his glory even with wonder.

Velasco. The ignorant are prone to it: but, sir,
I think in our whole army there fought none,
But who had equal spirit. Fortune may
Bestow success according to her dotage:
I answer not for that.

Sanmartino. This is pure Castile.
But what is his birth, country, quality,
And whither is he bound?

Velasco. I seldom trouble
My language with vain questions. Some report
(It not imports who are the authors) that
His country's Sicily, his name Ascanio:
(Or else some sound like that) that he's a lord,
(But what's an island lord?) and that he came

Into our continent to learn men and manners:
And well he might; for the all-seeing sun
Beholds no nation fiercer in attempt,
More stay'd in counsel.
Oniate. He's of a brave presence:
I never saw more majesty in youth;
Nor never such bold courage in a face
So fashion'd to delight.
Sanmartino. The Queen commends him
Almost with wonder.
Velasco. Did the Queen regard
A man unknown?
Oniate. His merits spoke his worth,
And well might challenge a particular eye.
Sanmartino. But his, as if in that dumb oratory
He hoped to talk all the history of love,
Still fix'd upon her.
Velasco. Your most humble servant. [*Exit Velasco.*
Oniate. This is abrupt.
Sanmartino. What most politic flea
Is got into his Donship's ear?
Oniate. Now must
The Junto sit till midnight, till they rack
Some strange design from this intelligence.
Enter CLEANTHA, *and offers to go out.*
Sanmartino. Nay: on my honour, madam!
Cleantha. Good, my lord!
Sanmartino. Benight us not so soon! That short-liv'd day,
That gives the Russian in the winter hope
Of heat, yet fails him, not so suddenly
Forsakes the firmament. Stay, fairest madam,
That we may look on you and live.
Cleantha. My lord, I fear you two were serious.
Sanmartino. Never I, upon my conscience, madam.
Oniate. No, I'll swear;
Nor none of the whole form of you at court,
Unless the stratagem be for a mistress,
A fashion, or some cheating-match at tennis.

Cleantha. But happily[3] that gentlemen had business
His face betrays my judgment, if he be
Not much in project.
Sanmartino. You mistake him, madam.
Though he talk positive, and bustle 'mong
The sober lords, pretend to embassies
And state-designs all day; he's one of us
At night; he'll play, he'll drink,—you guess the rest.
He'll quarrel too, then underhand compound.
Why, for a need he'll jeer and speak profane;
Court, and then laugh at her he courted. Madam,
Forgive him his pretence to gravity,
And he's an absolute cavalier.
Cleantha. My lord,
He owes you for this fair certificate;
Yet I fear your character's beyond his merit.
Oniate. Madam, dissemble not so great a virtue;
Nor, to obey the tyranny of custom,
Become the court's fair hypocrite. I know
This vanity for fashion-sake you wear,
And all those gaieties you seem t' admire,
Are but your laughter.
Cleantha. Sir, your charity
Abuseth you extremely.
Oniate. Come, you cannot
Disguise that wisdom, which doth glory in
The beauteous mansion it inhabits. Madam,
This soul of mine, how course soe'er 'tis cloth'd,
Took the honour to admire you, soon as first
You shin'd at court: nor had a timorous silence
So long denied me to profess my service,
But that I fear'd I might be lost i' the crowd
Of your admirers.
Cleantha. Nor can I perceive
Any strong hope now to the contrary.
Oniate. Nor I: but give me licence t' undeceive
The world, that so mistakes you. This young lord

[3] *happily.*] Peradventure. Dr. Johnson observes, that in this sense *happily* is written erroneously for *haply*.
"One thing more I shall wish you to desire of them, who *happily* "may peruse these two treatises." *Digby.*

Flatters his folly, that indeed you are
Sick of that humour, you but counterfeit;
Believes y' are frail and easy; since if not,
His courtship were without design.
Cleantha. My lord,
What means the gentleman? He hopes to talk me
Into a virtue I ne'er practis'd yet,
And much suspect I never shall.
Sanmartino. Pray, madam,
Pardon his ignorance: 'tis want of breeding.
Oniate. Pardon your mirth, fair madam, and brush off
This honour'd dust, that soils your company;
This thing whom nature carelessly obtruded
Upon the world, to teach, that pride and folly
Make titular greatness th' envy but of fools,
The wise man's pity.
Sanmartino. Sir, your words are rude.
Oniate. Sure no, my lord: perhaps in times of yore
They might be construed so, when superstition
Worshipp'd each lord an idol. Now we find
By sad experience, that you are mere men,
If vice debauch you not to beasts.
Sanmartino. The place is privileg'd, sir.
Oniate. I know it is, and therefore speak thus boldly.
If you grow hot, you have your grots, my lord,
And in your villa you may domineer
O'er th' humble country-gentleman, who stands
Aloof and bare.
Cleantha. My lord, leave off the combat;
Y' are hard match'd. And see, the lord Florentio!

Enter FLORENTIO *and* VELASCO.

The Queen attends his coming. Sir, you'll find
A more convenient school to read this lecture.
Oniate. But none so beautiful to hear me.

[*Exeunt, several ways, Sanmartino, Cleantha, and Oniate.*

Florentio. And are you sure, my lord, he durst presume
To look up at her?

Velasco. Yes, and she commends
His person and his spirit.
Florentio. 'Twas too much
T' observe his person. Sure, his spirit's great,
And well may challenge the Queen's memory.
I have not seen him yet.
Velasco. Nor I, my lord.
Florentio. He had a fortune gentler far than mine.
In envy of that service which I vowed
To Arragon, Heaven used a stranger's arm
In this great action: I was judged a thing
Unfit for use.
Velasco. Your glory was the greater,
Your courage even opposing 'gainst your fate
In the attempt.
Florentio. But yet, mistaking man
Esteems the happy only valiant.
And if the Queen, Velasco, should smile on
His merits, and forget that love I have
With such religion paid her—But these doubts
Are impious, and I sin, if I but listen
To their disloyal whispers. And behold,
Enter the QUEEN, FLORIANA, CLEANTHA, *&c.*
She opens like a rock of diamond
To th' curious search of th' almost bankrupt merchant!
So doth the pilot find his star, when storms
Have even sunk his bark. Divinest madam!
Queen. Welcome, my lord! But pardon me my joys,
If I must interrupt you with a sigh.
I cannot look upon Florentio's arm,
But I must grieve it bled for me.
Florentio. O spare
The treasure of those tears! Some captive king,
Whom fortune hath lock'd up in iron, wants
One such to buy his freedom. Madam, all
Those streams of blood which flow to warm my earth,
Lest it congeal to death, cannot compare
For value with the least drop shed for you,

By such a quarrel made inestimable.

Queen. The war I see hath only been the field.
To exercise your fancy. Your discourse
Shews that the court was kept beneath your tent;
Yet cannot I, my lord, be jealous, but
'Tis mingled with some love.

Florentio. 'Tis a pure love,
Unmix'd as is the soul. The world perhaps
May judge a kingdom hath enamour'd me,
And that your titles dress you forth, to raise
My appetite up higher. Pardon love,
If it grow envious even of your fortune,
And that I'm forc'd to wish, you had been daughter
Of some poor mountain-cottager, without
All dowry but your own beauty[4]. Then I might
Have shewed a flame untainted with ambition,
And courted you; but now the circumstance
Of greatness seems to challenge more than I
Have power to give, and working up my love,
I serve my fortune.

Queen. You have not, my lord,
Found me uneasy to your vows: and, when
The troubled stream of my tempestuous state
Shall meet a perfect calm, you then shall know
How worthy I esteem your virtue.

Florentio. Speak but those words again, and seat me in
An orb above corruption! O confirm
Your thoughts but with a promise.

Queen. How, a promise!
I shall repent my favour, if I hear

[4] *And that I'm forc'd to wish, you had been daughter*
Of some poor mountain-cottager, without
All dowry but your own beauty.]
Habington has the same thought, in his *Castara*, edit. 1640. p. 51.

"..... would Castara were
"The daughter of some mountain-cottager,
"Who, with his toil worn out, could dying leave
"Her no more dowre than what she did receive
"From bounteous nature; her would I then lead
"To th' temple, rich in her own wealth." S.

A syllable which sounds like that. Upon
My marriage-day I have vowed to bring myself
A free oblation to the holy altar;
Not, like a fearful debtor, tender love
To save my bond. My lord, I must not hear
One whisper of a promise.

Florentio. I'm silent,
And use me as your vassal; for a title
More glorious I shall never covet. But——

Queen. No jealousy, my lord.

Enter LERMA.

Lerma. Your majesty
Is great in mercy; and I hope a stranger
Shall meet it, if his speech be an offence.

Queen. Your pleasure, sir?

Lerma. The lord Ascanio charg'd [*Kneels*
Me fall yet lower, if the earth would licence;
For to so high a majesty, obedience
Cannot bend down enough: then he commanded,
I, in his name, should beg the honour for him,
Before he take his journey from your country,
To kiss your hand.

Queen. Pray, sir, let's know the hour;
But let it not be sudden. Years should sweat
In preparation for his entertainment,
And poets rack invention, till it reach
Such praises as would reach the victories
Of th' old heroes.

Lerma. Madam, if his arm
Did actions worthy memory, it receiv'd
An influence from your quarrel, in the which
A dwarf might triumph o'er an army. But
He humbly craves his audience may not be
With crowd and noise, as to embassadors;
But with that silence which befits his business,
For 'tis of moment.

Queen. Sir, we will obey
His own desires, though ours could wish his welcom
With a full ceremony. I attend him. [*Exit Lerm*

Florentio. Madam, this stranger——

Queen. Pray, my lord, let love

Not interrupt your business. I believe,
The army which Decastro so expected
Being now arriv'd, your soldier tired, the city
Ill settled in her faith, much counsel will
Be needful. When your leisure shall permit,
Our joy shall be to see you.

Florentio. I'm all obedience.

[*Exeunt Queen and Florentio at several doors.*

Manet SANMARTINO, *and* CLEANTHA.

Sanmartino. And when, sweet madam, will you crown our joys?
Let's not, like riotous gamesters, throw away
The treasure of our time: appoint the hour,
The hour which must wear garlands of delight,
By which we'll make it the envy of the age.

Cleantha. My lord, what mean you?

Sanmartino. What all fine lords mean,
Who have plenty, youth, and title.

Cleantha. But my fame!

Sanmartino. 'Tis the fool's bugbear.

Cleantha. Then my conscience!

Sanmartino. A scarecrow for old wives, whom wrinkles make
Religious.

Cleantha. What will the court say?

Sanmartino. Why nothing.
In mercy to themselves, all other ladies
Will keep your counsel.

Cleantha. But will you not boast it?

Sanmartino. I'll be degraded first.

Cleantha. Well, I'm resolv'd.

Sanmartino. But when, sweet madam? Name
The moment.

Cleantha. Never: for now I weigh things better;
The antidote 'gainst fear is innocence.

Sanmartino. Will you delude my hopes then? Pity, madam,
A heart that withers if denied this favour.

Cleantha. In pity I may be induced to much;
And, since you urge compassion, I will meet.

Sanmartino. Where, excellent madam?
Cleantha. I' th' sycamore-walk.
Sanmartino. The minute! O the minute!
Cleantha. An hour hence.
Sanmartino. Felicity! fit for thy envy, Love!
You will not fail now, madam?
Cleantha. To be such,
As you shall count that hour your happiest. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BROWFILDORA, *and* ONIATE.

Oniate. This is a challenge! Pr'ythee, my small friend,
May not a man take th' height of my lord's spirit,
Looking on thee?
Browfildora. Pray, sir, leave off your mirth,
And write my lord your answer.
Oniate. Little sir,
I never learnt that pretty quality:
I cannot write; only by word of mouth——
Browfildora. Your place, sir?
Oniate. The market-place.
Browfildora. 'Tis fantastic: and my lord will take it ill.
Your weapons, sir.
Oniate. Two English mastiffs, which
Are yet but whelps, and not transported hither:
So that the time will be I know not when.
Browfildora. Your sport is dangerous. If my lord forgive you,
I must resent th' affront as to myself,
And will expect a most severe account.
Oniate. Thou less thought angrier thing than wasp, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

Enter QUEEN *and* ASCANIO.

Queen. I am inform'd, my lord, that you have business,
And 'tis of moment?
Ascanio. Great as that of Nature's
In her most mighty work, Creation.
For to preserve from dissolution, equals
The gift of our first being. Not to hold

Your majesty in riddles, 'tis to beg
Your pardon for a soldier doom'd to die;
Inevitably doom'd, unless your mercy
Step between him and death.

Queen. My lord, we use
T' examine well the fact, for which he is
To suffer, ere we pardon. There be crimes
Of that black quality, which often makes
Mercy seem cruel.

Ascanio. That's the fear which frights
Me to this paleness: sure his crime is great;
But fondly I, presuming on the service
My fortune lately did you, gave my vow
Ne'er to forsake your ear with earnest prayers,
Till you had granted.

Queen. Would you had not vowed;
For, by the practice of my enemies,
My fame is 'mong the people yet unsettled,
And my capacity for government
Held much too feeble. Should I then by this
Provoke them to disdain me, I might run
Apparent hazard even of ruin, now
War so distracts our kingdom. But, my lord,
Your merits are too ponderous in the scale,
And all respects weigh light;—you have his pardon.

Ascanio. Your hand on that. The down on the swan's bosom, [*Kisses, and holds it.*
Not white and soft as this: here's such a dew
As drops from bounteous heaven in the morning,
To make the shadowy bank pregnant with violets.

Queen. My lord!

Ascanio. I kiss'd it, and the Phœnix seem'd
(The last of the whole race) to yield a perfume
More sweet than all his dying ancestors
Breath'd from their funeral piles. O shrink not back!
My life is so concomitant with love,
That if you frown on either, both expire,
And I must part for ever hence.

Queen. How strange appears this extasy! My lord,
I fear

Your brain feels some disturbance: if I cause it,
I will remove the object.

Ascanio. Pardon, madam,
The error of my fancy (which oft seems
To see things absent) if my tongue did utter
What misbecame your ear; and do not forfeit
Your servant to perpetual misery,
For want of a short patience.

Queen. No, my lord;
I have the memory of your great deeds
Engrav'd so deep, no error can have power
To raze them from a due respect. You begg'd
To have a pardon: speak th' offender's name.

Ascanio. Th' offender's name is, Love; his crime high treason;
A plot, how to surprize and wound your heart:
To this conspirator I have given harbour,
And vow'd to beg your mercy for him.

Queen. How!

Ascanio. And if you break your grant, I will hereafter
Scorn all your sex, since the most excellent
Is cruel and inconstant.

Queen. Pray, my lord,
Go recollect your reason, which your passion
Hath too much scatter'd. Make me not have cause
To hate, whom I would ever strive to honour.

Ascanio. Madam, you haply scorn the vulgar earth
Of which I stand compacted; and because
I cannot add a splendour to my name,
Reflective from a royal pedigree,
You interdict my language: but be pleas'd
To know, the ashes of my ancestors,
If intermingled in the tomb with kings,
Could hardly be distinguish'd. The stars shoot
An equal influence on the open cottage,
Where the poor shepherd's child is rudely nurs'd,
And on the cradle where the prince is rock'd
With care and whisper.

Queen. And what hence infer you?

Ascanio. That no distinction is 'tween man and man,
But as his virtues add to him a glory,
Or vices cloud him.

Queen. But yet Heaven hath made
Subordination, and degrees of men,
And even religion doth authorize us
To rule; and tells the subject 'tis a crime,
And shall meet death, if he disdain obedience.

Ascanio. Kind Heaven made us all equal, till rude strength
Or wicked policy usurp'd a power:
And for religion, that exhorts t' obey
Only for its own ease.

Queen. I must not hear
Such insolence 'gainst majesty; and yet
This less offends than love.

Ascanio. If reason bends
You not to mercy, let my passion plead,
And not meet death from her, in whose fair quarrel
I could each moment bring a life to th' hazard.
Philosophy hath taught me, that content
Lives under the coarse thatch of labourers
With much more quiet, than where the fam'd hand
Of artists, to the life have richly drawn
Upon the roofs the fictions of the gods.
How happy then might I lengthen my life,
With some fair country girl, so ignorant
She knew not her own beauties, rather than
Endanger death and scorn in your denial,
And in your grant nothing but pomp and envy!

Queen. My lord, be wise, and study that best content.
This bold presumptuous love hath cancell'd all
The bonds I owed your valour: henceforth hope
Not for that usual favour I show strangers,
Since you have thus abus'd it. Would I might
With safety have appear'd more grateful. [*Exit.*

Ascanio. She's gone, as life from the delinquent, when
Justice sheaths up her sword. I fain would have

Conceal'd love's treason, but desire t' obtain her
Put me to th' torture, till each nerve did crack,
And I confess'd, then dy'd upon the rack. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter CLEANTHA *and* FLORIANA.

Floriana. Thy pride is such a flatterer of thy beauty,
That no man sighs by accident, but thou
Dost pity as enamour'd.

Cleantha. Floriana!
Not so kind-natur'd, surely. I have put
The sighs of courtiers in a scale, and find
Some threescore thousand may weigh down a feather:
I have tried their tears, which, though of briny taste,
Can only season the hearts of fools, not women.
Their vows are like their duels, ever grounded
Upon the idlest quarrel.

Floriana. This, experience
Perhaps instructs you to; but yet your pride
I fear is over-easy to believe.
'Tis merely to fly idleness, that my lord
Hath troubled you with courtship: if the Queen
Would make a statesman, she might cure a lover.
Want of employment made him dream on beauty,
And yours came first t' his fancy.

Cleantha. I begin
To think his making love but vanity,
And a mistake in wit.

Floriana. And you begin
Perhaps to fear it?

Cleantha. True, perhaps I do;
For though we care not for the lover, yet
We love the passion: though we scorn the offering,
We grieve to see it thrown away, and envy,
If consecrated to another. Woman
Hath no revenge 'gainst th' injury of custom,
Which gives man superiority, but thus
To fool it to subjection.

Floriana. Yet, Cleantha,
I could have wish'd your charity had spar'd
This triumph o'er my lord.
Cleantha. You see I take
The next way to redeem him. This the hour,
And this the place. Here he resolves to raise
A trophy in my ruin: and behold—
Enter SANMARTINO, *winding up his watch.*
The just man of his promise! Not a minute
He fails, when sin's the payment.
Floriana. I'll endanger
His virtue to a blush, and happily
Convert an infidel.
Cleantha. This is my province,
Nor shall you envy me the honour of
A work so meritorious. Let him walk
Awhile, and sin with his own fancy; then
I'll undertake him, and if there be need,
Be you prepared to assist me.
Floriana. Thou dost build
Such forts on the opinion of thy wit!
[*Exeunt Floriana and Cleantha.*
Sanmartino. 'Tis a full hour, and half a minute over;
And yet she not appears! How we severe
Strict creditors in love, stand on the minute,
But yet the payment never comes unwelcome;
Until the gold through age grow foul and rusty,
We stand not on a grain or two too light.
Enter BROWFILDORA.
Now your discovery?
Browfildora. My lord, I have
Made search in every alley, every arbour,
Not left a bush, wherein my littleness
Could creep, without due scrutiny; and yet
No whispering of taffaty: no dazzling
Of your bright mistress forc'd me to a wink.
I saw no mortal beauty.
Sanmartino. Sure she'll not
Be so unworthy to delude me now!

Browfildora. But I had a more prosperous fate in love.
My lord, I met my mistress.
Sanmartino. You a mistress!
Browfildora. A mistress, to whose beauty I have paid
My vows, most fervent vows, e'er since I was
Of stature fit to be an amorist.
Sanmartino. One of the maids of honour to Queen Mab?
Browfildora. Your lordship guesses near; for she is one
O' th' chamberers to her Fairy Majesty:
A lady of most subtle wit, who while
She puts a handkerchief or gorget on
Her little highness holds intelligence
Abroad, and orders payment for the spies.
She raiseth factions, and unites the angry:
She's much upon design.
Sanmartino. Where found you her?
Browfildora. Walking alone, under the shadow of
A tulip, and inveighing 'gainst court-arts,
'Cause one of Oberon's grooms had got from her
The monopoly of transporting gnats;
A project she long aim'd at.
Sanmartino. No more fooling:
I am grown angry with my patience.
Boy, sing those verses, were presented me
This morning.
Browfildora. I will creep behind a bush,
And then for voice, vie with the nightingale:
If seen, I am so bashful.
Sanmartino. Take your way.

SONG (*without*).

Fine young folly, though you were
That fair beauty I did swear.
Yet you ne'er could reach my heart.
For we courtiers learn at school,
Only with your sex to fool;
Y'are not worth the serious part.

When I sigh and kiss your hand,
Cross my arms, and wond'ring stand,
Holding parley with your eye:
Then dilate on my desires,
Swear the sun ne'er shot such fires;
All is but a handsome lie.

When I eye your curl or lace,
Gentle soul, you think your face
Straight some murder doth commit;
And your virtue doth begin
To grow scrupulous of my sin,
When I talk to shew my wit.

Therefore, madam, wear no cloud,
Nor to check my love grow proud;
In sooth I much do doubt,
'Tis the powder in your hair,
Not your breath, perfumes the air,
And your clothes that set you out.

Yet though truth has this confess'd,
And I vow I love in jest:
When I next begin to court,
And protest an amorous flame,
You will swear I in earnest am:
Bedlam! this is pretty sport.

As the song ends, enter CLEANTHA *veil'd.*

She breaks forth like the morning in a cloud.
'Tis for the safety of my eyes, you veil
The glory of your beauties, which else might
Dazzle, not catch the sight; but I discern
A fair Cleantha through this gloominess.
Appear, and speak, bright madam. Why such silence?
O famish not my ear, which greedily
Longs to devour the music of your language:
Is it to teach me, that delight must be
Intomb'd in secrecy? or else to shew
How mad a spendthrift I'm, to talk away
The treasure of this hour? Come, fair, unveil.

Cleantha. O give me leave, yet to retain my blushes.

Sanmartino. Deceit of timorous modesty! Traitors
To love, your blushes are: your fears are envious
Of your delights. Let's vanish hence, and ne'er
To th' vulgar eye appear till we,
Grown old in pleasure, be transform'd t' a vine,
Or ivy, so for ever to entwine.
Cleantha. Then I unveil.
Sanmartino. O fly into my arms,
As a rich odour to the ravish'd sense!
Perfume me with thy kisses.
Cleantha. Stay, my lord!
Actions of moment, (as I take this is)
Must be maturely thought on. I have call'd
My reason to account.
Sanmartino. Your reason, madam!
Cleantha. Yes, my good lord: that only doth distinguish
A woman from brute beasts; or, what's more sensual,
A vain loose man. What sin scandals my carriage,
To give encouragement to this presumption?
What privileg'd this attempt?
Sanmartino. That tempting beauty.
Cleantha. It is a traitor then to my pure thoughts;
And, to preserve your eye, would it were wrinkled:
I could much easier suffer the reproach
Of age, than your bold courtship. If a lady
Be young and sportive, use curiosity,
And perhaps art, to help where nature seem'd
Imperfect in her work, will you, from the
False argument of your own loose blood, conclude
Her guilty? Or, if she select a friend,
Whose innocence gives warrant to her faith,
Will you infer their whispers have no aim
But that of brothels? 'Cause you find yourself
Nought but loose flesh, will you turn heretic,
And thence deny the soul?
Sanmartino. This language, madam,
Sounds nothing to the purpose of our meeting.
Cleantha. More to the benefit. But in your patent,
'Mong all the privileges of a Conde,

Where find you lust inserted? Without which,
Till age hath made you wise, or impotent,
You think your honour is defective. 'Cause
Your clothes are handsome, and mine too, must we
Deform our minds? Is it sufficient motive
To sin, if opportunity and youth
Persuade us? Such as you, are those foul plagues,
Infect the air which breathes our fame, and make
The cautious sirs o' th' country shun us.

Sanmartino. Madam!

Cleantha. When we admit you to our bed-chamber,
Powder, or haply bathe before you; what
Of honour's here, more than a groom may boast,
Our maids are tired with? Yet this with a smile,
Is whisper'd to your friend, and you infer
How easy a more near approach will be.
My lord, learn virtue, and your wit may then
Not serve you to so fond a purpose. If
That courage you are fam'd for be no slander,
Go to the wars. 'Twill be a far less maim
To lose an eye there, than your honour here.
If peace enamour you, and the court, live honest;
And hope the heir who shall succeed you, may
Be yours. Revenge destroys more chastity,
Than all the temptings of such lords as you.

Sanmartino. You shall not talk me, madam, from that pleasure
This hour doth promise me.

Cleantha. You'll not commit
A rape, my lord?

Sanmartino. That is a question as
Yet unresolv'd; for force is my last refuge.

Cleantha. Think on the danger; for the sin, I see,
Little distracts your conscience.

Sanmartino. I propose
Felicity, which none can merit, who
Refuse so poor a venture. Here I vow,
No prayer or art shall free you. If you will
Hazard a life devoted to your service,
I'll die your martyr.

Cleantha. Come, my lord, I'll free you
From all such hazard.
Sanmartino. There spoke harmony!
Cleantha. I'll not be cruel. You shall have kisses, such
As will melt your soul into your lips: and what
Is sweetest, no repentance shall be th' issue
Enter FLORIANA *and* ONIATE.
Of your delight. Look here, my lord! She's yours.
Sanmartino. No halter now, nor tree convenient? O!
A steeple would be precious for my purpose!
But Oniate's there. I'll fight with him,
Be kill'd, and be redeem'd. Sir, you receiv'd
A challenge from me! but return'd no answer.
Oniate. My lord, I had other business; you'll excuse me.
Sanmartino. What satisfaction do men give when challeng'd?
Oniate. According to their spirit: if they be
Regardless of their fame then they submit;
If not, they fight.
Sanmartino. What, sir, will you then do?
Oniate. Let me consider.—Neither.
Sanmartino. Come, you shall fight.
Oniate. My lord, I will not.
Sanmartino. Then you shall subscribe
Yourself a coward.
Oniate. Not for the whole world!
Such an apparent lie would be a sin
Too heavy to my conscience. I subscribe
Myself a coward! If I should, no soldier
Would think, but that my hand were counterfeited.
Sanmartino. Then you must fight.
Oniate. My lord, on no condition. Hope not for it.
Sanmartino. Then you shall swear never to speak my name
But with respect.
Oniate. Hereafter, if you can,
Deserve it. For the present, I must crave
Your pardon, with much mirth to laugh at you.

Sanmartino. Sir, I shall meet you.
Oniate. It shall contradict
All my endeavours then.
Sanmartino. I go, sir. But—— [*Exit Sanmartino.*
Cleantha. For mercy sake, go with thy lord. Repentance
May turn to desperation.
Floriana. I'll preserve him. [*Exit.*
Cleantha. Have you no business, sir, imports you more,
Than t' hold discourse with me? Troth, I shall pity
You want employment.
Oniate. Madam, what can be
More serious?
Cleantha. Nothing more, if your design
Be to convert me; for I know you hold
All ladies in a schism, who are young and proud.
Oniate. Your pardon, madam. I believe in cunning
Court-ladies choose some petty venial errors
To set perfection off; for should you not
Usurp a handsome pride, your fame would lie,
Like unwall'd cities, open to the prey
Of each invading youth. Did you not shew
A scorn, you would deserve it.
Cleantha. Sir, take heed.
Hope not to win my favour by extolling,
What in our better thoughts we ourselves condemn.
I am so wearied out with vows and oaths,
With impious praises, and most tedious flattery,
That nothing but plain speaking truth, can gain
On my affection.
Oniate. Madam! your affection?
Cleantha. Pray, sir, do not comment upon the word;
It doth portend no danger to you.
Oniate. And if it did, where's the beatitude?
For though I grant your virtues great as beauty
Can entertain, and foolish I resolv'd
To captivate my stock of life t' a woman,
Yet would I not adventure on you, if
You did not vow to perform articles.

Cleantha. Suppose the business come to articles?
Oniate. I' th' first then, you should covenant love; not squinting
On every finer youth, or greater lord,
But looking straight on me.
Cleantha. To the second, sir.
Oniate. No dotage on the court, so far that my
Estate must rue it; and no vanity
Be started up, but my fond lady must
Be melancholy, and take physic, till
She get into it.
Cleantha. Why! You envy then
Us our own trouble; keep us from the expence.
And leave us to our discontent for penance.
Oniate. No! I would have the mind serene; without
All passion, though a masque should be presented,
And you i' th' country. I must have you wise,
To know your beauty mortal; which you must
Preserve to warm my eye, not aid by arts,
To keep the courtier's wit in exercise.
From his so practis'd flattery, your ear
Must turn with a brave scorn; and, when his eye
Doth offer parley, seem so ignorant,
As not to understand the language.
Cleantha. Sir,
You haply will debar us our she-friends too?
Oniate. As secret enemies, who'll first betray you.
Cleantha. You'll not allow us, wearied of our husbands,
To send them on discovery of new worlds?
Or if we take a toy ourselves to travel,
Perhaps to Barbary, or Tartary,
Or the remotest parts?
Oniate. To Bedlam sooner.
Cteantha. Or, if our sex should warrant it by custom,
To play at tennis, or run at the ring,
Or any other martial exercise;
I fear me, scrupulous sir, you will condemn it
As dangerous to my honour?

Onsate. Sure I should.
Cleantha. I then perceive small hope of our agreement.
Oniate. But I a confidence; for I discern
How much you loathe these follies you pretend.
Cleantha. Good sir, no more of this so kind mistake;
You'll find some other lady more deserves it,
And I aspire not to the honour.
Oniate. I'll try yet farther.
[*Exeunt Oneate and Cleantha.*
Enter LERMA *and* VELASCO.
Lerma. My lord, you offer nobly.
Velasco. 'Tis a step
Beneath Florentio's greatness, whether you
His birth consider or his place. Sir, the Queen
By nature's seated, and her high deserts,
Where only mighty souls (such as the general's)
May offer to aspire.
Lerma. My lord, your lapse
To this proud language is so injurious, that
I must be forc'd to purge the humour. That
The Lord Florentio offers by a duel
To shew no man can have fairer pretence
To serve the Queen, must be allowed; but that
You dare cast disregard upon this lord,
Although a stranger, urgeth me t' intreat
You'd draw your sword.
Velasco. It hath seen light, and made
Way through an army, when fond victory
Smil'd on our enemies: it hath done wonders,
When the thick troops of Moors invaded us.
It fears no opposition.
Lerma. Shew th' effect of 't.
Velasco. Not in a cause so trivial. Each small breath
Disturbs the quiet of poor shallow waters;
But winds must arm themselves, ere the large sea
Is seen to tremble. Pray your pardon, sir:
I must not throw away my courage on
A cause so trivial.

Lerma. As you please, my lord:
But, to omit all circumstance, you bring
A challenge to my lord Ascanio:
The reason of the Lord Florentio's anger,
A rivalship in love.

Velasco. You speak it right.

Lerma. I'll bring you back his resolution,
Before you have attended many minutes.

Velasco. Sir, 'twill be decent, for my nature knows
Not how to wait: and if no delays
Be used, 'twill shew a fierce valour in him,
And happily prevent discovery.
For you may easily conjecture, that
A general's absence soon will wake the eye
Of the suspicious soldier.

Lerma. Is my lord
In readiness?

Velasco. He walks not far from hence.

Lerma. You shall have use then but of a short patience. [*Exit.*

Velasco. It will be grateful to us, sir—My lord!

Enter FLORENTIO.

Florentio. And will Ascanio meet?

Velasco. Immediately.

Florentio. I had no other way; yet this is rough,
And justice whispers, 'tis unsafe to tread it.
If to love her be sinful, what am I?
How dare I call his passion to the bar,
And nourish it myself? Why may not he,
Who hath as bold a fortune, entertain
As bold a love; and in the fate of war
Having outgone my service, why not then
Present it to the self-same altar? But
We cannot harbour both in the same port;
Or he or I am shipwreck'd: for the storm
Is rais'd, and to appease it, death must be
The sacrifice.

Enter LERMA.

Velasco. My lord, here is the second.
This stranger dares not meet with your great spirit.

Florentio. Suspect him not, my lord: he hath a courage
Above the sense of fear. Well, sir, your answer?
Lerma. My lord Ascanio could have wish'd his life
Might have been destin'd to a happier purpose:
And charged me tell your lordship, that he had
Much rather have been lost with common dust,
In the cheap churchyard, than endanger'd fame
In this great duel.
Florentio. Sir, explain his reasons.
Lerma. He calls to his sad thoughts, the mischiefs which
This kingdom needs must fall into, when you
Shall perish by his sword; for certainly
You cannot 'scape it, thus provoking death.
Then, to what ruin may the Queen, whose safety
You both have labour'd, be engag'd? He could
With patience almost suffer on his name
The infamy of coward, rather than
Hazard the quiet of her estate. But you——
Florentio. Let me consider: 'tis an idle rage
That heats me to this quarrel. Let her fate
Remain unshaken, though she choose my foe
Into her love and bosom. If she live
Above the fear of ruin, I am mighty,
Mighty enough, though by my griefs grown feeble,
And weaken'd too: diseases fright the healthy.
I will refer my cause and life to her,
And ne'er dispute it by the sword.
Velasco. My lord!
Florentio. Velasco, I am safe enough against
The taint of coward. Spain bears witness that
I dare, as far as honour dares give warrant;
But in this cause——
Velasco. My lord, you'll lose the glory
Of all your former actions, and become
The mirth of courtiers; empty things, who brawl,
Not fight, if you return after a challenge
Without performance.
Florentio. 'Tis a serious truth.

Velasco. Moreover, this young gentleman hath hope
To talk you from your resolution.
The lord Ascanio will too much exult,
If this way too he can o'ercome you.

Florentio. It must not be, sir; tell my lord I wait
His leisure.

Lerma. And your lordship shall not have
Reason to think it long. Prepare yourself.
His only prayer is now, that when he comes,
There may be no discourse to take up time;
He hath desire the business may be all:
What he can say, hath been by me delivered. [*Exit.*

Florentio. We will obey him. Tyrant Love! why is
Thy cruelty so wanton, to delight
In murder? Like that impious Roman prince,
Thou joy'st to smother, whom thou lov'st, in roses,
And stifle them with the choicest perfumes. But
This is no place for reason; she may hold
Dispute in sober schools, where study raises
The soul to knowledge: here's the theatre
For the brute part of man to fight his last.
I must redeem the laurel fortune crown'd
His temples with, or perish in th' attempt:
My fate decrees it.

Enter ASCANIO *and* LERMA.

Lerma. Here's my lord Ascanio.

Florentio. Why doth he turn his face away, as if
He durst not look on danger? Do his fears
Now triumph o'er his courage?

Lerma. Put it to the trial. [*They fight.*

Florentio. He's more than mortal sure. He strikes
like lightning,
Himself not passive. But I'll try again,
And disenchant the sorcerer. I, there
I reach'd him home; You bleed; open your doublet!
The wound, perhaps, is dangerous.

Ascanio. But a scratch.

Florentio. Sure I have heard that voice, and seen that
face!
Velasco, 'tis the King.

Ascanio. My lord, what mean you?
Florentio. Some planet strike me dead, and fix this arm
A monument to tell posterity
The treason of my error! Mighty sir,
Shew mercy to your creature, that my death
(Which hastily steals on me) may not be
Too foul for after-story.
Ascanio. Rise, Florentio,
This act cannot endure the name of treason.
Florentio. Some surgeons, quick, to search the wound! O sir,
How do you feel yourself? Speak life, or I
Shall sink down to my centre.
Ascanio. Not a man
Stir hence: thy sword was loyal as thy thoughts,
And scarce hath pierc'd the skin. O my Florentio!
Florentio. My lord and king! But why did you engage
Your sacred person into danger? 'Twas not well:
How many thousand lives depend on yours!
Ascanio. Envy o' th' greatness I possess'd, without
The merit, and desire to know those perils
We wantonly our subjects cast upon,
On every weak exception, wrought my youth
Into this action. Nor can I repent
Th' experience of this war.
Florentio. But oh, great sir,
Why did your majesty suffer this duel?
'Twas cruel and unkind. How easily
This hand might have committed sacrilege!
The very thought whereof, like some pale vision,
Congeals my blood.
Ascanio. Search not that wound too deep.
Florentio! I shall blush, blush like some lady
Surpriz'd in sin, if you too far examine.
Florentio. Conceal it not, great sir, though in the speaking
Poison steal through my ear. Be confident:
Unveil your thoughts.

Ascanio. You needs must hate me then,
And will have justice to throw off that duty
You owe me as a subject. Let it be
Unspoken still, though smothering it be death.
Florentio. Good Heaven defend! What is an army of us
Exposed to certain slaughter, if compared
To th' shortest moment that should serve your quiet?
And shall I live, and see my sovereign wear
A sorrow on his brow?
Ascanio. Florentio! thou
Art glorious in thy virtue. So was I,
Till looking on the Queen I grew o' th' sudden
Darker than midnight.
Florentio. O my cruel fate!
Ascanio. I grew a thief, a most ungrateful thief
In my designs, and labour'd to have stole
The jewel of thy life from thee; a jewel,
Myself so freely had bestow'd upon
The merits of thy youth.
Florentio. My soul foresaw this.
Ascanio. How justly had I perish'd by thy sword!
How happy for my safety! Then had I
Been lost in my disguise, or died, my crime
Unknown unto the world. Now, if I live,
I must wade through a sea of injuries,
T' attain an unsafe haven.

Enter the QUEEN.

Florentio. Cheer yourself,
Dread sir. Though, as I give the legacy,
I breathe my last, yet will I shew a heart
Thankful to your great favours. Madam, here
Behold the Sovereign of Castile.
Queen. You have
Been cruel in your kindness, sir, to keep
So long your sacred person hid from us.
Florentio. He is your lover, madam, and deserves
The title: whether you observe his youth,
So beauteous, nature doats upon her work,
Or weigh his greatness powerful to defend you,

Should fate and all mankind conspire your ruin.
And add to that, he merits you, his sword
Having restored your freedom, when poor I
Was judg'd, like some old instrument of war,
Unfit for service. All my interest
I here resign to th' author of my fate;
My love I cannot, which must still remain,
Companion to my life: but I'll take heed
My wound appear not, though it inward bleed. [*Exit.*

Ascanio. I wait here, madam, and attend your sentence;
For 'tis my doom.

Queen, Sir, I am that sad wretch,
Stands trembling at the bar. I know your merit,
And know a gratitude, great as e'er was owing,
By an injured soul reliev'd: I duly weigh
That double tie, which doth oblige me yours.
First, when you sent your soldiers to my rescue;
Then, by exposing your most sacred person
To th' dangers of a war.

Ascanio. A trivial nothing.

Queen. What honour can come equal to my state,
As by so high a match? And 'gainst your person
The envious cannot find a quarrel.

Ascanio. Madam,
All this is circumstance, the politic
Busy their fancy with. I bring a love,
An humble love, which is of value to
Ennoble the parch'd labourer, and force
An empress listen to his vows. Consider
In me nothing of fortune; only look
On that, to which love new created me.
If once receiv'd your servant, what's Castile
In the comparison? For princes are
Too bold, if they bring wealth and victory,
To enter competition with those treasures
A lover aims at in his mistress' favour.
May I not hope your smile?

Queen. You must command it.

Ascanio. Then give me leave to whisper to my hopes
What strange felicities I shall enjoy.
Queen. But, sir, consider how you gave away
To your Florentio all that claim you might
Have to me, as so great a neighbouring prince.
Ascanio. It was a gift my ignorance made, which I
Was cozen'd in; for had my eye been honour'd
With sight of such a beauty, safer he
Might have petition'd for my scepter, and
The grant had not so soon begot repentance.
Queen. But promises of princes must not be
By after-arts evaded. Who dares punish
The breach of oath in subjects, and yet slight
The faith he hath made them keep?
Ascanio. But my Florentio
Hath given me back his interest.
Queen. That gift
Was like a vow extorted; which religion
Cancels, as forc'd from conscience.
Ascanio. But yourself
Are free, and never by an oath made his.
Queen. My resolution, grounded on his service,
Ties more than formal contracts.
Ascanio. I'll not urge
You farther, but by these, which never yet
Found passage through my eyes, not he, nor all
Mankind contracted to one heart, can harbour
A love that equals that I burn with. Madam,
Think on't; and let your thoughts find out that path
Which leads to mercy. [*Exit Ascanio.*
Queen. How I am dazzled,
Plac'd on a precipice by tyrant Love!
The king is noble, and his merits claim
A retribution great as I can make.
He loves me; and yields only to Florentio,
In the priority of service. My sad soul!
Enter FLORENTIO, *looks on the* QUEEN, *sighs, and goes in again.*
Between these two I might stand distracted!

But, virtue, guide me: nor can I e'er stray
While that directs, and honour leads the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter DECASTRO *and his Army.*

Decastro. My fortune yet forsakes me not. There's something
Whispers my soul, that though a storm did cloud
My morning, I shall set the envy of
My yet prevailing enemy. Had you,
My fellow-soldiers, not been three hours march
From aiding us, when the Castilian army
Made the assault, we had given their fate a check,
And taught them how unsafe it is to court
Dangers abroad. I must entreat your courage
To suffer for some moments; a short time
Will bring us the Queen's answer; if she yield
(As reason may persuade her) we shall spare
Much loss of blood; if not, your valour will
Have liberty to shew itself. Yet still
Remember, that the city's forc'd t' obey
A stranger; in their votes they fight for us.
Did no man see the lord Ossuna, since
Our fight i' th' morning?

Captain. He appear'd not since
We left the city to the enemy;
Which hath bred jealousy, my lord, that he
Chang'd with the present fortune.

Decastro. Doubt him not:
He hath a heart devoted to the greatness
And safety of his country. Well, he may
Be lost i' th' number of the slain; but fate
Cannot enforce him stoop beneath the vow
Of rescuing Arragon from foreign arms.

Enter two common SOLDIERS, *haling* OSSUNA *in as a Hermit.*

What insolence is this? Unhand the man!

Methinks his habit should beget respect.
Soldier. My lord, we guess he is some spy, he came
Skulking from th' enemy's camp. Pray guard
Your person; mischief often lurks in shapes
As holy.
Decastro. I allow your care, and thank it:
Leave him to me, and for a while retire. [*Exeunt.*
Ossuna. Your lordship knows me not?
Decastro. Ossuna, welcome!
Bless'd be thy better angel, who preserv'd thee!
How happy to the fortune of this war
Art thou restor'd! I should have fought unarm'd,
Had I not had the fate t' embrace thee thus.
How was my friend preserv'd?
Ossuna. By virtue of
This sacred habit. In the midst of war
Disguis'd I thus escaped, though close pursued
By some of the Queen's faction. To this weed
I owe my safety.
Decastro. Quickly throw it off,
And re-invest thy body in that steel,
With which thou still hast triumph'd. O my lord!
How oft have we, all bath'd in blood and sweat,
Through clouds of dust, found out the way to force
Back victory to our side, when Fortune seem'd
To doat on th' enemy! We two have grown
Like cedars up together, and made all
Seem shrubs to us, no man sleeping secure
But in our shadows.
Ossuna. Yes, we have been happy.
Decastro. Thou speak'st so hollow, as there were a doubt
We might not be so still.
Ossuna. But there's no faith
In human fate. An emperor[4] did serve
As footstool to the conqueror, and are we
Better assur'd of destiny?
Decastro. What strange
Unworthy faintness weakens his great soul,

[4] *An emperor, &c.*] Bajazet and Tamerlane.

Who heretofore ne'er understood the language
Danger speaks in? Hath one defeat lost you
That mighty courage, which hath fix'd upon
Your name a glorious memory? Reassume
Yourself, my lord: let no degenerate fear
Benight the lustre of your former acts.

Ossuna. I call yourself and Arragon to witness,
My life hath yet been such, the reverend shades
Of my great ancestors need not look pale,
Or blush, to know my story. To yourself,
To whose brave youth I tied my youth a servant,
I ever have perform'd all offices
Due to so brave a friendship.

Decastro. 'Tis confess'd.

Ossuna. And here I vow, setting aside those fears
Distract me as a Christian, I could smile,
Smile like some wanton mistress upon death,
Whatever shape it wears.

Decastro. My lord, this war
Is warranted by casuists for lawful;
But they (you'll say) flatter the present state,
And make divinity serve human ends.
But in itself it's just; a war, your judgment
Gave approbation to, and urg'd me first
To undertake. Therefore make good your own,
And throw off this unuseful habit.

Ossuna. Never.

Decastro. What said my friend?

Ossuna. By all things sacred, never.
In this I will grow old, and with the weight
Of years bend to the earth. In this I'll breathe
A happier air, than you in all your soft
And varied silks.

Decastro. Some coward devil sure
Possesseth him.

Ossuna. My lord, I am instructed
T' a patience far above your injuries;
Nor shall your scorn or anger triumph o'er
My resolution. I'm fix'd here, unmov'd
As is the centre.

Decastro. I was much to blame:
This may be a brave virtue. Pray, my lord,
Give me your reasons why you tread this path,
So little beaten by the feet of courtiers?
I would not have the world mistake your aim,
And construe it to fear or melancholy.

Ossuna. That cannot shake me: he, who by the card
O' th' world's opinion steers his course, shall harbour
In no safe port. But to your ear, my lord,
I give this free account. Seven winters past,
When I set sail from Sicily, a storm
O'ertook the ship, so powerful that the pilot
Gave up the stern to th' ordering of the waves;
His art and hand grown useless: those kind stars
The sailors used t' invoke, were lost i' th' tempest,
And nothing but a night not to be seen
Was seen by us. When every one began
T' advance himself toward death, as men condemn'd
To th' axe, when hope of pardon is shut out;
I, spite o' th' envious cloud, look'd up to heaven,
And darted my faith thither, vowing to
Forsake the flatter'd pomp and business of
The faithless world, if I with safety might
Attain the land.

Decastro. Was not I there, my lord?

Ossuna. You were.

Decastro. And made not I the self-same vow?

Ossuna. Heaven hath recorded, that we both did vow it.

O' th' sudden, night forsook us, and the loud
Unruly winds fled to their unknown dwellings;
When a soft breath 'gan whisper to our sails,
A calm was to ensue.

Decastro. My memory
Afflicts me much. But these are feeble vows,
Made only by our fears: we ought to have
Our reason undismay'd, whene'er a promise
Can force performance.

Ossuna. I dispute it not.
Soon as I reach'd the shore, I courted on

Those vanities which had my youth enamour'd,
Yet still with some remorse. Honours betray'd me
Into a glorious trouble, and I grew
Proud of my burthen; but if Heaven had been
Severe to my delays, in this diseas'd
Surfeit of pomp, my soul might have been call'd
T' her last account: and, O my lord, where then
Had breach of vow been safe?

Decastro. These are sad thoughts.

Ossuna. But necessary. When the morning's loss
Made me search out a shape for flight, this habit
Itself presented, and again redeem'd me;
And know, I am resolv'd ne'er to forsake it,
Till in the vault my earth and it together
Shall wear away to dust.

Decastro. My lord, you have
Good title to your virtue. Pray retire
Into my tent: this sudden change, if known,
May much amaze the soldier, and endanger
The glory of th' attempt. I shall entreat
Your prayer, since you deny your arm.

Ossuna. My lord, may Heaven direct you!

[*Exit Ossuna.*

Decastro. What have I obtain'd
By all this sweat of business? Like the wind,
Prosperous ambition only swell'd my sail,
To give me courage to encounter with
A tempest. Early cares, and midnight frights,
Faint hopes, and causeless fears, successively,
Like billows, have moved in me. What a fool
Is human wisdom; what a beggar, wealth;
How scorn'd a nothing, that proud state we doat on!
Time laughs us out of greatness, and shuts up
Our wide designs in a dark narrow room:
Whence, when the valiant monarch shall creep forth
He will, like some poor coward, hide his eyes,
And hope to skulk away. But these are thoughts,
And now 'tis time for action.

Enter SOLDIER.

Soldier. If your lordship

Will please, for some few moments to retire
Into your tent, her majesty in person
Will give you parley here.

Decastro. In person, sir?
The favour bears some omen! She who in
The tempest of misfortune still did spread
Her sails at large, why doth she strike them now,
The wind so prosperous? This is a descent
Beneath her greatness.

Soldier. I reach not, my lord,
The mysteries of princes; but this message
She charg'd me to return.

Decastro. The acts of princes
Are govern'd often by as frail a passion
As those are of the vulgar: the same rage
That stirs two footmen to a fray, creates
War between kingdoms; but the zealous subject,
Gazing afar on th' actions of the proud,
Finds towers and lions in an empty cloud.
But I'll obey her leisure. Watch you here,
Till you discover her advanc'd this way.

[*Exit Decastro.*

Enter ASCANIO, FLORENTIO.

Florentio. Sir, you created me, and rais'd me up
To th' state of duke, when I was common dust;
And, had not fortune given me interest
I' th' favour of the Queen, I had continued
In the worst fate of man, ingratitude.
Now, I can boast, I have restored you back
A love rich as the bounty you shower'd on me:
'Tis all the stock of my poor life.

Ascanio. Sad fate!
That I must wound thee to the heart, to cure
My leprosy with thy blood. Florentio, search
I' th' stock of women; there's some other beauty.

Florentio. O no! no other.

Ascanio. I'll endow her with
The wealth of all Castile.

Florentio. Poor empty nothing!

Ascanio. If sovereignty be th' idol of thy soul,

I will divide my kingdom. Thou shalt reign
As independent as myself.
Florentio. Great sir,
Continue but your favour, and my stars
Cannot afford a greatness equals it.
The treasures of th' ambitious, are the scorn
Of those who seriously contemplate life.
My fortune's high enough: and now my thoughts
Grow temperate, not for th' empire of the east,
(Which yet retains the treasures man enjoy'd
Ere he grew black with sin) would I have wanted
This blest occasion to express the zeal
I owe my prince. Here, with as free a soul
I give her to your arms, as e'er you threw
A smile upon my service.
Ascanio. Thanks, dear friend!
(That word must speak our loves) by this great gift
Thou hast redeem'd me from the torture, and
Possess'd me of the fairest.
Florentio. O!
Ascanio. The fairest, nature e'er made for wonder.
Florentio. She is fair.
Ascanio. Enjoying her, thy King shall live, who else
Were desperate beyond cure. He shall be envied;
And every year, as age threatens decay,
He shall regain new life from her. Florentio,
Believe't, there's miracle in such a beauty.
Florentio. Surely there is.
Enter QUEEN, SANMARTINO, ONIATE, CLEANTHA, FLORIANA.
And see, sh' appears! how like some heavenly vision,
That kills with too much glory!
Ascanio. Stand still, and wonder with me.
Queen. Cleantha! O the prodigy! And how
Wilt thou endure his serious face? Can'st thou,
Whom nothing tempted but wit, parcel gilt
And the last fashion, suffer Oniate?
Cleantha. Madam, I undertake him for a penance:
Perhaps, he was enjoin'd me.
Queen. It was Love

You went to shrift with then. And yet how that
Young wanton Idleness should counsel you
To this conversion, still is more my riddle.
Cleantha. The court is full of wonders, Madam; and
'Tis handsome to do things extravagant.
Queen. But how, in th' heat of war, your thoughts should be
So apt for Love's impression?
Cleantha. Love will dance
As nimbly to the trumpet, fife, or drum,
As to those many violins which play
So loud at court. Moreover, it concern'd
My safety; I so straitly was besieg'd,
And by so strong a Cæsar.
Queen. O, my lord!
I am informed with how fierce a spirit
You do assault our ladies.
Sanmartino. Pray, your mercy;
And if your Majesty will please to banish
The art of making love quite from the court,
I'll not be out of fashion.
Queen. For your sake,
I will contrive it so: and, good my lord,
Will you begin th' example, you will see
How soon the fine young lords will follow you.—
Your pardon, sir; had I but seen your Highness,
I had not lost so much of language, from
A most expressive gratitude.
Ascanio. Madam, you pay a trivial debt with too great interest;
For how contemn'd a slightness was my life
Until employ'd to serve you?
Florentio. She glanced this way,
And love's artillery played from her eye.
Unhappy bankrupt, what a kingdom have
I forfeited! So, often, in a calm,
Some vessel rich in freight, and proud in sail,
Doth spring a sudden leak, and sinks for ever.
Ascanio. But, Madam, is there hope your heart can yield

To an exchange in love? My title's good,
Florentio having given up his claim.

Enter DECASTRO, *&c.*

Queen. But, sir, th' estate is still my own; nor have
I need to sell it. But Decastro's here;
And if your Majesty will deign your presence
Unto the parley, 'twill advance the honour
And purpose of our meeting.

Ascanio. I'm your servant.

Queen. My lord, you see how near the safety of
Our subjects toucheth us: we can stoop thus
Beneath our majesty, and enter parley
Even with a rebel.

Decastro. Madam, 'tis in vain
To hold dispute 'gainst what you will condemn;
And it were insolence to boast my power,
Or speak my right, now when the hearts of all men
Confirm the justice of my taking arms.
Cast but your eye on this vast body, which
The kingdom doth unite in my defence,
And see how ruinous is your error that
Must lean to foreign succours.

Queen. 'Tis a refuge
Your practice forc'd me to.

Decastro. But would your Highness
Had lent a gentler ear to the safe counsel
Of him who had no crime, but too much love!

Florentio. My lord, that word fell rudely from your tongue,
And, I may say, unmannerly: 'tis duty
You owe the Queen.

Decastro. Right, sir; an humble duty,
Ambitious to expose my life to dangers,
Greater than any other soul dares fancy.

Ascanio. Pray stay, Florentio: this is now my cause,
And I (proud man) will tell you, your great heart
Doth want expansion to receive a love
Worthy her scorn.

Decastro. And I will answer you

(Proud monarch of Castile) what mould
Soever nature casts me in, my mind
Is vaster than your empire; and I can
Love equally with him, whose name did conquer
Kingdoms as large as your's.
Ascanio. Your Majesty
Must licence here my rage, to teach his folly
(Presumptuous folly) a submiss repentance.
Decastro. Sir, here I stand prepar'd.
[*A shout within.*
Queen. What noise is that?
Oniate. The city's all in mutiny, and vow
To perish in the Lord Decastro's cause:
They're ready now to lay rude hands upon
The garrisons of Castile. Your Majesty
Should hinder mischief, if you suddenly
Return, and by your presence stop their fury.
Decastro. Pray, Oniate, take this signet: tell
The magistrates, her Majesty and I
Are now accorded, with a due regard
To th' public safety. Take some of my army,
To give authority to what you say.
Assure them all is well. [*Exit Oniate.*
Ascanio. What means this wonder?
Florentio. This speaks him noble, even to our envy.
Queen. My lord, in this you have oblig'd us. Pray
Inform us of your thoughts, that we may study
To make this parley happy.
Decastro. Mighty lady,
I find my love hath not been dress'd so smooth
To tempt your liking; and I must confess,
My passion (like the spleen of witches) hath
Begot whirlwinds and thunder. Would I might
Have found a softer way t' have wrought my ends!
For by your beauty (the most sacred oath
A lover can swear by) that was the mark,
The sole fair mark I aim'd at. For if pride
Had oversway'd my love, I could have stood
O' th' level with that prince, so much your people

Were vow'd to my devotion.
Queen. Oh! my Lord,
You fairly speak your virtues.
Decastro. And but view
The vastness, and good order of my camp,
Your best towns sworn to run my fortune, and
You'll say, 'twas love did beg this interview.
Ascanio. My lord, your language cannot fright us from
The Queen's defence.
Decastro. Great sir, she needs it not.
Down on your knees, my fellow-soldiers, and
With me, bow to your Sovereign: swear with me
Never to lift your arm 'gainst her command.
Thus, as your subject; as your lover, thus,
Thus to the earth I fall, and with my lips
Seal my obedience. [*Kisseth the ground.*
Queen. Pray rise up, my lord.
Would I could merit thus much favour; but——
Decastro. Pardon. I interrupt you—but you cannot
Find love to answer mine;—nor will I force it.
Be happy in your choice, and wheresoe'er
You fix, shine ever glorious. From this hour
I'll never more disturb you.
Queen. Now beshrew me,
Methinks I feel compassion. Good, my lord,
Write in that blank all your demands, and by
The honour of a princess, I'll deny
Nothing you shall insert.
[*He looks on it, and returns it.*
Decastro. There 'tis again,
The paper innocent as when you gave it.
Queen. My lord, you have writ nothing.
Decastro. And 'tis nothing,
Now I have miss'd yourself, I can demand.
Fortune, contract thy treasure from all nations,
And gild it o'er with honour and with beauty,
Yet hast thou not the power to force one wish,

Now I have lost this lady.

Ascanio. A great spirit!

Decastro. One humble prayer I have, which must not be
Denied: and 'tis, your Majesty will give
Me leave ne'er more to see you.

Queen. O, my lord —

Decastro. My vow's irrevocable. I shall secure
Your kingdom best by absence, and my eye
Will never brook so rich a treasure made
The purchase* of another. To a cave,
Some undiscover'd cave, to which no path
Doth lead the wandering lover, I have vowed
The remnant of my days.

Enter OSSUNA.

Florentio. A strange conversion!
And 'twill behove my fate to follow him.

Decastro. My lord Ossuna here, and I, have sworn
Our lives to solitude, which we'll observe
Religiously: and since I cannot prove
Possessor, I'll be conqueror in love.

Ascanio. Pray stay, my lord. Behold Florentio there,
He hath out-done you: he, for love of me,
Hath done what you for love of heaven. All
The interest he had in that bright Queen
He hath resign'd to me.

Decastro. He hath paid you for your favours.

Florentio. 'Tis confess'd: what's mine is your's.

Ascanio. Thanks, my Florentio; for with her my youth
May be still happy, and my age disdain
To know a weakness. From her eyes I may
Draw still new vital heat, and find what fools
Have studied for, th' elixir: in her arms
I may be safe 'gainst all invasion from

* i. e. *prize* of another. See note 33 to the Second Part of *The Honest Whore*, vol. VIII. &c. C.

Abroad, or civil dangers, nurs'd at home.
Queen. Your Highness' pardon. I confess how high
Your merits rise in my esteem; but must not,
To honour your deserts, myself become
Unworthy after-story, blemish'd with
That scorn which still defames our sex, register'd
A most inconstant woman; or, what's much
More infamous, one who reserves her love
To serve her profit, and exposeth it
To the merchant that bids fairest.
Ascanio. Madam, spare that breath to clear
The air, when poison'd by contagion.
I know your settled thoughts, and that my power
Or title weighs not in your love. Florentio,
I will no longer rack you:—though the Queen
Be th' only fire e'er warm'd this heart, and I
Despair ever to love again, I will
Disdain to be unjust. I will not be
O'ercome in friendship: re-assume thy right.
Florentio. Sir, you undo me. In your injury
I was less wretched: like a bankrupt, now
Without all hope of payment, I must owe.
Ascanio. Th' ambition of my service, and disguise,
Was to advance your fortune, Madam; nor
Can I attempt you farther, though the conquest
Would wreathe my temples with a prouder laurel
Than the addition of the world unto
My sceptre. Be safe in your choice, and happy.
Queen. This goodness grows even to a miracle.
In his behalf, sir, I must vow myself
A subject, and your servant.
Ascanio. O command;
For I have nothing, Madam, but obedience.
My kingdom shall be proud to share with your's
In danger, and all glory to be styled
Your soldier.
Florentio. I am lost in wonder! Sir,
I know not how to entertain this blessing:
I fear my joys will be my ruin.

Decastro. Be both happy;
And may time never father that black moment,
Which shall appear to you less fortunate!
Ascanio. Join then your hands for ever. He doth live
Mighty indeed, who hath power, and will, to give.
[*Exeunt.*

THE

EPILOGUE AT COURT.

We have nothing left us but our blushes now
For your much penance; and though we allow
Our fears no comfort, since you must appear
Judges corrupt, if not to us severe:
Yet in your Majesty we hope to find
A mercy, and in that our pardon sign'd.
And how can we despair you will forgive
Them who would please, when oft offenders live?
And if we have err'd, may not the courteous say,
'Twas not their trade, and but the author's play?

THE

EPILOGUE AT THE FRIARS.

What shall the author do? It madness were
To intreat a mercy from you, who are severe
Stern judges, and a pardon never give;
For only merit with you makes things live.
He leaves you therefore to yourselves, and may
You gently 'quit, or else condemn the play,
As in an upright conscience you'll think fit:
Your sentence is the life and death of wit.
The author yet hath one safe plea—that tho'
A Middlesex jury on his play should go,
They cannot find the murder wilful, since
'Twas acted by command, in his own defence.

EDITION.

THE Queene of Arragon, A Tragi-Comedie. London: Printed by Tho. Cotes, for William Cooke, and are to be sold at his Shop, at Furnival's Inne Gate, in Holburne, 1640. Folio.

THE END OF VOL. IX.

THOMAS WHITE, PRINTER,
JOHNSON'S COURT.
M.DCCC.XXV.

00043366

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 20 February, 2016

L